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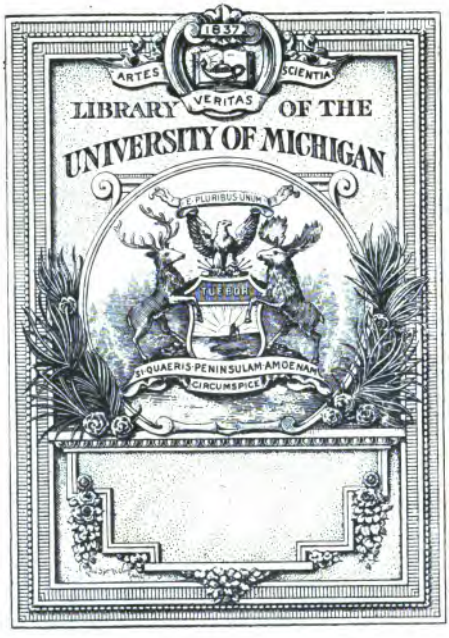
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CATHOLIC MEMOIRS

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OF

VERMONT AND NEW HAMPSHIRE,

WITH SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF

REV. WILLIAM HENRY HOYT,

AND

FANNY ALLEN.

ALSO WITH ACCOUNTS HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED OF THE LIVES OF

REV. DANIEL BARBER, REV. HORACE BARBER, S. J., AND JERUSHA BARBER,

NAMED IN RELIGION

SISTER MARY AUGUSTIN.

ALSO WITH MANY OF THEIR LETTERS.

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BURLINGTON, VERMONT.
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PREFACE.

WHEN we first began to collect our *Catholic memoirs of Burlington*, we never dreamed that our compilation would make a book of this size. We merely intended to increase devotion to St. Joseph by relating some of the favors obtained through his mediation, and also to correct some inaccurate statements which have been published, concerning Sister FANNY ALLEN, and the Harper family of Claremont, New Hampshire. We intended particularly to excite interest towards the new College of St. Joseph by drawing attention to the holy associations attached to the site which it occupies. We intended to say a few words about our dear Father HOYT, who for many years lived in Burlington, and whose sacred dust lies now in the cemetery of Mount St. Joseph. But when we went to work we found so many interesting documents, heretofore unpublished, bearing upon our subject, that the work has obtained larger proportions than we expected.

We humbly, but firmly, hope that this work will be read extensively, because it is connected with the history of the Church, not only in Vermont and New Hampshire, but in all the States of New England, Canada, New York and many other places.

We rejoice in the hope that the work will do much good, for it contains the lives of many heroic souls, whose examples will excite others to walk in their steps. Some of the letters which it contains will also be found most edifying to persons living in the world, or out of the world in religious communities.

The sources from which we have drawn our information will be indicated, in proper prefaces to each chapter, or in marginal references. We pray God to bless all those who have enabled us to publish these Memoirs.

We bid our little book to go forth under the patronage of St. Joseph, for the glory of the most Holy Sacrament.

LOUIS DEGOESBRIAND,

Bp. of Burlington.

Burlington, Vt., Dec. 8th, 1885.

ST. JOSEPH, OUR PROTECTOR.

THE following pages have been written with a view to promote devotion to St. Joseph, and also with a desire to preserve the memory of graces received through his intercession in the Diocese of Burlington.

St. Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and foster-father of our Lord Jesus Christ, was born at Bethlehem, where pilgrims to the Holy Land are to this day shown the place once occupied by his dwelling. He was issued of the royal house of David, but had not inherited much of this world's goods from his ancestors, and was obliged to earn his bread at the sweat of his brow, by working at his trade, which was that of a carpenter. Though unknown outside of Bethlehem, he enjoyed a distinction much more precious than the favor of men. He was, we may say it, without fear of exaggeration, more beloved of God, than any man then in existence. *He was just*, and Almighty God had adorned his soul with all the graces becoming a man who was to live on earth, so closely united to the Son of God and to his mother. On the day that Mary and Joseph were united in holy marriage, I fancy that angels admired the blessedness of him who was to be the companion and protector of her who was the most exalted of all creatures, and destined to become the queen of men and of all heavenly spirits.

What were the sentiments of those heavenly spirits towards Saint Joseph when they were sent to Bethlehem to adore the Saviour, Christ the Lord? For the infant God was found with Joseph and Mary in the stable, and the multitude of the heavenly host was commanded to sing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

From the blessed moment of our Lord's nativity, Saint Joseph was under the special protection of angels who communicated to him the behests of heaven, concerning the holy family of which he was the head.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the pictures of St. Joseph given us by Catholic artists. Each of those images convey to our souls sentiments of veneration, of love and confidence. Now we see him

holding in his hand the white lily, a fit emblem of the purity of him who was the spouse of the most holy Virgin, and the witness of her virtues; now we see him humbly standing before the manger, whilst the shepherds or the wise men adore the word incarnate and offer Him their presents; here we behold him carrying the Divine Infant in his arms or leading Him by the hand whilst journeying toward Nazareth. An interior view of the shop of St. Joseph represents him at work helped by the God-child, and finally when the time of St. Joseph's demise has come, we see him assisted by Jesus and Mary in his agony. It thus happens that all the memoirs of St. Joseph are full of sweetness to well-instructed Christian. Fathers and mothers love to place their children under his protection. The laboring men who earn their bread at the sweat of their brows, consider him, as it were, one of their own; one who feels for them and will protect them. They who are tried by poverty trust in the prayers of Him who was the purveyor of the Holy Family, and the sick and the dying feel that the foster-father of Jesus and husband of Mary can not fail to obtain for themselves a happy death.

There is another class of persons who love to implore the protection of St. Joseph. We refer here to missionary bishops and priests and to religious communities, who devote themselves to the introduction and preaching of the Gospel in foreign countries. As the great St. Joseph was in the hands of God the instrument which He used to introduce the knowledge of Christ in the world, missionaries are convinced that by praying to St. Joseph their labors will be blessed and that many stray sheep will be brought back into the fold.

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH IN CANADA.

There are in our days in all parts of the world a great number of religious communities of St. Joseph, of men and women, which have left their country and established themselves in distant lands for the purpose of preaching the Gospel of Christ amongst heretics and infidels.

When Mr. de Champlain, the discoverer of our beautiful lake, was trying to found a Catholic colony in Quebec, at the beginning of the XVII. Century, he had to encounter very great dangers and difficulties. Chief amongst those were the fear of the terrible Iroquois; the small number of the immigrants; the ill disposition of the Huguenots who lived amongst them, and the want of help from the government of the mother country. Fortunately some of the settlers were

fervent Catholics, and about the year 1624 they chose St. Joseph to be the patron and guardian of their country. This election was made by the people and the civil authorities; it was approved by the clergy and confirmed by the Pope.

The settlers of Quebec were wont to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph with great solemnity; and besides the solemn services in the church, they had on that day illuminations, processions and fire works. St. Joseph rewarded the piety of the good Catholics of Quebec, and a few years after their choice of him for their protector, he sent to their shores a remarkable woman, *Mary of the Incarnation*, who has been declared *venerable* by the church.

Under the patronage, and as she herself believed under the inspiration and guidance of St. Joseph, she left her convent at Tours, in France, and founded in Canada a house of the Ursulines, for the education of the children and the conversion of the pagan Indians. To the labors of this saintly person and of her associates, Quebec owes to have preserved its faith, and to a great degree also to have been saved from many calamities. The blessings which Mary of the Incarnation procured to Canada were partly communicated to us in the United States, as there are many of our Catholic ladies who were educated by them, and also because many houses of Ursulines have been founded from this first house of the order in Quebec.

Devotion to St. Joseph continues to exist in the Ursuline convent of Mary of the Incarnation, and we here translate what the annalist of their house wrote (1863) concerning the celebration of the 19th of March in their beloved convent. (She wrote especially for the former pupils of the convent.)

"Come back in spirit, dear reader, within the cloister on the 19th of March. To-day the church and the chapel have put on their choicest ornaments in honor of their holy patron. The greater part of the day is spent at the foot of the altars; both the religious and their pupils strive to offer to St. Joseph the expression of their gratitude, of their love, of their confidence in his protection. Don't you think that his countenance to-day appears more radiant? Methinks he loves to have such a load of requests to present to the Divine Infant whom he carries in his arms.

"When this beautiful day approaches its decline, the religious family meets once more to salute its glorious protector. First of all we visit the places which our patron guarded during the year. In place of the bonfires of old, the images and statues of St. Joseph have been decorated with lights and flowers. Here is St. Joseph of the *treasury*, guarding the treasury, keeping away robbers; up the great stairs, leading to the granary, we have St. Joseph of the *granary*, who

must provide his children with their daily bread; in the kitchen we have St. Joseph *at work*, who, for two hundred years past, has blest the humble labours of God's servants.

"We stop a little longer at the door of the Infirmary, and here our hymn to St. Joseph is one of our sweetest ones. St. Joseph watches with great attention at the door of this room; he will welcome us here with a sweet smile, and promises to console us in sickness, to obtain for us a blessed death.

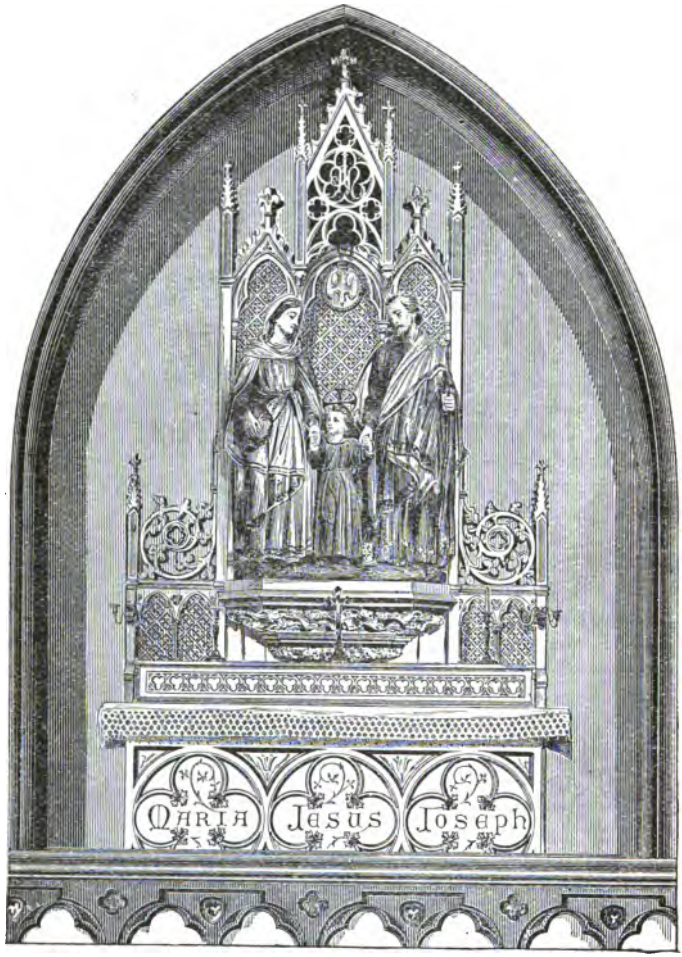
"Let us go back to the holy place. How charming are the chants of which devotion and fervour constitute the chief harmony! No doubt that angels carry them at once to St. Joseph, who is a patron and guide as they are." (Les Ursulines de Quebec, vol. 1, p. 308.)

Concerning Montreal, the other more ancient and important point of Canada, it is remarkable that the founders of that colony, who were very devout Catholics, undertook its formation with a view to procure thereby the conversion of the Indians and to establish a community of Christians who, by their fervour, would emulate the heroic charity of the early Christians. For this purpose they planned the establishment of three religious congregations or communities, one of which, a community of priests, would employ itself in preaching the Gospel; the other would devote itself to the education and instruction of the young, and the third to the service of the sick and the dying.

In this manner, they justly thought, they would imitate the holy family of Nazareth. The priests, by their teachings and instructions, would continue on earth the work of Jesus Christ; the teaching congregation would continue and show forth the virtues of Mary, virgin and mother; and the third congregation, devoted to the care of the sick, would represent St. Joseph, the guide and protector of the poor family. I need not remark concerning Montreal, that the Sulpicians and the Sisters of the congregation were the two first communities which employed themselves in the care of souls and the instruction of the young. But the mission of St. Joseph on earth was there represented by the founding of the *Hotel-Dieu*, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. It was well for the young colony of Montreal that these devoted sisters were there in its infancy, when the colonists, so few in number, saw so many of their members wounded or killed by the terrible Iroquois. As early as the year 1606 many of the soldiers who were stationed in the newly erected fort of St. Anne in Isle Lamot owed their escape from certain death to the care they received at the hands of these sisters, to whose hospital they were taken from their distant island. The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Hotel-Dieu are true to the spirit of their first mother, and in their immense and admirable new hospital at the foot of the mountain in Montreal, they nearly always

have some patients of Vermont or other New England States. There many are cured, owing, perhaps, more to the prayers and excellent nursing of the sisters than to the skill of their admirable physicians and surgeons. The Sisters of St. Joseph are a cloistered community. In their works of charity they are not encouraged by the hope of being praised by men. The remembrance of St. Joseph ministering to the Son of God, the honor in the sight of God attached to this office, the hope of the greater reward promised to works of mercy, are the chief incentives to their life of devotion.

As St. Joseph was the guide of *Jesus Christ poor, king of the poor and founder of the evangelical poverty*, the Sisters of St. Joseph love to turn their eyes to him in the midst of their labors, and his pictures or statues are to be seen in all their departments or oratories. The picture of St. Joseph which we see more frequently in Montreal is the one which represents him journeying on foot with the Holy Virgin and the child Jesus. We presume that this representation is thus placed under the eyes of the Catholics of Canada, because from the beginning of its colonization the Catholic immigrants, as also the Indian converts, were frequently exhorted to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.



"Mother, behold the man who saved me."

ALTAR TO ST. JOSEPH

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BURLINGTON.

Devotion to St. Joseph is a devotion of the Catholic church. No wonder, then, that some memorial of St. Joseph should have been placed in the Cathedral of Burlington, the first Cathedral erected in New England. Was it not quite fitting that the chaste and holy Joseph should have a shrine near the altar of Mary, immaculate in her conception?*

In the old church of St. Mary, erected by the venerable Father Jeremiah O'Callaghan, in our city, there was also a statue of St. Joseph, which we still preserve, and before which many fervent prayers were poured forth to St. Joseph, before the erection of the Cathedral. It was out of gratitude for favors received by the Catholics of Burlington, that on the 19th of March, 1871, they unanimously elected him for the second patron of their parish, and after this event we had an additional motive to express to him our veneration and gratitude by erecting him a shrine in the new Cathedral of Burlington.

The altar of St. Joseph is the one nearer the vestry, opposite the southwestern door of the church.

Looking up to the window above this altar you will notice that the figured glass represents St. Joseph dying, assisted by Jesus Christ and His mother.

Two angels hovering above the placid form of our Saint hold out a scroll with the words so appropriate to his position: "Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for their works follow them." In the trifoliated part of this window, suffering souls, from the midst of purging flames, offer fervent supplications to their Saviour. All this shows you that you are invited to come before this altar of St. Joseph to pray for a happy death for yourselves, and also to offer fervent prayers to God for the repose of the departed souls.

If you now examine the altar itself, you will notice that the holy names, *Jesus, Mary* and *Joseph* are written in front of it in letters of gold, and that above the table of said altar there is a group of statues representing the holy family. This memorial of the Holy Family is quite appropriate in a church where parents and children assemble to worship God and prepare their souls for eternity. God grant that children may imitate the meekness and obedience of Jesus Christ, that maidens and mothers may strive to imitate the purity, the devotion of Mary; that the poor may learn to bear their trials as St. Joseph did, and to obtain a share in his devotion towards Jesus Christ, our Lord, his son by adoption.

We shall see, however, in other chapters the chief motive which led to the selection of this particular group for the Cathedral of Burlington.

* This is the title of the Cathedral of Burlington.

FANNY ALLEN, THE FIRST NUN OF NEW ENGLAND.

FANNY ALLEN was the daughter of the famous General Ethan Allen whose remarkable monument stands conspicuous in the Green Mount Cemetery of Burlington, on the bank of the Winooski river, facing the pretty village of that name. Ethan Allen, after the death of his first wife, had married at Westminster, Vermont, a widow lady, Mistress Buchanan, on February 16th, 1784. Fanny was born on the 13th of November of the same year (from a note in Ethan Allen's handwriting, quoted by Z. Thompson. See Vermont Gazetteer, vol. 1, p. 570). Ethan Allen moved to Burlington in the spring of the year 1787, and settled on the farm known since as the Van Ness, and now as the Brooks farm. He died here in a fit of apoplexy on February 12th, 1789. It follows that Fanny Allen must have lived in Burlington two years, and was not five old years when she left it with her mother to return to Westminster, Vermont, after the death of her father. In October, 1793, her mother was married in Westminster to one Jabez Penniman, and she continued to live with them in said town till her step-father, having been appointed collector of customs at Swanton (1801), moved his family to this latter place, where they lived till 1809.* When his term of office was over, he bought the Penniman farm in Colchester, near the high bridge across the Winooski river. "Mr. Jabez Penniman was capable of appreciating the rich treasure committed to his care in the person of young Fanny Allen. Every advantage the country afforded was secured to develop and polish the gem of which he was inexpressibly fond and over which he watched with a solicitude as tender as her own father could have exercised." (Mrs. Julia Smalley in the Catholic World, vol. 16, p. 502.)

From the pen of the same writer we have the following description of Miss Fanny Allen: "Fanny was the youngest daughter of General Ethan Allen, and inherited much of the energy and decision of his character, controlled by womanly gentleness. In person she was rather above than below medium height, and of uncommon beauty in form and feature. Her complexion was fair, her eyes dark blue, with a singular depth and calmness of expression, while the dignity and ease of her manners gave quiet evidence to the refinement and loveliness of her character. In the qualities which adorn the domestic and social circle, she was unsurpassed. (Vermont Gazetteer, vol. 1, p. 367.)

*The place which they occupied in Swanton is now known as the Ferriss place.

Of the religious training and sentiments of Fanny Allen, the same contributor writes (in the Catholic World): "At that time the gay society in New England was tinctured with the species of infidelity introduced and fostered by the writings of Thomas Paine and his disciples, amongst whom Fanny's father had been conspicuous. Her stepfather, Doctor Penniman, was not of that school, but he detested the cant and puritanism of the only religious people he had ever known, regarding them as pretensions, of which even those who adopted them, were often the unconscious dupes. He had never been drawn within reach of better influences. He conducted the education of his gifted daughter, therefore, with the most scrupulous care to avoid entirely all consideration of religion in any form. When her active and earnest mind, would go beyond the veil he had so carefully drawn between its pursuits and the interests of eternity, and sent her to startle him with some questions touching those interests, which he could only answer by evasive ridicules, or an emphatic request that she would refrain from troubling her head about such matters, she would retire to ponder within herself, even while striving to obey her earthly father, the higher obligations imposed by one in heaven. Light and wisdom from above soon illuminated the soul that surrendered itself a willing victim before the altar of eternal truth. She was led by a divine hand through paths she knew not, to a temple of which she had scarcely heard, and whilst still living amongst those to whom the Catholic religion was entirely unknown, entered its portals to find herself, scarcely less to her own astonishment than to the amazement and horror of her devoted parents, a Catholic, as firmly established, and steadfastly resolved, as if she had been born and educated in the faith."

When Miss Allen had reached her 23d year, she asked and obtained the consent of her parents to go to Montreal in order to study French, but probably with a secret desire to obtain information concerning the doctrines and practices of the Catholics.

FANNY ALLEN

ADMITTED AS A BOARDER IN THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION IN MONTREAL—HER CONVERSION.

"Before giving her their consent to go to Montreal, the parents of Fanny Allen required of her to receive the rite of baptism at the hands of a Protestant minister, and though strongly objecting to that desire she yielded to it in order to please her mother. The minister who performed the ceremony was the Rev. Daniel Barber of Claremont, New Hampshire, who was invited to the house. During the ceremony Fanny did naught but laugh, and the minister who perhaps knew nothing of her

disposition was shocked at her irreligious levity of manner and reproved her somewhat sharply for the same." (Vie de Mlle. Mance).

In Montreal she was at once admitted as a boarder in the Convent School of the Sisters of the Congregation, (in 1807).

"Here it was perceived that she was quite set in her own way of thinking. She would never accept a sentiment different from her own, except upon irrecusable evidence; neither did she dissimulate her unbelief in matters of religion. On a certain day, one of the Sisters, by a sort of inspiration, asked Fanny Allen to take a vase of flowers which she gave her, and to carry it upon the altar upon which the Holy Sacrament was present, recommending her to adore our Lord Jesus Christ when she would enter the sanctuary. The young lady started smiling, fully intending not to comply with the request; but as she opened the gate of the chancel she felt arrested by an invisible power, and quite unable to move a step.

Three times did she endeavor to go up the sanctuary, and three times she failed in her attempt. Surprised and overcome she at last fell on her knees and in the sincerity of her soul adored Jesus Christ, of whose real presence in the Eucharist she then became fully convinced. Immediately after she withdrew to a remote part of the church where she shed abundance of tears and said to herself: 'After this miraculous occurrence, I must give myself up to my Saviour.' She, however, did not at once inform her teachers of what had happened, but desired to be instructed, and made up her mind some time after, to go to confession. After she was sufficiently instructed, she made her solemn abjuration and was baptized by the parish priest of Montreal, Rev. L. Saulnier; for the former baptism was invalid for want of consent on her part. After her baptism she received her first communion, and on this very occasion resolved to embrace the religious life." (Addition aux annalles hospitalierés Ville Marie).

"The circumstance of her conversion to the Catholic faith, at a time when very little was known of that religion in Vermont, was regarded as a remarkable one, and created excitement in her family, in general society where she was widely known, and peculiarily fitted to shine; and indeed as far as the name of her distinguished father was known. This excitement of course was greatly increased, when her solemn determination to take the veil was disclosed." (Vermont Gazetteer, Vol. 1, 567). Her parents immediately brought her back to their home in Swanton. In a beautiful description of a brilliant party which took place in Sheldon, Vermont, after the return of Fanny Allen from Montreal, after her conversion, we read the following passage concerning her character and her trials. (A Christmas Memory, Catholic World, Vol. 16, p. 507).

"The grief and indignation of her parents knew no bounds. They looked upon it as a most disgraceful infatuation. Peremptorily imposing silence upon her in relation to the subject, they determined to suppress it, if possible, until every means had been used to divert her mind from the fatal delusion.

All the wiles and artifices of the gayest and most fashionable circles in various American cities to which she was taken, were exhausted in vain to captivate her youthful fancy and deliver her soul from its mysterious thraldom. In vain the ardent addresses of devoted admirers, who were destined in the near future to be the brightest ornaments the bench and bar of their state could boast, were laid at her feet. In vain were all those worldy allurements, generally so irresistible to the young, spread before her. Her soul turned steadfastly away from each bewitching enticement, to solace itself with thoughts of the humble sanctuary in Montreal, where the weary bird had found a place in which she might build her nest, even within the tabernacle of thy house, O Lord of hosts!

"In the autumn preceding the Christmas festival of which I write, the ramblers had returned from their fruitless wanderings. Fanny's parents, discouraged and discomfited, resolved at this crisis to enlist the zeal of a few very intimate friends in their cause, by disclosing to them the great and unaccountable calamity which had befallen their child.

"Among those whom they earnestly entreated to aid them in their efforts to extricate her from the grasp of the great deceiver, was the lady with whom she was now passing the weeks of the early winter. A Connecticut Episcopalian of the High Church stamp, she occupied what they playfully called a 'half-way house,' at which they hoped she would be able to persuade Fanny to stop. She invited several gay ladies to meet and enliven Fanny's visit, but took the greatest pains to conceal from them the religious tendencies of her beautiful guest. She entered with great zeal upon every scheme for winter pastimes, in the hope of diverting the mind of her young friend from its absorbing theme. In their private conversations, she exhausted every argument to convince Fanny that the Episcopal church offered all the consolations for which her soul was yearning. In vain, in vain! She who had been called to drink from the fountain-head could not slake her thirst with draughts from scattered pools, which brought no refreshment to her fainting spirit. Vain also were the precautions used for concealment. Suspicions soon arose among her companions that there was something wrong with Fanny. A rosary had been partially revealed as she drew her handkerchief from her pocket. Worse still; a crucifix had been discovered under her pillow! Here were proofs of

superstition indeed, of rank idolatry in unmistakable form, and no one knows to what unimaginable extent! Then it began to be whispered around the admiring and compassionate circle that she had not only taken the first step on the downward road, but was even now contemplating the still more fatal and final one of religious immolation!

It was their apprehension of this direful result which imparted a new and melancholy interest in their eyes to all her words and actions. Though she maintained a modest reserve upon the subjects dearest to her heart, they thought they could discover some mysterious connection with these in every expression she uttered.

On several occasions, the most adventurous of her companions endeavored to penetrate the silence that sealed her lips in regard to her religious convictions, by direct questions, and, when these failed, by ridicule of such "absurd superstitions;" but to no purpose. Her nearest approach to any satisfactory remark was in reply to one of these questions: "It is impossible to convey any clear idea to your mind, in its present state, concerning these matters. Your opinions are founded upon prejudice, and your prejudices are the result of your entire ignorance in relation to them. If you really desire to be better informed, you need, first of all, to pray with humility for light and guidance, and then seek for knowledge. If you do this with sincerity you will surely be instructed, and 'know of the doctrine;' but, if you refuse to take this first step, all the teaching in the world will be of no avail. 'They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe though one should come to them from the dead.'"

She rebuked ridicule with such calm dignity that it was soon abandoned, one of her assailants, a very lively young lady, remarking one day: "It is astonishing to see how terribly in earnest Fanny is! She certainly believes in the Catholic religion with all her heart, though how a person with her extensive information and splendid talents can receive such absurdities is a puzzle to common sense!"

But her severe trials were in her home. Her parents were unutterably grieved when she persisted in accepting the Catholic faith. This further determination to forsake those who had so fondly loved and tenderly cherished her, and who were so justly proud of the use she had made of the opportunities for improvement which their solicitude had secured for her, was beyond human endurance.

If she had been the victim of adversity or of disappointed hopes, there might have been some excuse; but that the idol of doting parents should abandon her elegant home to the desolation in which her departure would enshroud it, and turn from all the advantages that wealth, position and the homage of society could offer, dashing to the

ground on the very threshold of life the brilliant prospects which were opening before her, was worse than madness! They complained bitterly to her of her ingratitude and heartless disregard of their feelings and wishes; poured unmeasured and contemptuous reproaches upon her for stifling the modest womanly instincts of her refined and delicate nature, to strike out boldly upon a new road hitherto untrodden by any woman in New England. Remonstrances, pleading, reproaches and contempt were alike unavailing. Listening only to the persuasions of that "invisible lover," whose voice had called her to relinquish the seductive charms which surrounded her worldly course, she turned away from them steadfastly, to follow Him and carry His cross up the steep and thorny paths of penance and self-abnegation, offering herself entirely to him on the Calvary made glorious to her by His precious blood.

Not immediately, however, like those whom He called of old, did she "leave the ship and her father to follow him."* Weary years of waiting and yearning, far from the tabernacle where her soul had chosen its home, did she accord in tender regard for the feelings of those, so truly and so deeply beloved, who could not give her up, and who had no clue by which to trace the course her spirit was taking, or power even to conjecture the motives that actuated her.

When at length the time arrived to which they had consented to limit her stay with them, who shall describe the pangs that rent her heart in a parting so full of grief; in severing those nearest and dearest ties, and in witnessing the anguish which overwhelmed those around whom her tenderest earthly affections were entwined?

Alone, but full of peace, "leaning on the arm of her beloved," did she tread the painful path.

FANNY ALLEN RETURNS TO MONTREAL.

Fanny Allen remained at home in Swanton as long as she had promised to stay, and this we have reason to believe was one, but no more than one, year.

During the lenten season that intervened, she kept very strictly the laws of fast and abstinence, and in fact treated herself with so much severity that she actually injured her health, which was naturally delicate. She declared to her parents that she must now embrace the re-

*We do not think that Fanny Allen remained more that one year at home after returning from Montreal.

ligious life. Her mother, who was so fond of her, and had no desire but for her happiness, not only gave her consent, but went with her to Montreal. She had not yet determined to enter any one particular religious house, but had only resolved to consecrate her whole life to God in a religious community. With a view to make her selection, she visited the churches of Montreal, and amongst the rest the Church of the Hotel-Dieu of St. Joseph.

She hardly cast her eyes upon the painting of the holy family placed behind the great altar and beheld the face of St. Joseph, that she cried out and said to her mother: "That is himself. You see, mother, that St. Joseph wishes me to live here, he it was who saved me from the monster." She by these words reminded her mother of an event which had occurred when she was twelve years of age. As she was walking along a river and looking out upon the water which was much agitated, she saw arising out of it an enormous beast of monstrous shape which was coming towards her. In her terror she thought she could not take her eyes from it, nor stir from where she was, when all at once she thought she saw near her a venerable, bald-headed man, wrapped up in a brown cloak, and carrying a stick in his hand, who took hold of her arm, saying: "Little girl, what do you do here? make haste and run away." At the sound of his voice she recovered her strength and made towards home in a hurry, turning about, however, to see the old man, but he had disappeared. When she reached home, her mother noticing her excited condition and the changed appearance of her features, understood that some extraordinary accident must have happened, and the child told her the best she could and the cause of her terror and the manner of her rescue by the old man.

Mistress Penniman immediately sent a servant in search of this old man, desiring to thank him for saving her daughter; but they could never find him or know who he was. When Fanny Allen, in the Church of the Hotel-Dieu, recognized the features of the man who saved her, in the portrait of St. Joseph over the altar, she was strengthened in the resolution to embrace the religious life, and became convinced that she must become a *Sister of the Hotel-Dieu of St. Joseph.*

It is unnecessary to know whether the event here related was a real apparition, or simply an impression produced on her mind. Be this as it will, she remained convinced that she was indebted to this old man for the preservation of her life, and the remembrance of his features remained so present in her memory, that thirteen years after, she at once recognized the identity of face and dress in the painting, and loudly expressed her surprise and astonishment. May we not say that this animal which was about to devour her, was a figure of the more terrible monster of

infidelity and heresy from which she was saved by St. Joseph, who led her, as in safe haven, into one of the houses of his institute ?

Fanny Allen went at once to the Sister Superior, Mother de Celozon, begging to be received amongst her daughters. The Mother Superior, who knew very little about her, thought it well not to receive her in the house immediately ; she invited her to go back for some time to the Boarding School of the Sisters of the Congregation, that she might acquire a more perfect knowledge of the French and be more thoroughly instructed in the faith. Fanny Allen followed this direction,—went back to the boarding school, remained there till the month of September of that year, 1808, and was finally received as a novice at the Hotel-Dieu on the 29th of the same month. The next spring Mr. Penniman and his wife came to Montreal to see her; they visited the monastery in all its details, were surprised to see how happy, contented and perfectly united amongst themselves were the Sisters of this community. They had imagined that Catholic Convents were no better than so many prisons, and they were so pleased with what they saw, that they continually spoke of the happiness of those Sisters, and congratulated the young novice on the choice of life she had made. She also felt so pleased to see her parents free from former prejudices against the religious life, that she seemed to grow more fervent in the service of God, and in the discharge of all the duties of her state. When the time of her profession had come (1810) many of her acquaintances of the United States came to witness this solemn action. They filled the whole chancel, and the church itself was quite full. All the Americans could not but wonder at seeing this young lady of Vermont shut herself up in a convent for the rest of her life.

NOTES. 1. When Fanny Allen entered the Hotel-Dieu, that hospital and convent was situated across the street from the Sulpitian's house and the Church of Notre Dame A few years ago the former hospital was given up, and a new one built at the foot of the Mountain, which is remarkable by its immense size.

2. In almost every religious community there is a Sister, whose duty it is to keep a record of everything that happens in the community, and they are particularly careful to write down and preserve in their archives everything connected with the reception of novices and their profession or solemn consecration to God.

3. We have seen the picture of the Holy Family referred to above, where it was in the place where Fanny Allen saw it, and we heard the history of Miss Allen's conversion and subsequently embracing the religious life, just near the spot where the sight of the painting made such an impression on her. We have also conversed with some of the old Sisters, who knew Sister Allen, one of whom died lately (August, 1884), at the Hotel-Dieu. The old oil painting of the Holy Family has been taken to the new house near the Mountain ; but it is now so much defaced, that the Sisters keep it into their interior chapel.

4. Although Fanny Allen lived in the town of Burlington (from 1787 to 1789) we think that the vision or apparition did not occur here but in Westminister, Vt., for according to the annalist of the Hotel-Dieu, she was 12 years of age at the time of the occurrence, and we see no reason to question the veracity of this historian.

FANNY ALLEN,

A Sister at the Hotel-Dieu—Her Death.

"Sister Allen, after her profession, realized by her zeal, regularity and other religious virtues, all the hopes which the Sisters had formed of her after all the trials she had to go through before being admitted as a member." "During the few years that she spent in the convent she was nearly the whole time employed in teaching and comforting the sick who spoke the English language, and particularly the Americans. She crowned this glorious apostolate on her death bed, as appears from our annals. Her health was too delicate to permit her to undergo the fatigue attached to some offices, which, though much prized by men, are in reality nothing but a severe servitude. Sister Allen died at the age of 35, after many years of sufferings and debility, and had lived only nine years as a professed sister. It may, therefore, be rightly conjectured that when she appeared before her God, she had nothing to answer for others, but that she appeared before Him in glory, and replenished with joy on account of the many sinners she had brought back to the fold of the Divine Shepherd." (Letter of the sister in charge of the Hotel-Dieu, to L. deGoesbriand, 1885.)

The following lines will show how decided was the character of the good sister: "Her step-father often spoke of the great trial her conversion and profession was to him and her mother, and that he steadfastly refused to pay anything into the community on her account, intending to give what was due to her from her father's estate to her brother, until he found it would make no difference in her decision, as she cheerfully but respectfully declared to him that she would serve the convent in the kitchen and household work in lieu of the fees just as willingly as in the nursing department." (Mrs. Julia Smalley to L. deGoesbriand, May 21st, 1885.)

Sister Allen lived happy far away from friends and country, realizing in her person the promise of Him who said: "Amen, I say to you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive much more in this present time and in the world to come, life everlasting." (Luc xviii: 29, 30.)

Her Sheldon friend (1) visited her repeatedly, and was amazed to find her radiant with a joy which her countenance had never before revealed, happy in the peaceful home that offered only poverty and an unceasing round of labors in the service of the sick and suffering, with

(1) Mistress Marvin, mother of Mrs. Julia Smalley.

a happiness which the splendors of her worldly one would never impart." (Catholic World.)

The gifted daughter of this *Sheldon friend*, Mrs. Julia Smalley, writes us as follows of one of those visits:

'I think it was during the third winter after Fanny Allen entered the convent that my mother's (1) interview, to which you refer, took place. My mother had seen her in her chosen sanctuary several times before. My aunt, Mrs. Pierce, my mother's sister, lived in Montreal, and upon her occasional visits to her sister, she always called, as she had promised, to see Fanny.

"Upon this occasion there was, as usual, another sister in the room, and my mother asked Sister Fanny, in a low voice, if she might be permitted a few words with her alone, upon which she spoke in French to the other sister, who left the room at once. My mother then came very near Fanny, and taking both her hands in her own, said very solemnly: 'I have so longed, my dear Fanny, to ask you a question which you may not, perhaps, be at liberty to answer under your present obligations, but I have felt so anxious that I could not sleep nights for thinking of you; and I know you will, on that account, excuse me if I seem impertinent. I have feared, beyond expression, your making the direful discovery that you had committed a fatal and irretrievable mistake, and were consequently suffering sorely in an enforced silence. You have now been here long enough to know the worst, and I beg that, if you may not tell me in *words*, you will, at least, give me some token by which I may know if my fears are well founded.'

"Fanny, surprised and puzzled at first by my mother's mysterious manner, no sooner comprehended the drift of her question and anxiety that she gave way to such a peal of laughter as was perfect music to my mother's ears, and sufficiently answered the question without words. As soon as she could speak from laughing, she exclaimed: 'And you, too, my dear friend, of whom I have hoped better things, are still enthralled under the superstitious bondage of poor, benighted Protestantism in regard to the conditions of the conventual life!'

"My mother assured her that her mind was entirely relieved, and she could now think of her, as contented and happy in the choice she had made, with perfect satisfaction. When about to leave Fanny said to her: "Now to convince you that I am not imprisoned within these walls, as you suppose, I will take a little walk with you outside of our enclosure." So throwing a hooded mantle over her head and shoulders, they passed out into the street. The weather was intensely cold, the sidewalk very icy. Fanny, accustomed to walk only upon floors, found it extremely difficult to keep from slipping, and my mother,

alarmed lest she might fall, insisted upon her return—indeed assisted her to do so, and they parted at the Convent gate."

"Multitudes of New England people visiting Montreal flocked to the Convent, begging to see the lovely young Nun of the Hotel-Dieu, who was the first daughter New England had given to the sacred enclosure and whom they claimed as belonging especially to them through her connection with their favorite revolutionary hero."

So continual were these interruptions, that she was driven at length to obtain the permission of the Mother Superior absolutely to decline appearing in answer to such calls, except when they were made by friends of former days, for whom she still preserved and cherished the liveliest affection." (Catholic World).

"On the eleventh year after taking the religious habit, Sister Allen was seized with some affection of the lungs, and the disease having become alarming, she asked of the Mother Superior to be attended by an American physician of her acquaintance who resided in Montreal. The request was granted. The doctor, who was a Protestant, did all in his power to restore her to health, but in vain. Providence permitted that he was present when she died. When he saw all the Sisters bathed in tears, praying on bended knees, when he heard the priest recite the prayers for the departing soul, he was much impressed; himself fell on his knees, remaining motionless in the most respecful attitude. The Sister Superior having requested him to say if Sister Allen had expired, he raised his eyes to heaven and said: 'Yes, she has expired.' The priest, Reverend Father Hubert, then recited the prayer, 'Come to her assistance all ye Saints of God.' The doctor again knelt down to the end, seeming to be much affected with a sight which was so new to him. He published in the papers a relation of the death of Sister Allen.* He added that he would never more in this world see the Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu of St. Joseph, but hoped to be reunited to them in Heaven. He left Montreal without informing any one of his project. The Sisters of Hotel-Dieu, although they inquired much about him, have never been able to learn whither he went, and conjectured that he had gone to Europe intending to join the Church and enter some religious community." (Annals of the Hotel-Dieu).

"In Mr. J. H. Derwin's *Reminiscences of Montreal*, he mentions that on December 10th, 1819, he heard that a Sister called Sister Allen, had died at the Hotel-Dieu on St. Paul Street, and that she was a daughter of the famous Ethan Allen. He immediately hurried to the

* Dwelling upon the consolations which the Catholic Church affords to the faithful children, at their passage from time to eternity, eighteen months after he sold his property, and wrote to the Sister Superior of the Hotel-Dieu stating that he would never forget the sight he had witnessed at the death of Sister Allen. He added that he ..etc., etc.

chapel, and was very much impressed with the solemn scene. The holy and beautiful dead (for he says that even in death she was the most beautiful he ever saw) lay shrouded on the bier, surrounded by Sisters praying for the repose of her soul. He wondered to himself how Ethan Allen's daughter ever became a Nun, and strange she chose for her peaceful home, the very city where her father met his worst misfortune: he adds he never learned how it all happened, but felt deeply interested. (The Catholic, July 1, 1882).

The remains of Sister Allen together with those of all the Nuns buried in the former Convent on St. Paul Street have been removed to a vault in the basement of the new Convent near the Mountain. The names of all those interred there have been preserved, but there is nothing to show the particular spot occupied by those of Sister Allen.

The humble Sisters in their Convents strive both in life and in death to practice the precept of the great Apostle St. Paul, 'to mind the things that are above, not the things that are on earth.' Whilst yet living they are dead and their life is hidden with Christ in God, but when Christ shall appear, which is their life, there shall they also appear with Him in glory. (Colos. iii. 2 *et secq*).

Our Sister Allen had chosen the good part which was never taken away from her. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for their works follow them."

But how was Fanny Allen, how were so many others induced to renounce all things and to lead a life of poverty, of humility, of abnegation?

"Is this a dream, the page of a romance? Is it only history? the history of a past forever ended? No; once more it is what we behold, and what happens amongst us every day. Who, then, is this invisible lover, dead upon a cross, eighteen hundred years ago, who thus attracts to Him youth, beauty and love? who appears to them clothed with a glory and a charm which they cannot withstand, who seizes on the living flesh of our flesh and drains the purest blood of our blood? Is it a man? No; it is God. There lies the secret; there the key of this sublime and sad mystery. God alone could win such victories and deserve such sacrifices. Jesus, whose God-head is among us daily insulted or denied, proves it daily by those miracles of self-denial, and self-devotion which are called vocations. Young and innocent hearts give themselves to Him, to reward Him for the gift He has given us of Himself, and this sacrifice by which we are crucified is but the answer of human love to the love of that God who was crucified for us." (Montalembert).

REV. DANIEL BARBER,

HIS LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM HIS WORKS.

PREFACE TO THE BIOGRAPHY OF REV. DANIEL BARBER.

The name of Rev. Daniel has often been mentioned in connection with that of his son, Virgil Barber, S. J., and of his grand son, Samuel Barber, also a priest of the Jesuit order. Heretofore very little has been known about the venerable Daniel Barber. It has been our good fortune to find two pamphlets, now extremely rare, both written by our Patriarch. The first of those pamphlets was printed at Washington in 1821, its title being *Catholic Worships and Piety Explained, and Recommended in Sundry Letters to a Very Near Friend and Others*, he having gone South to Maryland from Claremont to obtain more instructions about the Catholic Church. About the year 1822, when his son Virgil, being now a priest, was sent to Claremont, Daniel Barber came back thither, then returned to the South after the death of his wife and the removal of his son Virgil to the State of Maine as missionary to the Indians. His second pamphlet, *History of My Own Times*, was printed also at Washington (1827); and in consulting these two books together, we have the history of Rev. Daniel Barber, and also some remarkable letters and addresses of his.

In the book of memoranda of Right Rev. B. Fenvick, Bishop of Boston, we found a few passages which also throw more light upon the life of Rev. Daniel Barber.

It is now seen that our work is a mere compilation, but we sincerely hope that it will prove to be one most interesting. God grant that it may procure the glory of God and sanctification of men!

REVEREND DANIEL BARBER.

[Extracts from his Works.]

"DANIEL, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-TWO YEARS, AT THE EXPENSE OF WORLDLY EXPECTATIONS BECAME A CATHOLIC."

("HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.")

"The writer of this small compendium was born in the town of Simsbury, Connecticut, on the second day of October, 1756, the year after the great earthquake, which shook all New England." (History of My Own Times, p. 3.) "My father, whose name was Daniel, was a man who in those days had a greater taste for reading than his neighbors in general. Though he possessed no means of information respecting the Catholic religion, yet I often heard him say of Henry the Eighth and his reformation, that it was all a horse jockeying scheme. In the latter part of his life he withdrew from the Congregational order and joined *Sergeant Dewey's meeting*, for which he was made to feel the severity of the law in Connecticut* (p. 6). My father and mother, while both of the standing order, could never agree as to points of their faith. In their conversations on this subject both had recourse to the Bible as the main or ultimate judge between them. Each by habit had become well skilled in managing their own side of the question. Each had always at command a multitude of Scripture passages, which, to use a military phrase, they exchanged shot for shot. They both believed that the Bible contained infallible truth, but in what particular text or passage it was to be found they never could agree (Ibidem.) My father, by means of the American revolution and the depreciation of paper money, lost nearly all his property. He died on the 17th day of April, 1779, aged 46 years."

Speaking of his early recollections, our Rev. Daniel Barber says: "I well remember my mother's habit of signing each loaf of bread with the sign of the cross before it was put into the oven for baking, and the same was the practice of many others. My mother could give no other reason for this, than because the same was done by her

* He was made to pay twenty shillings and the cost of the prosecution for going to Sergeant Dewey's meeting on the Sabbath day (p. 10).

mother, and although this sign had its proper meaning, as well as its original, of both she was ignorant, and although the sign had lost its meaning, still the habit of using it had become so confirmed as seemingly to claim its right by possession. This fact of itself makes it clear to me that my ancestors on my mother's side were at some former remote period members of the Catholic faith. My mother died in the eighty-fourth year of her life, and lieth buried in Windsor village, Vt.* At her death she left nine surviving children, viz.: six sons and three daughters.† *Daniel, at the age of sixty-two years, at the expense of all worldly expectations became a Catholic.* The youngest sister, Nabby, who married Mr. Noah Tyler, with her husband and seven children, became converts to the Catholic faith. All her daughters, four in number, are at Emmetsburgh (1827), where they have taken the vows and put on the habit of the sisters and profess to enjoy much happiness in their retirement from the world." (P. 13 and 14.)

Our writer served two short terms during the war of the Revolution. About the year 1787 Mr. Daniel Barber moved to Vermont, with his wife, Chloe Case, daughter of Judge Owen, of Simsbury, Connecticut, his three sons and one daughter. "The youngest, a son, died at the age of three years, five months and eight days. His mortal part we committed to its kindred dust in the burying ground in the village of Manchester, Vermont." (History of My Own Times.)

The following extracts from Daniel Barber's *Catholic Worship and Piety*, will continue to inform us about the history of his life and the motives of his conversion.

"Since many persons have signified wishes to be informed of the way and means, or more properly, the motives and reasons for my changes in religion, I thought it might be acceptable, at least to some, to give here a distinct narrative:

"Having been born and educated a Congregational Dissenter, of the strict Puritanic order, which was at that time the prevailing religion in Connecticut, my native State, I continued in that faith and worship till I was about twenty-seven years of age. The first occurrence which gave me occasion to examine the grounds of authority in the Priesthood, was a challenge given by D. P., an Episcopalian, alleging that my minister (for at that time I was a Congregationalist) was destitute of that true sacerdotal authority, without which no man could be a minister of Jesus Christ. As I had been taught, so I believed that one and another, both learned and unlearned, as the case might happen, were directly and spiritually called to the work, and that call

* Her name is plainly legible there now (1885) on a tombstone.

† Three only are mentioned, viz: Daniel, Jared and Israel.

was of itself a kind of investiture of the sacerdotal character and office ; and that the mere form or ceremony of laying on of hands, as among Dissenters, was a sort of token of acknowledging such and such a one to be what the ordainers were ; that is, ministers. D. P., my neighbor, put into my hands a small volume, containing the most conclusive reasoning in support of the Apostolic order, and the succession of the real Priesthood. By reading which I was soon confounded for want of reason and authority for the support of my fanciful scheme of ministerial power given immediately, and invisibly to one and another. However, having been so long wedded to this belief, I did not feel in the least disposed to give up the point. And in order to furnish myself with proper weapons to repel the attack, I soon carried the said book to my minister, with a request that he would read it, and then give me such arguments as the nature of the case required. After keeping it a while, he told me that I had better take it again, saying, "there had already been enough said and written on that subject ;" and signified his unwillingness to have anything to do with it. Sorely vexed and disappointed as I was at the bare apprehension of a failure in a cause so interesting to my feelings, and so certain and clear as to its substance, I applied to another minister of the same class, and made my complaint concerning the neglect of the former. There I received an answer well calculated to fill up the full measure of my shame ; it was that "Rev. Mr. ——, by rejecting my request, had done the best thing he could ; for, (continued he) had he undertaken to interfere with those arguments, he would very soon have brought an old house about his ears." I began now to reflect whether true military characters engaged for their king and country would so tamely suffer their commissions to be trifled with. While those things were in my mind, there happened to be a military day for parading and exercising the militia, and many people collected together. When I came among them, I found this same D. P. in the midst of a crowd of people, who were attentive to his reasoning down the foundation of Congregational ordination and defending the doctrine of Apostolic succession. The champion of the dissenting party, with whom he was engaged, seemed to me very apparently to sink under the weight of the argument, as I perceived by his going to call one of the ministers, who was not far distant, to assist him. This minister, however, as it was then understood, refused, or was too prudent to enter the list in the presence of so many people. The event was, my neighbor P. put his antagonist to silence. In consequence of this dispute, more or less immediately declared for the Episcopal Church, one of whom I became acquainted with.

The most I remember now of the argument on the part of the Dissenter, was, that the Church of England could not be possessed of any true ecclesiastical authority, owing to the corrupt state of the Church of Rome at the time of the separation. By this time, it may be reasonably concluded, I must feel compelled to quit a society, whose ecclesiastical authority or Priesthood was of such a nature as I could not defend, nor find any willing to do it for me. Yet, to part, to make a final separation from that, and embrace a different one, was a thing to which I could not at once bring my mind fully to yield. To effect this, caused a year's reflection. I was breaking off from a friendly connection with such as were my nearest relations and best friends. To separate from them and form a religious connection with strangers, was such a trial as excited and awakened many tender feelings, which I have not forgotten to this day. At length I became resolute, and bid a formal adieu to one kind of religion and joined myself to another.

But how little did I then think that those very arguments which had brought me to the Church of England, when pursued up to their full extent, could not fail to convince me that by joining the Church of England I had gone not more than half way towards the proper place of safety.

In becoming an Episcopalian, I will remember one popular difficulty I had to encounter. It was a religion which, from its very first introduction into New England, had ever felt the heavy hand of its enemies. To be a church-man there was at least a sort of disfranchisement in the public esteem. Church-man and heretic was formerly supposed to signify nearly the same thing, and it was not uncommon, when a Dissenter joined himself to that church, to ask "What develish trick has he done?"

To give some idea of the spirit of the times, since my remembrance, one anecdote will suffice. A Church of England minister died in Connecticut, whose name was Muirson. Afterwards died one of his communicants, whose name was Isaac Knell. After which came out a pamphlet, filled with reproaches against the Church of England, in which I remember these two lines:—

"Isaac Knell is gone to hell
"To tell Mr. Muirson his Church is well."

I mention these things with no other view than to convince people of the necessity of that candor which leads to an examination of principles, instead of taking it for granted that whatever is reported is true. The tree which is the most beaten often is found to yield the best fruit.

At the age of thirty I was ordained a Protestant deacon by Bishop Seabury in Christ Church, Middletown, Connecticut, and afterwards

priest by Bishop Provost in the church at Schenectady, State of New York. I continued for nearly thirty years clear of the least doubt or suspicion concerning the correctness and validity of our ordinations. But at a certain time, and while on a journey, a Catholic author was put into my hands, and as chance would seem to have it, the first page I opened called my attention to a subject which seemed to bear a near relation to the challenge given me so long before by my friend D. P., and reminded me of the common saying: "Bad news is apt to be true." The passage I mention contain some reflections on the consecration of Arch-bishop Parker. It is set forth that after the Queen had in vain applied to several Catholic bishops to consecrate Parker, she, by virtue of her own authority, empowered a certain character, namely, Barlow, with certain others, to perform the consecration. An order made afterwards by the Queen was as follows: "Supplying, nevertheless, by our supreme royal authority, from our mere motion and certain knowledge, if any thing, either among those things that were done by you according to our aforesaid mandate, or in you, or in any one of you, your condition, state, or power, be, or shall be wanting, of the foresaid things, to be done, which, by the statutes of this kingdom, or by the ecclesiastical laws are required, or are necessary, the state of the times and the necessity of affairs demanding it." Unfortunate as it may seem for the Church of England, whose ecclesiastical authority depends wholly on the validity of Parker's consecration, it could never be made to appear that Barlow himself was ever consecrated by anybody. The truth is, according to the history of those times, and even the first bishops of the reformation themselves have left on record, no authority excepting what flowed from the Crown was considered of much importance in the church. Fretted and perplexed at finding this unlucky passage in the Catholic author; and still entertaining hopes that some more skilled in church history, who might put my apprehensions asleep again, I soon wrote to a very learned clergyman, but received no answer. I have since concluded that he possessed an equal share of wisdom and prudence with the Congregationalist ministers before mentioned. About this time I called on a Catholic priest, for the first time, for I had never seen one before. I asked him many questions relative to his religion, and the many reports I had heard concerning the faith and worship of that Church. He treated me with much kindness and respect. On entering his church for the first time, which was the first I had seen; observing others bless themselves with the sign of the cross; and reflecting that, as Episcopalians, we claimed ourselves to be a real branch of the Catholic Church, I also did not hesitate to make use of the same token of faith. A stranger observing me, made some reflections. I answered

him that I belonged to the old Church, the Church of England. He said the Church of England was not a very old Church. I confess this seemed something like another challenge. I carefully avoided any further altercation, for fear the ground on which I stood might prove hollow. But to return. The priest answered all my questions in a very pleasant and sensible manner, and I began to think whether he might not suppose me much more ignorant than I had before thought myself to be.

To disclose our ignorance voluntarily is often attended with equal mortification as the showing our sinful leprosy to a Priest. The latter we show only with a view that we may receive a cure, the former is too often deeply rooted by habit to be eradicated.

The priest, on my taking leave, lent me several books explanatory of the Catholic religion. In these my family soon found their accounts, as well as some others. The first thing which struck my mind forcibly, was, the Apostolic injunction, respecting anointing the sick with oil; and I began to ask my brother ministers why that practice was omitted? If it was needful in primitive times, why not so still? One of them, a very learned, sensible man, supposed that the oil, used in anointing the sick by Priests in those days, was such as had been consecrated for anointing kings and prophets; that so much as was left, was afterwards applied for the use and benefit of the sick and dying. I observed, that if I understood him, the oil he referred to was strictly forbidden to be used in any such case, and was to be a curse to any man on whose flesh it might come. He seemed to ponder but said no more. I once, and again, proposed the same question, to a more dignified character. His reply was: "It is true that it was a practice in the days of miracles." Whether just such answer had any meaning I could not tell. I began now to think that some others might possibly appear before the priest I visited to not much better advantage than myself.

I well know, that of late, some have sought a subterfuge under Courayer, a desperate Roman Catholic priest. Honest minds, however, will defer any conclusion from his reasonings, until they shall have examined these writers on the other side of the question, viz: D. Gervaise, Hardwin Le Quien, etc., not forgetting that although Courayer labors to establish the consecration of Parker, he seems not to hesitate in saying that the Church of England, by her separation, has cut herself off from the communion of the true church, and seems to advise that she again return to her mother. His conclusion on the subject very clearly leaves it at least no better than he found it.

As to the validity of Parker's consecration, Heylin, a candid Protestant author, states, a cause, brought by the Protestant Bishop,

Horne, against Bonner, the Catholic Bishop of London, for refusing to take the oath of the Queen's supremacy. At the commencement of the trial, Bonner entered a plea, as a bar to the prosecution, stating that Horne the prosecutor was no Bishop. The court agreed that the fact, whether he was a Bishop or not, should be determined by a jury of the country. What was the issue? Why rather than that a jury of twelve honest men should determine the question, the cause was taken from court without a trial, and carried up to Parliament; there it was suffered to sleep the sleep of death. And Bishop Bonner was suffered to rest quietly without any further trouble. Although the Queen was far from entertaining a favorable opinion of Bishop Bonner, yet it would seem that her principal judges possessed some share of the prudence I mentioned of the ministers, for, no doubt, had they declared Horne to be a true Bishop, there might have been some danger of bringing an old house about their ears; since, at that period, none could well be in doubt what was the fact, nor of the reason why the Queen first applied to the Catholic Bishop to perform Parker's consecration."

In 1807 Rev. Daniel Barber had baptized Fanny, daughter of Ethan Allen, as we have seen in the biography of that remarkable convert. It has been repeatedly stated that he was also present at her profession at the Hotel-Dieu, that he visited her, that he was much impressed with her heroic determination, so that his conversion to the Catholic faith was due in great measure to her influence. His visit to Bishop de Cheverus must have taken place about the year 1812. He again relates as follows about that visit to the Bishop:

"He treated me with great candor. I had never seen a priest before. He gave me an understanding of the principal things which made the separation between us and the Catholic church. He also furnished me with several books to carry home. These proved quite a treat in my family. They, by reading, soon appeared well convinced of the truths they contained, and wished to see a priest, but the nearest was a hundred miles distant. These few books scattered fast amongst my Protestant neighbours, and those more particularly who had a taste for inquiry. In time some of the heads of the parish began to make complaint that those books I had lent among my parishioners were calculated to do much harm. I said, how can they do harm? Are we not a branch of the same church? If not, what is our foundation and on what do we stand? Arguments are of little use to minds sealed against inquiry. One of my Protestant brethren on the like occasion used an argument which I have thought the most conclusive the case would admit of, he saying: "We are Protestants and you can't help

it." After considerable conversation, I agreed to gather my books and make them secure. I put them under lock and key. But I soon found that, by the help of some of my children, they again found their way, more privately, abroad."

"About this same period, my youngest son (Virgil), then a Protestant parson in Fairfield, State of New York (near Utica), with his wife paid me a visit. While they were at my house, I took an opportunity now and then to read to them out of those books."

During this visit the Reverend Daniel Barber, feeling an interest for the soul of his son, Rev. Virgil B., whose mind was open to conviction, came upon him on a certain occasion whilst at his toilet (shaving), and read to him a telling argument found in *Milner's End of Controversy* (Father Fitton).

"But the name Catholic sounded as harsh to them as it had done to old Mr. L. Sometimes I could prevail on them to listen to an argument or an explanation of some particular point of doctrine. Hearing me read, they would sometimes reply, saying, that is good reasoning. When they were about to leave us, they requested the loan of one of the books. Glad, indeed, was I of the opportunity of granting such a request. They took the book with them and departed. But how little did I think that before I should see them again, himself and family would become converts and his wife a nun!"

"I saw neither of them again till my son* returned from Rome in 1818. He then came to Claremont, in company with the Reverend Dr. French (or FFrench, a Dominican father, an English convert, living in New York). This was the first priest that ever came to my house. He arrived on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning he said Mass in my house. I attended, and afterwards went and performed the usual services in my own Church. I would have asked him to preach in the Church, but for fear it might give offense to some. In the evening, however, Dr. FFrench preached in my house to a respectable number. He staid through the week, and the next Sunday said Mass and preached both parts of the day, at what is now called the new brick church. In the course of this short period he had seven converts, amongst whom were my wife and daughter, my sister, Mrs. Tyler and her eldest daughter, Rosette Tyler.

This priest coming from far, and putting up at my house, seemed to give quite as much alarm as the Catholic books had done.

My wife, who was one the first in making an open profession of the Catholic faith, was a woman who possessed a strength of mind and resolution which qualified her for so important an investigation,

* Virgil was at this time making his novociate with the Jesuits at Georgetown, D. C.

and by which she set at naught, the fear of man and the voice of the multitude. She improved the first opportunity of separating herself, and embracing the standard of the cross, from which she never separated till death. She departed this life on the eighth day of February, 1825, in the 79th year of her age. Her last words, and while making the sign of the cross, were, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." She was the first who lie buried in the Catholic grave yard near the St. Mary's church in Claremont. May she rest in peace. Amen."

Rev. D. Barber was not baptized with his wife, but he then gave up preaching for the Episcopalians as we must infer from the following passage:

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS EPISCOPAL PARISH.

"On the 15th of November (if I am right) A. D. 1818, having taken a regular dismission from my parish, I took my final leave, publicly by an address from the pulpit, it being Sunday, and we parted, generally speaking, as friends, and in the spirit of peace and harmony, in which we had so many years lived and walked, wept and rejoiced together. It was at least on my part, a trial in which I felt, and could not but feel, the finer and most tender emotions, and to which the falling tear bore full testimony. And indeed what less could be expected, while bidding adieu to a people whose best tokens of kindness and respect, had for the space of twenty-four years afforded me so much comfort and consolation? The bare reflection must ever endear them to my remembrance.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE ADDRESS.

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."—*Apostles' Creed.*

"One Lord, one faith, one Baptism."—*St. Paul.*

My friends and brethren, how natural is the reflection that all temporal things are mutable and transient, and the most pleasing friendships and connections in life are of but short duration, and there are particular times and seasons when the heart feels most sensibly the disappointments of all its hopes and wishes. When we meet to bid adieu to the friends we loved and whose families we admired, and whose faces we shall see no more, then, if ever, is the time when the plaintive voice, and the bursting tear, speak the language of the heart, and express the genuine and tender feelings of the soul.

Such are the sentiments and affections of him who meets you at this time, only to part again, and to bid you his last adieu.

On so interesting an occasion, my mind naturally looks backward to scenes that are past and gone, wishing to take one more glimpse of those pleasing and happy days, in which we have walked together in love and friendship, as fellow-travellers, whose mutual care and interest it was to shun fatal disasters, and if possible never to fall out by the way.

My mind looks back again to melancholy scenes through which we have passed along; those days of calamity and distress, when like friends we have mourned together, wept together, and sympathized together; how often have we comforted one another and shed the tear of condolence, when the hand of God touched you; when the desire of your eyes has been taken away, or your friend and acquaintance shrouded in darkness; who was ever afflicted and I did not weep? Who was sorrowful, and I was not sorrowful? And I weep still with them that weep, and would, if possible, wipe away the tears from every son and daughter of affliction.

We look back once more upon the past; there your hospitable and friendly mansions arise full in my view; those social and calm retreats, those scenes of contemplation and sympathizing friendship, these I must bid adieu; here I must take up my cross where none can carry it for me. Let me bear it, then, with faith and patience, and strive to imitate Him who was made perfect through sufferings.

Now my labor of love with you as your minister is brought to a final close. Never again shall I address you from this place, calling you to virtue, piety and Godliness. How important, then, must it be to me, to be fully satisfied that in all my public and private admonitions and administrations I have endeavored to lead you into all truth profitable to salvation. As my stewardship is now ended, whatever remains to be done must be the work of some other hands.

Remember there is a time approaching when we must receive as we have done; and when it will be inquired of me what has become of the sheep I left with you in the wilderness. Did you carefully instruct them? Did you guide them by your counsel? Did you lead them to pastures of life and health everlasting? If I can answer yea, Lord, to the best of my abilities and allotments, happy will it be for me; and happy will it be for you, if through faith and patience your names shall be enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Nearly twenty-four years, and the best of my days have been spent in the service of the Church to which you belong, and from which I now retire to the humble walks of private life and to the still and silent shades of peace and poverty.

The former kindness of my friends I shall carry with me to the grave, as the choicest tokens of their affection and esteem. If any

have treated me ill, let the story of my complaint be written on the sand, where the first returning wave shall consign it to oblivion.

My gray hairs and infirmities are continually admonishing me of that tremendous hour, which will put a period to all my works.

And when I shall slumber in the tomb and be forever gone, let my remembrance have a claim to that mantle of charity so needful to cover the faults and failings, for which I have nothing to plead but the weakness and imperfections of human nature.

With these sentiments and these feelings—with these affections and these tears—I bid you a sorrowful and a lasting farewell.

The writings of Daniel Barber show him to have been at all times honest in his convictions, earnestly desiring to know the truth and always disposed to embrace it when found.

"From Manchester we removed to Claremont, where I was settled as minister of the Protestant (Episcopal) Church, with the provision of a comfortable support. In this Church I continued for the space of twenty-four years, in perfect friendship and harmony. I know well it is treading on dangerous grounds, when in such an age as this, I shall declare it as my firm belief that the only means by which I was first led to inquire for the truth, was none other but the spirit of God. Truth in religion was ever my aim and delight, but the best means was not within my reach, or the compass of my knowledge, unless I had found it in the Church of England. The real difference between that and the Catholic Church I did not understand. Wishing for information on that subject, led me to introduce myself to the Rev. Dr. Cheverus, then a priest in Boston."

Daniel Barber was the first member of his family to enquire into the merits of the Catholic religion, but his dear son Virgil, and his son's wife and children, his own wife and some other relatives in Vermont were admitted in the church before him. He had friends in Washington and Maryland, and after taking his *dismission* from his congregation of Episcopalians in Claremont, he started south, desirous to obtain further instructions about the doctrines and rules of the church before making his profession of faith in it. It may be surmised that a desire to live near his son Virgil, and to enjoy the privileges of the church in a Catholic country, helped him to determine to leave Claremont for a time. During his absence from New Hampshire he was received into the Catholic Church.

In 1822, Virgil Barber, after making his religious profession, was ordained priest by Bishop Cheverus and by him sent to Claremont as a missionary priest, with the consent of his superior. His venerable father resolved now to return to Claremont and about that time he wrote the following letters to his former friends in New Hampshire:

CATHOLIC WORSHIP

AND

PIETY,

EXPLAINND AND RECOMMENDED

IN SUNDRY LETTERS,

TO A VERY NEAR FRIEND, AND OTHERS.

BY DANIEL BARBER, A. M.,

And not long since a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Claremont, State of New Hampshire.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." *St. Math. 16–18.*

E. DE CRAFFT, PRINTER,
Nearly opposite the Centre Market House, Washington City.
1821.

INTRODUCTION.

It is a natural principle in all men to be disposed to religion, and in case they fail in that which is true, they will be disposed to embrace that which is false. Among those who claim the right of choosing for themselves that faith which their fancy or judgment may approve of, there will always be many who are very liable to change, especially among such as have recourse to the holy scriptures as the only rule of their choice; and although such changes are frequent, and generally proceed from apparently pious motives, is it not natural for us to inquire in particular cases what those motives were? Such inquiries are

often kind and friendly, and seem fully justified by an apostle who has taught us to give an answer to "every one who shall ask us concerning our faith."

Whenever I shall return again to you, my former brethren, it is quite probable that many among such as I have baptized, and administered to in other holy things; as also those with whom I have wept and rejoiced, will feel, at least, some curiosity to inquire among other things, why I have made a change in my religion? And particularly why I have become a Catholic? So natural is it to ask, when we see a man with a cross upon his shoulders, why does he carry it?

Anticipating such inquiries, my answer shall be according to that simplicity and affection in which I ever taught and instructed you in former times, when it was the wish of my heart to lead you in the ways of piety to a spiritual composure of mind and to that truth of the soul which is everlasting. In this way I endeavored to lead you according to the measure of my knowledge and skill.

Honest minds may think differently, yet truth and error can never be the same; and whether our faith be right or wrong depends not at all on the opinion we may form, or the good liking we may have for it. The sun does not cease to shine because the blind man does not see it; nor is the providence of God checked because a sceptic may please to deny it. That religion, whose design is the happiness of man, is from heaven. Its faith, its doctrines, must, therefore, be holy and divine. It must then be perfect, and unchangeable as He who once gave the law amidst the thunders and lightning of Mount Sinai. What it was, the same it is, and ever will be; not like man, liable to change and decay, but stamped with the hand of its divine author, it alone will stand amidst the desolation of empires and the wreck of worlds.

You again ask me why I am Catholic? I answer for the same reasons which make me a Christian; for, in former times, Catholic and Christian meant the same thing. "My name is Christian, says an ancient Father, and Catholic is my sur-name;" or, I will answer in the words of a celebrated author, M. De la Harpe, "I am a Catholic because I have examined; do you the same, and you will be one too."

Your second inquiry will be, what discovery did you make in the course of your examination?

To this question I will answer as briefly as possible; but before I do this, I beseech you, my brethren, to listen to me with candour and patience. Divest yourselves of all bitterness and prejudice. Endeavor to eradicate any unfavorable impression which a preconceived opinion may have made upon you, and bring to this subject a heart that pants after the truth, and a mind which will embrace it, whenever, through the ministry of an angel or a man, it shall be made manifest to you.

Without such disposition, controversy may but arouse your passions, or gratify an idle curiosity; while on the other hand, with that happy temper of mind, which they must beget, becomes the vehicle of instruction, and the means of obtaining eternal life. Truth, my friends, may contradict our former or present opinions, and thwart and perplex our favorite ones; nay, it may even compel us to take up a cross on that very spot where hope had promised us a crown. But if, nevertheless, it be but barely possible that without the knowledge of the true faith, and the practice of the things it commends, we may be lost, then, is it not wise to pause while we are standing here upon the brink of eternity, and ask ourselves the question, "Is it not at least, possible that Jesus Christ has established but one Church?" And is it not at least equally *possible*, that salvation cannot be obtained out of it?

Now, like jurymen at court, you sit down to hear and judge a case, and a cause, too, which, in its nature and consequences, is the most important that can be conceived. For it is the cause of God among men. It is a cause in which you yourself are a party, and as such the decision you shall make will produce the most happy or the most dreadful consequences in eternity. And as the question before you is one in which you have an everlasting concern, God demands of you a righteous judgment; and since *He* demands it, he will give you the grace to render it.

As the discoveries which I have made in my researches are, that Protestant writers have persuaded us to believe that their religion is more ancient than the Catholic, and, indeed, that the Protestant was the first, or original Christian church, these likewise state that there have been two important changes in religion since the days of the apostles; that is, the first from *Protestantism* to Popery; the second from Popery to Protestantism. Thus at one time these were the means whereby men might be saved, and at another they had entirely disappeared from off the face of the earth.

Now on these two changes rests the whole ground and support of the Protestant cause—that is, if it can be made to appear beyond a reasonable doubt that the church made and constituted by Jesus Christ and his apostles was Protestant, in that case the Protestant stands on safe ground as to his religion, while the Catholic ought to fear and tremble. But if, on the other hand, it can be demonstrated that the Catholic and not the Protestant was the original faith; in that case the Protestant is not safe, but has every reason to be alarmed at his situation.

That the Catholic religion was original as to its present form, and so did not proceed from Protestantism, is a position proved and supported by the following reasons:

First, that the difficulties attending such a change would have been so many and so great as to render the attempt next to an impossibility,

and this by reason of some doctrines in the Catholic church, which, in case they were not taught by Christ and his apostles, could never have been introduced but with the greatest difficulty imaginable. Some of these difficulties I will mention. It is a principle among Protestants as with Catholics that Jesus Christ has alone the power of instituting sacraments because he alone can appoint proper instruments of conveying grace to our souls. Now, if Protestantism which allows of but two sacraments, was the religion taught by the Apostles, and the established religion, I ask any man, to judge by what means five new sacraments, never heard of in the time of the Apostles, could afterwards have been imposed upon the church, and rendered articles of faith, without the greatest difficulty, without clamor, noise, and the most stubborn opposition? The thing is almost incredible.

At what period soever we may suppose the supposed alteration, would not every good Protestant Bishop immediately have stepped forward, and placing himself in the gap, have cried out against such an innovation, and such monstrous impiety? What! the revolutions in states and empires; the changes in government; the improvements in arts and sciences shall be recorded, and handed down to us on the historic page, and those of religion, the most grand and important of subjects, shall not be noticed! Is such a thing reasonable? Is it credible? No; in such a revolution; in such a change, the dreadful consequence of universal idolatry, would not each Protestant have taken up his pen, and alleged that Jesus Christ had established only two Sacraments, that the Apostles had never established but two; that the precise number, two, had been handed down to them by the immediate successors of the Apostles; and that therefore, no human authority could add another, without impiety and sacrilege? It is impossible but they would have stigmatized the first authors and abettors, and have soon cut them off from the communion of their church. The least to be supposed is, that the bishops and pastors, then living and acting, and being of the same religion with the Protestants of the present age, would have exerted all their power and authority in a matter so important, unless we suppose them to have been all asleep, and lulled into a state of entire indifference.

In pursuing my inquiry on the ground that the Protestant was the original Christian Church, I found out my subject embarrassed and hedged about by many other, not less powerful difficulties; one of which is, how that original Protestant Church which claims herself to be the elder sister of the Catholic, ever came to introduce the worship of the mass, for, here we are to consider them as taking everything relative to their faith and worship directly either from the Apostles themselves or those who did receive from them. Strange, that when

the Apostles had taught them to offer simple bread and wine, merely as a memorial of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and that instead of this, they should, in after time, so change the order, as to make it an offering of the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, and a living sacrifice to be daily offered for the benefit of the faithful, whether living or dead. Now, as all Protestants do deny, that in former times, and while the Catholic Church was not yet in existence, the mass was a doctrine ever taught by an Apostle; the only conjecture must be that it was an invention of some one or more individuals among them at first, and from whom it spread itself far and wide, and at length became everywhere universal. But to suppose all this would seem to exceed the utmost stretch of an imagination, sporting in realms of possibility. What has been done may be done again, unless it be miraculous. And will the same means produce the same effect? Will any means whatever produce the effect, so as to produce in all Protestants a confidence in, as well as a love for, the Mass? Does the present hatred which prevails everywhere among that class of Christians towards the Mass, look anything like an argument in favor of the supposition that it was at first introduced and became the general belief of Protestantism, and that too, without any noise or opposition; that like a secret charm it pervaded whole kingdoms and empires, and so still and silent in its introduction and progress, that not one historian ever attempted to mark the period of time when, or the place where, it first made its appearance; and yet, that all this did so happen, I must believe; or else I must not believe that the Protestant religion is more ancient than the Catholic.

My examination next brought to my view auricular confession; this was an Apostolic doctrine, or it was not. If the former, the dispute is ended—the obligation is imperative, and the Protestant claim of being the first Christian church, since they deny it, falls of itself to the ground. But supposing it not to be of divine origin, but a scheme of human invention, here I am to encounter several potent difficulties: For, as it is not merely a point of speculation, but a practical and very humiliating duty, and indeed so crossing to a man's fallen nature, and the pride of the human heart, that no man would ever have submitted unless he was first convinced that he could not be saved without it, the difficulty of introducing such a practice, considering it only as a human invention, is not lessened but increased, by the consideration that no dignity in the civil or ecclesiastical departments could have power to exonerate a member of the church from the obligation to confess. All Bishops, Kings, Princes, even Emperors and Popes, have their equal share in this burden, with the meanest slave; these must fall down at the feet of their confessors, while they discover their most

secret sins, submitting themselves to his censure, and to perform the penance which he may lay upon them. Now, to say that this practice was not taught by the Apostles, but that it was afterwards continued, made up, and introduced by the cunning craftiness of some, without any rational motive to be accounted for, yet became a universal practice; in such case, the question is naturally asked, which of the two is most surprising, the extravagance of those who first invented this yoke of bondage to be laid on themselves and others, or those who quietly submitted to it? For that this burden was universally submitted to is an unquestionable matter of fact. And that it would have been so submitted to without opposition, without noise and notice, cannot with good reason be believed. Hence, then, I inferred, that the Protestant was not that primitive church which Jesus Christ established; and if it was not, then my inquiries were next directed to the important question, whether the church called the Roman Catholic Church was, or was not, that identical church, the divine Saviour of mankind had founded; and on which, by promising to be with, till the end of time, he had conferred the glorious prerogative of infallibility. My inquiries led me to that conviction, and the reasons which wrought this conviction, you will find in the following letters, which were written to a beloved friend.

[The substance of the following letters to a particular friend were not written with any other design than to correct and soften those hard and bitter feelings entertained against the Catholic religion and worship, merely from a prejudice produced by misinformation, and the want of correct knowledge; they are now offered to the public, together with some others written with a principal view of inculcating sentiments of piety and the love and fear of God].

LETTER FIRST.

My Dear Friend:

It is now some years since I have had the pleasure of seeing you or any of your family, though in the mean time I have been sorry to hear of many things spoken by you concerning myself and others of the family in consequence of our professing the Catholic faith and worship. You cannot but know, such hard and unkind treatment, and for no other cause, cannot but hurt and wound those feelings of tenderness and affection which connected us from our birth, which "grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength." In the choice of religion we all have an equal freedom; but to make a right choice, truth alone must guide us, and wherever that leads we must follow. Nothing

could have tempted me to change my religion but a full conviction of the danger and risk I must otherwise run of losing my future life, and that world to come in which dwells righteousness. As these, and these only, were the motives of my change, I should have hoped and expected that one so near and dear by nature would have considered me but as a reasonable man inquiring after important truth; for important it must be to any one born an alien from the household of faith, as myself was, to be led back with an inclination to be instructed in a religion which I must consider as the only one in which we can have any sure confidence. My friend, can this be a crime? Is it a crime for any one to look well to the care of his soul, even at the loss of all his worldly honors and possessions, and his best friends on earth? In case you have hitherto made no choice in religion, or have taken to yourself one which cannot bear full proof of its Divine Original, my prayer is, that you may reconsider the subject, and by your own earnest prayers seek unto God to give you the knowledge of the truth. A mistake in such a choice may prove destructive to that lasting happiness we would earnestly wish for.

As a friend, let me entreat you to lay aside every thing but good sense and candor in your perusal of these letters; and as I have written nothing but simple truth, let it have its due weight on your mind. So far as your mind at present may indulge any false or erroneous opinions, it is clearly my duty to endeavor, as far as I am capable, to correct them.

Amidst the confusion of the world, I know of but one means of safety, and that is to be attentive to the command of Jesus Christ—hear the Church and obey the Church. He did not say Churches, for there was but one; that one He promised should continue to the end of the world—that He would be with it, and that the Holy Ghost should lead it into all truth. No other religion has ever had the like promise. Can we then be perfectly safe in following any other? You cannot say so; for then His promise to that church would have been of no importance. From the manner in which I have treated the subject, you must be convinced that the Catholic is that original religion to which the promises were made. If so, what then can we look for or expect from any other? In one the promise is sure and divine, and is ample security to our souls in well doing. In the other, who can show one promise given it by a power divine?

Let me, if possible, persuade you by that soul of yours which is the gift of God, and which will endure forever, that you lend a favorable ear to what now most intimately concerns your eternal welfare. Death, my friend, may be near; at no time is it far from us; for what is the longest life on earth. We are no more secure of heaven because we see multitudes like ourselves pursuing principally the objects of the

world. Tell me, where are those who take delight in imitating the lives of the blessed Saints and Martyrs? These were always at their post. The world never hindered them from their prayers, their confessions, and the sacrament. By their fervency and devotions they obtained a foretaste of that happiness which shall be revealed, and for which they suffered and endured all manner of hardships, cruelties, and even death, courageously, by the flames or the sword of the persecutor. If heaven cost them so dear, why are we to expect it will be afforded us so cheap, and on terms so easy and accommodating?

The world which now promises so many lengthening years of happiness will soon slide from beneath our feet, leaving us pale and lifeless to mingle with common dust. What can avail us in that dreadful day, the day of judgment, unless we have been diligent in seeking after truth with our whole heart, and with a full determination to conform our lives to its doctrines and precepts?

My friend, how shall I persuade you to turn your heart and affections to that church whose banner is a cross, and whose reward is a kingdom? Shall I persuade you by the joys of angels, the prayers of saints, the blood of martyrs, and the tears of holy virgins, who have wept and bled, and died for the catholic faith? Think what happiness they now enjoy, who, while on earth, took so much delight in worshiping around the altar and the tabernacle where is the true manna, that real and spiritual body and blood, that life-giving food to the faithful, that clean sacrifice daily offered both for the living and the dead?

You will ask, perhaps, whether miracles are performed in these latter days? Let me beg the question and ask why not? Can you show me a text in the New Testament which says there shall be no more miracles; or tells us which was the last? Do not all candid historians agree that the great St. Augustin wrought many miracles in England about the year 700? And if credit is due to candid and impartial testimony, we can have no reason to doubt their having been wrought thro' the mighty power of God, even in our own time. But as such a belief is no article of Catholic faith, I will leave it for the present, and turn to another subject, and indeed one which my present feelings naturally suggest.

The enemies of Jesus met Simon and compelled him to bear the cross. How often do clouds and storms arise in a quarter where we expected a clear sky, and perpetual sunshine? How often are we left and forsaken by those whose hearts we never suspected, and whose friendship we fondly believed would never fail. But when some of us could no longer hold good faith with the reformation, and for the sake of a good conscience turned aside to worship at the altar of incense and a pure offering—Malachi 1:11—we are left and forsaken by those we had long loved and admired; our dearest friends and nearest relations,

even some of our own mother's children, with whom we enjoyed long and pleasant days of social friendship and delight, and with whom we felt nothing more sensibly than the kindest affections warm from the heart and sweetened on the tongue. Can it be possible that these, and such as these, should ever combine, like men in battle array, to wound and injure, by sharp words and unfeeling reproaches, and for no other cause but for having embraced the catholic faith? From sources like these the heart feels, and ever must feel, the wound it receives. It faints under the weight of such a cross, and turns aside for relief. Fain would it seek some lonely vale; some silent shade, some retired walk; some place to weep; to pray; to meditate, to examine and learn from the lives of Saints and pilgrims, what were their trials and mortifications on earth. Was the path they trod rough and thorny? And is it the only one which leads to happier mansions? These in their life-time worshipped at the same altar, and have transmitted down to us the same faith which proved sufficient for them, and is the only one we can safely confide in. Still we go on heavy and sorrowful; our former friends have forsaken us, or stand afar off. O Jesus! God of Christians, is not this one of the nails of Thy cross? Painful and afflictive as it is, what is it in comparison with thy sufferings for me? Yet it causes me to weep sore and complain, saying, when will the time come, and I be clean escaped from these low elements, this perplexing region of sin and strife, where man is often the enemy of his fellow man: enemies to the love of Jesus Christ, to the one faith, and to that one religion which alone can secure to us a blessed and happy life to come?

But, you may ask, why make choice of the Catholic religion, as you very well know it is a religion in most places contemned and abhorred? My friend, does the world generally hate that which is evil, or that which is good? Did it love Jesus Christ and His Apostles, and those holy martyrs who suffered death for the faith? A religion, the world hates, may be the only one which heaven approves. But we will pursue the subject.

In addition, then, to the reasons already urged for my embracing the Catholic faith, it is the first and most ancient religion. It is the only one sanctioned by Jesus Christ, its divine founder, and the only one, too, to which He has promised the Holy Ghost, and a permanent continuance to the end of the world. All other religions are destitute of a divine original, and being mere human inventions, can depend only on the fidelity of their authors. Divine faith, which alone can save the soul, must be sought for where the spirit of Christ is; and that spirit is, as it ever was, with the Church. For the truth of this turn to all the saints whom God has blessed for the holiness and sanctity of

their lives, and whose very names are significant of their future glory. Not one of all these, but was of the Catholic faith.

In this church is to be found full and ample provision and knowledge so needful for the restoration of the sinner to the mercy and favor of his God. To this end he is taught humility, contrition for his sins, confession, penance, and absolution; which absolution is promised in his favor by that same authority—Mat. 28—"Whose sins ye remit they are remitted unto them." Will you ask, can man forgive sins? He can, when Jesus Christ has given him authority to do so. And such authority has never yet been wanting in that church to which He gave the Holy Ghost. And that church was *then*, and is *now*, the Catholic.

My friend, adieu. D. B.

LETTER SECOND.

My Dear Friend:

It is difficult, in most cases impossible, to arrive at the knowledge of truth, unless we divest ourselves of prejudices. You have heard much of the Catholic Church; and of that much but very little indeed to induce you to admire and esteem it. But, after all, is it not still possible that this is the only church which our Divine Saviour has established; and that in this only is to be found that true faith, without which we cannot please God? Suppose this to be but barely possible; and then have I not a right to admonish you that to find the truth, we must not only seek it, but seek it without passion or prejudice?

It will be quite natural for you to reflect, that my advantages in inquiring after truth have been somewhat superior to yours, and that the result of my inquiries has been by no means terminated in a plan reconcilable to worldly wisdom, or connected with prospects of ease and temporal felicity. What is earth compared with heaven, or a short life of worldly poverty and contempt when put in competition with the joys of eternity, and the life which is to come? Our souls, made after the image of God, and redeemed by His blood, are too precious to be lost through negligence, or a heedlessness in searching for the true and only path trodden by the saints and martyrs of all ages. If they were not Catholic, tell me what were they? In their right hand they held a crucifix, the token of their faith. They attended the daily sacrifice of the altar; they fell on their knees at the feet of God's minister, to

confess their crimes,—they passed their time in prayer and good works —they invoked the angels and saints to assist them by their prayers and intercessions. Surely they must have been Catholics. Of this you cannot but be convinced, by reading what they have left upon record for our instruction. And just as sure as we can be, of any truth in the Bible, so sure we are that the Catholic is the only true religion of Jesus Christ—that is the first, the original which Jesus Christ authorized and established, that in it man might reap the fruits of the Redeemer's blood.

What a misfortune it is to us, my friend, that we were born and educated aliens to that household, or family, that mystical body for which Jesus Christ shed his most precious blood; that church to the safe-keeping of which He gave the faith, the doctrines, the priesthood, and every means of salvation, as the holy spirit also to be with it, and in it, to guide it unto all truth in believing, that our faith might stand in the power of God, and not in human wisdom, and to which was also given an authority to remit the sins of the meek and humble penitent. Mat. 28.

The promise of Jesus Christ secures the continuance of this church to the end of the world. It has already continued more than eighteen hundred years; and though frequently assailed by the hands of violence, and the storms of persecution, it stands secure on the rock on which it was founded; and against it "the gates of hell shall not prevail." The trials and persecutions it has endured have served to confirm, and not to shake, its foundation. My good friend, I wish I could lay before you the lives of her saints, and the sufferings of her martyrs. If your heart were not made of adamant it would bleed and soften, and be disposed to weep at the bare recital of the cruelty and barbarity of tyrants on the one hand, while on the other, so much faith, so much piety and patience, even unto death. St. Stephen has afforded us the first example; and after him, thousands have been called on in like manner and resisted unto blood. Had the same persons been united, and the same exertions employed against any other order of men, but the Catholics, it must certainly have destroyed them, or worn them out. Do I here relate to you strange things, or things of which you have never heard? Then do apply to some neighbor who may be acquainted with church history, and he will inform you of the sufferings of the Catholic church by means of those dreadful persecutions which Pagan Rome inflicted on her. Thus read, inquire, examine, and pray Almighty God to give you a right understanding, that "the truth may make you free." My friend, once more adieu. D. B.

LETTER THIRD.

My Dear Friend:

It is probable that you, like many others, entertain a high opinion of Martin Luther, and his reformation. For, you suppose the Catholic church had been corrupted in her faith and worship. Such a supposition is, however, false and groundless, and unless you can tell me what these corruptions were, at what time, and by whom they were first introduced, you can gain no credit with reasonable men, whose faith in Christ's promises is firm and steadfast. "I will send you the Holy Ghost and he shall abide with you forever." "I am with you always even unto the end of the world." As to her faith, doctrines, and worship, the Catholic church was then just what it is now, and just what it was in the early ages of Christianity. The reformation was right at the beginning, or it was not. If right then, it is not so now; for the first reformers of the English Church held strictly to the doctrine of transubstantiation, and burnt to death such as denied it.* If the reformation was a Godly work, why did it produce such a flood of wickedness as caused a general complaint in all countries where it spread? Why did those reforming Bishops in England clamor so loudly of the sins of the times, which they charged altogether to the effects of the reformation? Of these I could give many quotations from Protestant authors. But leaving these for the present, I will only notice some effects in one single point of view, and that is the endless divisions it has produced in the religious and ecclesiastical state of society. For a full proof of which, look on our own country, into our neighborhood, into our family. How rent and torn asunder, by dividing into sects and parties, even to the destruction of that love, peace and harmony, those dear delights and sweetners of all our toils and all our cares.

When Martin Luther stood, as he says, a long time alone, in the work of reformation, let me ask who, or where at that time was the true church of Jesus Christ? Was Luther then, singly and alone, the Holy Catholic Church, or was there more upon earth? And if none then, there is none now, nor ever can be, unless Jesus Christ comes again to make and establish one. A man may make his own church, but not the church of Jesus Christ, any more than he can make a world. In short, my friend, the reformation was in all respects calculated to produce on society the same effects as are naturally produced in a family where all the children are left without pious example or instruction, to choose for themselves what course they will pursue, or whether they will most approve of ways and means tending to virtue or vice.

Milner's Letters.

You contend for christian liberty. But unless you understand the full measure of it, you may intrench upon licentiousness, or fall into "damnable heresies." There is a line beyond which you tread at your peril, it is holy ground. This line separates between duty and folly—between faith and presumption—between the prerogatives of Jesus Christ and those duties He demands of us.

And where do you find that he ever gave a man authority to make a new religion, or new model an old one, given by him to His Apostles for the salvation of men's souls to the end of the world?

Reflect seriously one moment. Ask the people of the old world if they could save themselves out of the Ark God had provided. They will tell you that their own devices were but folly: the hills, the mountains, the trees, in which they placed their confidence, could afford them no succour in the dreadful day. Ask Jesus Christ the way to salvation. He says, hear the Church. As the old Bible did not coincide with those new doctrines, the reformers, to make it as far as possible yield to their wishes, disfranchised and condemned 142 Chapters. And not only so, but they gave many remaining texts a different language from what they had ever spoken before. They made Job's wife say to Job, "curse God and die," instead of "bless God and die," as in the old Bible.

My dear friend, do you not believe that faith is necessary to salvation? I am sure that you will answer that it is. The next question is, what is that faith we are bound to believe in? Here the only rational answer to be given is, that at least it is the very faith which Jesus Christ revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and which He commanded His holy Apostles to preach and us to believe? Now what is that faith revealed in the Scriptures? Is it whatever you may please to believe? If so, it is likewise whatever your neighbor may please to believe. For you have no more right to believe what you please than he has. Thus, if you have a right to believe the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, because it appears clear to you in the Scriptures, has he not an equal right to disbelieve this mystery, if he cannot find it there? Do you not see that in this way there will be just as many faiths in the world as there are men of different opinions. If among all these there be but one faith in the world which can be true, then all others are false; and can a false faith lead men towards heaven?

As to the only certain means of finding the true faith, let me draw your mind by comparison. Look at what happens often in temporal affairs. A father dies and leaves a will: the children all good, kind, and affectionate, loving each other, meet together: they open the will and read it: they begin to think differently as to the meaning of some things contained in it: they talk the matter over again, and again, but

so far from agreeing, they but differ the more. Now, how shall they be reconciled? By telling them to look at the will again? But the more they read it, and the more they ponder on it, the more the difference becomes magnified. What course is left for them? Why, fortunately the wisdom of man has provided a remedy, by erecting a tribunal to examine and interpret testaments and wills according to law. To this tribunal the contending parties apply; it hears all their reasons, it pauses, it deliberates, and finally decides upon the matters in dispute, by declaring the meaning of the will of the deceased in all its parts; and the disputes are at once ended. And let me ask what are the Scriptures but the last will and testament of Jesus Christ? And seeing as we do by the diversity of creeds, that the meaning of them is not alike plain to the understanding of every man, does it not appear reasonable to you, that there should be a tribunal to declare what they mean? As for instance, whether infants ought to receive baptism—whether Jesus Christ is God, or a mere creature of time, as many pretend—whether it be the meaning of Scripture that at the day of judgment the good and the wicked shall both fare alike, as some preachers contend? Now these and each of these, are questions of much importance, and for the want of a living judge, and a competent tribunal to determine them, as is done in matters of a temporal concern, too many pious, well-meaning people are confounded, divided, and rent asunder; become aliens to each others faith, by which the tender heart of charity is wounded. Each plainly sees his neighbor's error, and as carefully avoids it for the sake of his own. Thus every man judging for himself proves to be a fruitful source from which new articles of faith are produced, and schism upon schism is multiplied; while ignorance and error seal thousands for destruction. The least reflection convinces us, that, in civil society, there must be laws, and also judges to understand and interpret those laws. A thousand law books, without judges legally authorized, would give but little or no security to men's temporal interests, especially if every man, woman and child, was to be his own judge. We will suppose that all the books written on law and jurisprudence be committed to the hands of the people; at the same time, all legal judges, and every court of justice, to be annhiliated; and upon the same principle, that every man being competent to judge for himself in spiritual things by having in his hands the books of God, and the laws of Jesus Christ, so every man, by having in his hands the books which contain the rules of law and equity, and which are much easier to be understood, as being the mere productions of human wisdom and skill,—suppose every man assumes to himself the office of a judge, in all matters in which he feels himself or his temporal interest concerned, In such case, what would be the consequence? Why,

civil society would be at an end. Every man's hand would be against every man. The world would be filled with violence, rapine and murder, and from which none could be secure but by burying themselves in lonely deserts, and by seeking a retreat from their fellow-men in mountains and forests.

Now, if human society cannot subsist without laws, and judges to interpret them, how shall we find the true faith, and the will of the blessed Jesus, concerning those particulars I have mentioned; that is, Christian Sabbath, infant baptism, whether Jesus Christ is God, and whether all men, whether good or bad, are to fare alike after death? I ask how can we all come to a certain understanding of the truth in these cases, unless there be some authority empowered by Jesus Christ to declare the meaning of what He has left on record for the use and benefit of his church and of all who wish to be his people? In all matters of disputes, doubt, and uncertainty, relating to our faith and practice, where shall we go for a perfect understanding? Don't talk to me about searching the Scriptures. Our forefathers did it, and they left the Church of England and became the followers of Robert Brown, a reformer in the days of Queen Elizabeth Our parents did it, and each changed his religion, but each embraced separate ones. Brother C. did it, and became confident that the *Standing Order** is a religion quite as old as the Apostles. Uncle J., by the Bible, was convinced that the Standing Order was not quite so old, and turned to be a follower, as he said, of John the Baptist. An old lady in New Hampshire, (I was told,) searched the Bible until she was persuaded that only herself and two more were to be saved. A man with whom we are both acquainted, Mr. R. M——, did the same, until he found himself alone in a religion partly Jewish and partly Christian. You have searched the Bible and tell me what are you? Our friend Mr. M——n, as to his religion, stands yet quite alone. He is a serious well-meaning man, and wished for a reformation in religion, and undertook himself to lead the way, and be the first in the good cause. Like Martin Luther, he stood alone. But certainly a much better man. For while Martin, by reading the Bible, found a comfortable latitude for breaking his most solemn religious vows, and giving a loose rein to the passions and appetite of nature, M——n, by reading the same Bible, corrected them in a great measure, by following an abstemious manner of living, denying himself wholly of some kinds of meat, according to the law given to the Jews. He also became convinced of the necessity of long and very strict fastings, after the example of our Saviour. By all which M——n lived a very mortified man, and with a design only to save his soul.

The Congregationalists were so called formerly, in Connecticut.

Now let me ask seriously why M——n alone had not as good authority to begin a new order in religion as any of the reformers, especially since he took, as he thought, everything he adopted out of some part of the Bible ? I say, why had he not as competent authority as Martin Luther, Henry VIII, John Calvin, or Robert Brown ? No one can deny that all these pretended to find their different religions in the Bible. And as many more may be found in it by such as are wise enough to know that Jesus Christ did not mean it, when He said, "This is my body, this is my blood." Cannot the Quaker show better grounds for denying water baptism, as he called the Baptist for denying infant baptism, the Seventh Day Baptists for keeping Saturday ; or even the Unitarian for his denying the divinity of our Blessed Saviour, than you can do for your denial of the real body and blood in the Holy Sacrament ? Adieu, once more. D. B.

Letter to Wm. B——, Esq., of New Hampshire, on hearing of the death of his father.

My Dear Friend :

Your plaintive letter of November came duly to hand ; by it I am notified that the husband, the father and the friend, has taken his last and final leave. Deep and sorrowful is the reflection to those who knew him, but especially to those of his family. Under this severe visitation, methinks I hear your sighs, and witness your tears. One crying in all the likeness of woe, my husband is dead ! the long and delightful partner of my joys and my sorrows, has fallen at my side ; I am as one left solitary ; and even in the midst of my comforters I seek to weep alone. At the right hand methinks I see the children, the sons and daughters of my friend leaning one upon another, all bathed in tears ; and while taking one more view of the pale and ghastly remains, seem to say one to another, "Oh ! that dear fond father, who has comforted us all our life long, who caused our mornings to pass agreeably away, and delightfully our evenings, is no more ! That empty seat, and the station he so often filled in our little family circle serves only to imprint on our memories his familiar and endearing conversation ; those lessons of wisdom and worth, mixed with cheerfulness of mind and a sweet disposition. Pale death has sealed those lips, and imposed on that tongue a long and everlasting silence."

Yes, my friend, how often have you listened with delight to his paternal precepts, and the endearing lessons of his love and affection. And when those delightful and improving hours were ended, and you

retired to your chambers, what happiness, what pleasure, what gratitude did you not feel; and with what tender affectionate sensibility of soul, say one to another, how happy the children of such a father! And, indeed, such a father has been a blessing to you all your days, till at length grown weary of the cares and trials of life he is gone! his sun went down, his labors on earth are finished, and he is gone to receive according to his works. You have closed his eyes, and deposited his mortal part in the tomb, till the joyful day of resurrection. Comfort one another, in faith, in love, and in good works. And when you look down on his grave, recount his virtues and imitate his worth. In the meantime, please to accept the falling tear of your friend; and one whose gratitude of his favors, whom you mourn and whose feelings are too deeply impressed ever to forget the worth of him, whom I shall see no more. D. B.

St. Inigoes, December, 1819.

NOTE.—Here I would wish to notice, that our people of New England have generally very mistaken ideas concerning the condition and treatment of slaves. It is true, I can speak from personal knowledge only in respect to St. Mary's County, Md., where I have spent nearly twelve months. Here the blacks are generally treated more like children than slaves. I have indeed been surprised to see much kindness and tenderness manifested to the young slaves, by masters and mistresses. The blacks appear to take quite as much comfort and satisfaction in life as their owners; and I am persuaded, had they the offer of freedom, that a very large proportion of those slaves would not accept the offer. In truth, I have found but one instance where the black people were hardly treated. D. B.

LETTER TO E. D., ESQ., AND FAMILY, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

AUGUST 21st, 1820.

My Dear Friend:

Very lately I have received through the channel of a newspaper, information of the death of your daughter Mary. This unexpected and melancholy news naturally awaken the pathetic and tender feelings of a friend, and more especially of one who, in former times, had the pleasure of being not only an associate, but at times an inmate of your family. How natural in reading the sorrowful tale, to look back in reflection, and call to mind the times which are passed, and those agreeable happy days of friendship now gone forever, and like all those fleeting scenes connected with human life, no more to return. Nothing continues long with us the same. We look back but a short dis-

tance, and are astonished at the changing scene; and in the very midst of our reflection we are surprised at beholding those innocent circles of purest friendship and sincerest affection, broken in upon by the untimely fall of one. A deep and pensive gloom gathers on every countenance, while the social joys of the little friendly community are suddenly turned to sobs of grief, or broken-hearted sorrow, especially when called to close the eyes, or to view for the last time, the pale earthly remains of one so lately the flower and pride of the little band. Alas! my friends, what earthly delights and filial joys are covered in the deep recesses of the grave! That fading flower, that child of joy, the once flattering hopes of her parents, and the fairest expectation of her friends, is gone; she has retired behind the scene, and sleeps to wake no more.

How freely could I weep over that little mound, that heap of dust, that mouldering clay. Ah! Mary, what wert thou once! and now what is all that remains of thee? Let us pray for the faithful departed: "Grant them eternal rest, O Lord! let perpetual light shine upon them; and may they rest in peace. Amen." To pray for the dead in Christ, was a universal practice, till Martin Luther, that unfortunate Roman Catholic Priest who first laid the foundation from which have been raised up all those divisions and dessentions in faith and all ecclesiastical matters. Praying for the dead is a practice indeed older than Christianity itself. Macc. 12, 43. Hence every pious Catholic concludes his night prayers with "God the father bless us; Jesus Christ defend and keep us; the virtue of the Holy Ghost enlighten and sanctify us this night, and forever; and may the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen." My friends, whatever may be your own private opinion on this subject, convinced as I am, that this practice was never omitted by the faithful, and the first fathers of Christianity, you will indulge me, in her behalf, whose eyes have so lately closed, to repeat that appropriate form of devotion, "O, God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of thy servants departed, but especially to that dear soul I pray for today, the remission of all their sins; that through the help of pious supplications, they may obtain the pardon which they have always been desirous of, who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen."

Another principle, intimately connected with the foregoing, is that in case the departed Mary has already reached heaven, where she is perfectly happy herself, has she forgotten those she left behind? No, certainly. But according to Scripture and the Primitive Church, there, still, inspired by that charity that never fails, she is praying for her parents, her nearest friends and relations on earth, perhaps for me!

Such reflections are by no means comfortless to those who on their return from the closing grave of one s dear to them in life, are uttering in deepest accents of sorrow, "Ye that have lost an angel weep for me."

Yours with much esteem, D. B.

St. Inigoes, Md.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER TO A FEMALE FRIEND, DATED ST. INIGOES, DECEMBER, 1819.

Miss A. S——r, I am now one hundred miles below the City of Washington. In this county (St. Mary's) I find many most agreeable families.* The people here are generally both wealthy and hospitable; so that I find myself at home in every gentleman's house; which often puts me in mind of my former friends, who, if they have forgotten me, it is my misfortune. Here I find not a family but such as are constant in reading, prayer and works of faith. These are the people whom you put down as idolators.

I have been to view a very ancient Protestant church, called St. Mary's, by the side of which is a tomb which was some years ago opened, and the remains of the lady of Governor Colvert, alias Lord Baltimore, taken up after having been entombed more than a hundred years. Some curious laces taken from her last dress in the coffin, are now in possession of a lady with whom I have conversed on the subject. The town of St. Mary's, once the residence of the governor, and capital of the State of Maryland, and where this ancient church built in the form of a cross stands, is reduced to rubbish and ruins, there not being more than one or two houses in all the plain. Over the altar in the church are the images of Moses and Joshua.

I find the principal part of the people here Catholics, who very strictly observe all the feasts and fasts as they are put down in your prayer book. These certainly appear to take a great deal more pains and labor to secure their salvation than many among Protestants. Let me now turn to Mrs. D. and ask the following questions: First, in the Sacrament do you receive anything more than bread and wine? If anything more, what is it? If nothing more, why receive it kneeling

* Among the many families in St. Mary's County, to whose politeness and attention I shall ever feel the most tender obligations of gratitude and thankfulness are the following, viz.: Smith, Dunkinson, Clark, Jones, Ford, Williams, McWilliams, Neal, Plouden, Binnie, Combs, Medley, Kilgour, Greenwell, Taylor, Manning, Hayden. These I ask once more to accept my thanks and best wishes.

at one time more than another? When Jesus Christ said, "This is my body and this is my blood," did He mean, this is not my body, and this is not my blood? Madame, must it not be considered a strange thing that Christ's words concerning the Sacrament were never rightfully understood, for the space of more than fifteen hundred years, even until Queen Elizabeth was made supreme spiritual head of the Church of England; and not till after the first reformers had burnt to death those who denied the real body and blood in the Sacrament? I add nothing more, only beg you will reflect on the consequence of adhering to the wrong side in a doctrine so plain and important. Please accept my best wishes for time and eternity. Now, Miss A., taking it for granted that you are punctual in saying your prayers, evening and morning, give me leave to advise you to redeem half an hour each day, for the purpose of spiritual reading and meditation. Reflect often on death, it may be near, and on that world to which we are hastening. Give only small portions of time to amusements, and be careful to bring back with you an innocent mind. Never go abroad without first repeating the Apostle's Creed and Lord's Prayer. Be thoughtful in the midst of your pleasures, and from those things which are short and fleeting, collect something which may be durable. When you dance forget not the last dance, the dance of death; as also sickness, old age and the last groans on a dying pillow. When dancing reflect how many have danced before you, and who are now mouldering in the dust, or perhaps in their last agonies. Never forget to pray, "Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on departing souls." My friend, adieu. D. B.

The venerable Daniel Barber returned from the south to Claremont about the time that his son Virgil came thither himself in the quality of missionary priest.

The handful of Catholics who had been admitted into the church by Rev. Father FFrench, were soon gladdened by seeing their numbers increase. This was due to the influence of their own examples, to the exertions of that pastor, and also to the reading of the books given by Bishop Chevrus. They soon felt the need of a church edifice, and then there was the question of procuring support for the pastor; for these early settlers were few and poor. In order to accomplish these ends Father Virgil went to Canada, and there obtained material help. With this help he began the construction of a church edifice, which is yet standing. He connected this building with the house in which he was born. The house was a large frame structure with good basement, and over the church proper there was a story to be used as a study

room and lecture hall. This kind of academies is to this day quite common in New England. The house was sufficiently large to accommodate several boarders.

These buildings we had the pleasure of visting a month ago (Oct. 1885). They are now much dilapidated indeed, yet to us they were objects of sincere veneration. Here it was that the first Mass in New Hampshire was celebrated; here the sanctifying waters of baptism were poured on the head of Mrs. Daniel Barber and six of her children or grand-children,—perhaps the first baptisms administered in New Hampshire. Here many who were not of the fold were brought back into it by the exertions of Father Virgil Barber. In that frame house where he had been born the saintly Jesuit used to sleep on the floor. In the little church adjoining he would celebrate the holy Mass served by his venerable father, and administer Holy Communion to his dear parents and relatives.* As to the academy we have been told without inquiring about it, that it was one of rare excellence, and this we readily believe, for Virgil Barber had six years before, been president and chief teacher of a Protestant academy in the State of New York; and again in the city of New York he and his wife had a very flourishing school. We know positively that the remembrance of him as a teacher is quite vivid about Claremont to this day, and it is worthy of note to record, that in that humble corner of New Hampshire he had prepared for their theological course such men as Fathers Wiley, Fitton and Tyler. These three pupils of Father Virgil Barber were admitted by Bishop Fenwick in his own house in Boston and received their ecclesiastical instruction and training from the venerable prelate himself.

In the records of Bp. Fenwick we find the following entry for 13th Sept. 1826: "Mr. Daniel Barber, the father of Virgil Barber, arriving from Claremont on a visit to the Bishop, bringing with him Mr. Wm. Tyler, whom he introduces and recommends to him as a candidate for the ecclesiastical state. The Bishop is pleased with the progress made by him in his studies, and having received a good account of him on other points, admits him. Young Mr. Tyler is a relative of Mr. Barber, and has received the principal part of his education from Rev. Virgil H. Barber in his academy at Claremont."

The venerable Daniel B. must have felt much pleased when he saw his nephew admitted as a candidate for the priesthood. A few years later Wm. Tyler was ordained priest, raised to the dignity of Vicar General of Boston, and finally was consecrated Bishop for the See of Hartfort, Connecticut.

* The small church erected by Rev. Virgil Barber was used as a Parish Church as late as 1866, and the pastor occupied the old Barber homestead as a residence.

Our venerable friend Daniel helped his son as teacher in his academy, (Bp. F. memoranda), and this was their principal means of support.

The first convert in Claremont, the venerable Mrs. Barber, departed life in the old homestead in 1825, receiving the last Sacraments at the hand of her admirable son, Rev. Virgil, undoubtedly in presence of her worthy husband.

This was a great affliction to our venerable friend, and he again spoke of going south to Maryland, thus to end his life in the humble walks of peace and poverty.

Yet he had at Claremont, children and grand-children whom he sincerely loved; there was the grave of his dear wife, and the church and the school erected by Virgil.

When his intention to leave his home became known to them, they failed not to express their sorrow at the prospect of his departure from amongst them, and begged of him to remain in Claremont. On this occasion it was that he addressed to them the following admirable letter which forms the last page of his book. (Catholic Worship and Piety).

"My Dear Children:

Your filial love and kind affection, expressed in your joint letter about the time I left Claremont, I accept with the fondest feelings of tenderness and gratitude. It will ever serve to me as a cordial; as a sweet remembrancer of your tender sensibility, which prove to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart. This choice memorial of your love to me, and best wishes for my comfort and happiness, I shall lay by me in safe keeping. I shall carry it with me in my retirement, relying on its spirit and influence to console and cheer me under the wounds of disappointment, pain and sickness, by teaching me how to bear all things, and hope for nothing but what it may please God to send.

"You must be sensible, my dear children, that seventy years have been separating me more and more from everything on earth, once seeming as dear to me as life itself. The once tender-hearted friends and best companions of my juvenile years, that favorite season of human life, have forsaken me—they have gone; my wishes and imagination seek them in vain—they are not! Their names only may be found on cold marble monuments, here and there erected to point out the spot; saying, or seeming to say—there lies the once fond mother—and there the child of joy and sorrow. The fond lonely remembrance excites the involuntary tear, while the heart labors to heave another deeper sigh.

"I look back again to the pleasant scenes of early life. Here is one object ever presenting itself to my recollection; it is her who once, and for many years, was the kind associate of all my cares, my hopes, and

wishes. Yes, for many a year we travelled the rugged path of life together; and at a time too, when the looks and smiles of our helpless little children, dependent on us for their comfort and protection, called into exertion every principle of care and activity. Our anxious desires for the future happiness and prosperity of these, gave a pleasure to our toils, our labors and sufferings; our hearts comforting us at the same time, with the fullest assurance that these same little ones, at a future time, would add greatly to our happiness by supplying our wants, if needy, consoling our declining years, and wiping away for us the tears of sorrow and old age.

"Such were once the joys—the comfort, the hopes, which sweetened all our cares, and made life itself delightful. These were my happy days; and these, in a temporal sense, formed the happiest period of my life. That period, however, was short; it is past—it is gone—gone to return no more! How soon passed away that bright and lovely morning of life, which promised long and lengthening years of pleasure and delight! Every fond prospect smiled at a distance, and anticipation from the threshold of her various avenues, claimed attention to her syren song—soon the curtain drops—fancy gives place to reality. Upon close inspection, the beauties once admired are seen to fade and every earthly charm loses its chiefest delight.

"This, my children, is, has been, and ever will be the case of the world and its votaries. Nothing here is stable—nothing substantial—nothing on which we can rely for the present and future happiness, but God and true religion. Trials, of one kind or another, you may reasonably expect during this term of your mortal pilgrimage. Was it always sunshine with the saints on earth? How many a weary pilgrim has carried the sign of his faith through good report and evil report! Take these for your guide; these heroes—these champions of Christianity—and follow them on to victory and glory. They were men obnoxious to the same passions that we have to contend with; they had their temptations, and their trials, to withstand; and the same grace which was given them is offered to every one of us, and by it we may overcome.

"My dear children, be not only steadfast in the faith, but persevere in every Christian duty. Life is short, and soon will its trials be at an end. In this world we often part and meet again. Whenever we shall arrive in Heaven, there will be no more separation; it will be our permanent abode, a habitation of everlasting joy and rejoicing.

"I am sensible, my dear children, that I leave you sorrowing, and with the fearful apprehension that I shall finish my earthly course soon, and find my grave in the land of strangers. Where we die is of little

consequence ; to be prepared is the main thing. Still, to depart in the midst of friends, and in the bosom of our family, is a reflection soothing to the human feelings. Home and friends have their worth and estimation ; but, when death approaches what can these do ? They can shed the tear of sorrow at our bed side, and offer their prayers for our comfort and the consolation of the Spirit. To know the worth of these, ask death-beds ; they can tell.

" And to conclude, whether I am present with you, or absent from you, my prayer is, that you live in peace and love, striving together in the true faith of the gospel. And, when the last trumpet shall sound, and dissolving Nature utter her last groan, then may you be enabled, through faith in Jesus Christ, to stand secure on the ashes of the Universe, and exclaim, 'I have lost nothing.' "

The only reliable information we could obtain about the life of Rev. Daniel Barber after he left Claremont, came through Rev. R. W. Brady, president of Worcester College, who himself kindly wrote for information on the subject to some of the other members of the order. He writes : " I think there is no doubt that Rev. Dan. Barber had a home with us on account of his son Virgil, and on account of the circumstances of his family. He used to have the privilege of going from one house to another of ours in Maryland and Pennsylvania. " He used, when he came south, to spend some of his time in Washington, visiting and remaining a few days with several Catholic families. I remember having seen him at my father's in Washington. I remember he having said his beads or read his prayer book telling the members of the family to chat on and not mind him. (Fath. W. C. Clark to Father Brady)."*

Old Father D. Barber loved to visit the old Catholic families of St. Mary's Co., Md., but was ill pleased when he did not find the cross, the sign of our salvation, in the department. 'Where is your sign ?' he would abruptly ask. He died in 1834, at St. Inigoes, Md., aged 78 years, and was buried in the cemetery of that mission house of the Jesuits. His last words were an expression of sorrow for having preached heresy 30 years, and a fervent prayer to the blessed Virgin Mary.

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* Sister M. J. thinks that the Government had allowed him a small annuity in consideration of his service in the army of the revolution.

PREFACE TO THE LIFE OF REV. VIRGIL BARBER.

It must be conceded that of all the converts to the Catholic Church in New England, there is not one (Mrs. Barber being excepted) who sacrificed so much for the sake of honoring God and saving his soul, as the subject of the following memoirs. Rev. Virgil Barber by becoming a Catholic not only lost his property and position in society, as he knew well he would, but he voluntarily separated from his accomplished wife, at the age of thirty-four, and from his children, five in number, of whom the youngest was only ten months, and that in order that he might lead a life of perfection by the observance of the perpetual vows of chastity, poverty and obedience in the austere order of the Jesuits. Heretofore very little has been known about the conversion and labors of Father Barber.

Through the very great kindness of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston we have been permitted to examine the Records or Memoranda of the Rt. Rev. Bp. Fenwick, and were much surprised and delighted to find a full and satisfactory history of the wonderful conversion of Virgil Barber and wife, written by that eminent Prelate.

The Right Rev. Bishop wrote that history in connection with his first visit to the Catholic Congregation at Claremont, New Hampshire, of which Rev. V. Barber, S. J., was the pastor at that time. No one was better qualified than Bishop Fenwick to write the life of this remarkable man, for he it was who had baptized him, his wife and family, at New York, when he was Administrator of that Diocese and not yet a Bishop. Bishop Fenwick encouraged Virgil Barber and his wife to aspire to a high perfection, and enabled them to accomplish their earnest desire to separate in order to enter a Religious life.

During all his life Bishop Fenwick, whom Bp. Fitzpatrick styles one of the best and most virtuous of men, ceased not to interest himself in every member of the Barber family; and his sketch of the career of Rev. V. Barber, which now appears, we believe for the first time, will be read with much interest.

The anecdote of St. Francis Xavier's book, which had so much influence on the subsequent life of Father Barber, was communicated to us from Three Rivers, Canada. Some entries made at different times in the book of memoranda of Bishop Fenwick have given us some more information about the life of our venerable friend; but we are particularly thankful to Sister Mary Josephine, of the Visitation Convent of St. Louis. She is the youngest and only surviving child of Rev. Virgil Barber. Through her kindness, and with the approval of her Reverend Superiors, we have been enabled to place before our readers copious extracts from the Memoirs she wrote about her father.

These Memoirs, together with some of his letters, will be found full of interest; and in the biography of her mother, which will follow this compilation, the reader will find many unpublished accounts which throw yet more light upon the subject of these Memoirs.

We have thought it best to print our compilation without comments. May we listen to the voice of God with as much docility as Rev. Virgil Barber did!

REV. VIRGIL HORACE BARBER,

OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

"To see my dear family, my most and only precious treasure on earth, possess the grace to despise the world and the vanities of time, and live only for eternity, leaves me without a wish, this side of the grave."—VIRGIL BARBER.

When Right Rev. Benedict Fenwick arrived in Boston in 1825, he found "a small brick church in Claremont, New Hampshire, erected by the exertions of the Rev. Virgil H. Barber, who now officiated in it. The Catholics who attend it for divine worship are almost entirely converts to the faith within these five or six years past. They are, to the number of about one hundred and fifty individuals in all, scattered over a district of ten or fifteen miles."

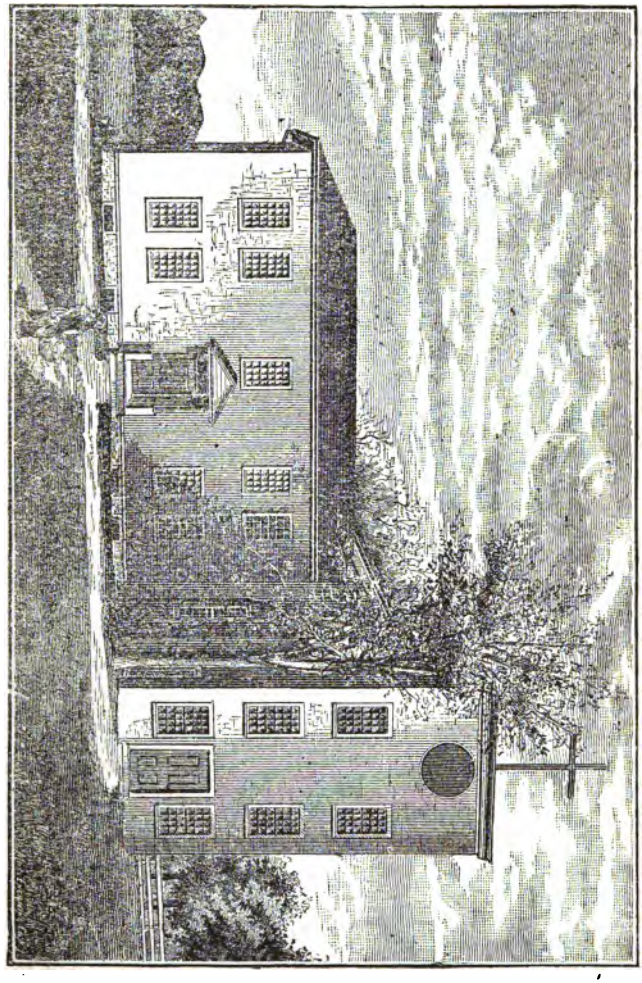
Of Claremont and Rev. V. Barber he wrote in *Memoranda* (*1826, May 21st*):

"The Bp. sets out for Claremont, New Hampshire, in order to administer the holy sacrament of confirmation to the congregation under the charge of Rev. V. H. Barber, whose church he had promised to visit at this time.

June 2d. Arrives in Claremont after a tedious journey—the weather excessively warm.

June 4th. The Bishop celebrates Mass and gives confirmation to twenty one individuals, male and female, having previously addressed them on the sacrament and the dispositions for worthily receiving it. The church is greatly crowded; the greater part assembled are Protestants from the church on the opposite side of the village which they have completely deserted, to the very great dissatisfaction of the Minister there attending. From the impossibility of all entering the church many occupy the rooms, below and above, of the house adjoining, and strive through the doors and windows to catch a view of what is passing; and a still greater number line the street and occupy the ground next to the side of the church, unable to approach nearer for the crowd. This anxiety of the Protestants of this neighbourhood to observe the ceremony on this occasion will not surprise when it is recollected that it is only a very few years since the Catholic religion was introduced in Claremont—that before that period the grossest ignorance prevailed

among the people in regard to the tenets of Catholics, and the strongest prejudices existed, and that even now, though much care has been taken to undeceive them a disposition among the greater part exists not altogether favorable to the growth of catholicity."



VIRGIL H. BARBER'S ACADEMY AND ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CLAREMONT, N. H.

Whilst noticing the proceedings of this day in this section of the Diocese, it may not be improper to leave some account of the establishment of the Church at Claremont, and particularly of the conversion of its founder, the Rev. Virgil H. Barber.

The Bishop first saw and became acquainted with the Revd. Mr. Barber in the City of New York in the year 1816. He was then Administrator of that Diocese *sede vacante*, and the Rev. Mr. Barber occupied the situation of Principal of an Academy in the upper part of the State, about 15 miles from Utica. It was in one of his visits to New York he took occasion to call upon the Rev. Administrator and to enter into conversation with him upon the subject of Religion. He was open and candid in his remarks, and seemed to manifest a sincere desire to know the truth. The Rev. Administrator was equally free on his side, and took some pains to satisfy him in his inquiries, and to explain to him the real doctrines of the Catholic Church, satisfied that if he could but remove the prejudices of his education, he should find but little difficulty to convince him of the truth of the Catholic religion. In the course of the conversation the Administrator learned who he was and the situation he held: he became accordingly doubly anxious to gain him. After some time spent in discussing various matters, the Rev. stranger manifested a desire to retire, but requested at the same time permission to be allowed another interview at some future day: which was readily assented to. The Administrator took the opportunity of putting into his hands several books, which he requested him to read in the mean time; and on his return, should he find any passage in them that wanted explanation he would with pleasure give it—earnestly entreated him to pursue his investigation, assuring him that if he was sincere in it, of which he did not entertain the least doubt, God the Father of light would undoubtedly lead him on to the truth; and recommended to him to have frequent recourse to Him by prayer. All which he promised, and took an affectionate leave. Some months elapsed before he returned, he having shortly after set out upon his journey home where he remained wholly engrossed by the cares of his Academy. That he had in the interim many debates with himself in the enquiry he was making and to struggle hard against the power of habit no one can doubt, who has any knowledge of the human heart, and the prodigious hold which habit, backed by strong prejudice, takes upon it.

Mr. Barber had, besides, many reasons of a worldly nature which have no small influence upon the generality of mankind for remaining in the religion in which he then was. He was the principal of a flourishing Academy, which bid fair in process of time to become a College, agreeably to the law then in force relative to the establishment of colleges; he was also the Pastor of a congregation, which two offices

secured him a handsome living. His prospects, especially in the Academy, had induced him to make a purchase of land immediately in the neighborhood which, though not really valuable at that time, would become so if he continued to manage the Institution of which he was Principal. Add to all this the claims of his wife and five small children upon him, whose support required his active exertions, on the other side, all was dark and uncertain as to his life. "If he embraced what he deemed to be the true religion, he would certainly lose his present situation as well in the Academy as in the church, and what would he obtain as an equivalent? Nothing certain. Not even had a promise of anything been made to him. Should he then go and lose by the step he was taking, a certainty for an uncertainty, and expose his wife and children to beggary and want! Human and worldly prudence naturally forbid it. He was yet not quite sure that the Catholic Church was the only true church, although everything as far as he had yet gone into the investigation, seemed to allow it; yet it might not be—other churches might also be true churches, and among these his own. Why, therefore, should he go by a precipitate step and jeopardize his family! Could he not remain as he was until he should at least realize a sufficiency for the support and education of his children? And if hereafter he should be perfectly convinced, after a full investigation, that the Catholic Church is the only true church, why he could then embrace it without hazarding his worldly prospects!" This and such like might have been the train of his thoughts during this interval, and upon ten thousand individuals they might have had their influence, whom, if they did not wholly withdraw from the enquiry, might at least have had the effect to interrupt and postpone it. But Mr. Barber was not so easily to be turned aside. He had read and learned enough to know that the religion of which he was a minister was not a sure one to arrive at heaven—he had read and learned enough to have the strongest doubts of its truth. This was enough for him, who, in sincerity sought the truth, to persevere and not to stop until he should find it, and having found it, to embrace it, whatever might be the consequence to his worldly prospects. He accordingly took another journey to New York. The Administrator recognized him as soon as he entered the room, greeted him in the most cordial manner, and enquired affectionately into the state of his health and that of his family. After a few moments desultory conversation, the former subject was renewed and much ground in religious controversy was travelled over in the course of a few hours. Mr. Barber in the course of the conversation admitted that the Protestant faith could not be defended, and seemed greatly at a loss what to do. The situation of his family seemed to rush upon his mind, and the awkward predicament in which they would be placed. "Trust," said

the Administrator, guessing at what passed within him, "trust your affairs to the management of a benificent Providence. Embrace the truth, now that you have found it, and leave the rest to God. He has led you on to make this enquiry, he has followed you step by step; and now that you yield to his grace he will abandon you? No, believe me, you were never more secure of subsistence."

"What shall I then do?" he replied. "First embrace the Catholic religion," said the Administrator, "then go back to your Academy, resign your situation in the Episcopal Church, settle your affairs as soon as you conveniently can, and come to New York. I shall in the mean time use my best endeavors to procure you scholars; so that as soon as you arrive you may open a new school, which shortly I hope to see as flourishing as was the one you forsake." "Well, I submit," was the generous answer returned. "I am ready to give in my recantation whenever you may deem fit, and to do whatever else you shall prescribe." A few days after, he made his recantation, read the profession of Catholic faith. was baptized (sub conditione), made his confession, and was regularly received by the Administrator into the communion of the Catholic Church. Upon this, he immediately returned home where he set about arranging his affairs—informed his congregation of the change he had undergone since he saw them last, and bid them a final adieu. As he had long anticipated, so it happened. His parishioners all, to a man, turned against him; soon deprived him, by their interference, of the situation he held in the school; and finally concluded their persecution by forcing the sale of the land he had some time before purchased, but for which he had not entirely paid, and which in consequence was sold to great disadvantage.

Not long after this proceeding the Administrator received a letter from Mr. Barber in which he acquainted him with what had passed since his return home, and informed him of the arrangement he had made and of his determination to leave the country and accept of his invitation to New York The Administrator lost no time in replying to his letter, and telling him that all was ready for him—that a house was procured in a central situation—that scholars were promised, and what bid fair to be of considerable service to him, that the good feelings of the Catholics were all enlisted in his favor. Mr. Barber shortly after arrives, bringing with him his wife and interesting little children, five in number, one boy and four girls. The Administrator receives them with open arms, causes them to remain in his own house until he had seen all things in order, as far as circumstances would allow, in their future abode. He considered that as one of the happiest days in his life, in which he had received and entertained these martyrs of the faith.

Mr. Barber having moved into his new house, immediately opened school, when a number of children, some of whom were of the most respectable families, flocked to him for instruction. Nor did he neglect in the mean time to prosecute his studies in religion. He was well aware that though he was now a Catholic, yet he had much to learn before he should be fully acquainted with all the principles and practices of the Church. His first care was to bring over his good lady into that way which he now knew to be the true one, and to cause all his children to be baptized like himself *sub conditione*. It was not long when Mrs. Barber likewise offered herself to be received into the communion of the Church. Naturally pious, she had offered little or no resistance to the abundance of divine grace. It was now truly an enviable family, and Almighty God seemed to delight in blessing them in every particular.

For some time things continued in this state, the school progressing and receiving daily an accession of scholars, from the high opinion parents began to entertain of the talents of the teacher and his experience in the art of instructing. His attention, however, was not wholly directed to his school: his leisure hours were taken up in studying and instructing himself in the science of the Saints. He had scarcely made, together with his good lady, his first communion when he began to aspire to a very high degree of perfection, viz: that of devoting and consecrating himself entirely to the service of God. He thought the Almighty had a further claim upon him, for having, through his very great mercy, brought him to the knowledge of himself and his true church, and required something more of him than to edify simply his neighbor in the state of a layman. He was aware that great obstacles lay in his way which seemed to forbid him even to entertain a thought of the kind: but then he knew also that he who inspired him with the thought could, (if such were indeed his holy will) easily remove these seeming obstacles and enable him to accomplish the object. Before he opened the subject to any one he spoke with his wife and consulted her thereupon. God had already prepared her by his holy grace. The reading of the Lives of the Saints and the heroic examples of so many blessed servants of God in all ages had already filled her with a noble ardour to emulate their virtues. She readily assents to all, and is equally anxious to carry into effect so laudable a design, if prudently practicable. "She knows not whether such a thing is allowed in the Catholic church as the separation of man and wife for the purpose of enabling the former to enter into orders. She takes the first opportunity to consult the Administrator on the subject, assuring him at the same time "that if the matter can be accomplished with justice to the children, she is every way desirous of it." The Administrator is per-

fectly astonished—he knows not how to view the matter, or in what light to consider it. Upon her pressing him to say "whether he knew or had read any example of the kind in the church, or whether the Church approved of such acts of consecration to God?" he replied in the affirmative, stating that he had read of several instances of the kind and especially of Lord and Lady Warner, two distinguished persons in England, of whom both had been brought up Protestants, but who afterwards were converted to the Catholic faith; and afterwards, by mutual consent, were separated, when the husband studied and became a priest in the Society of Jesus, and the wife took the veil in a convent on the continent. They had, moreover, two young daughters to be provided for; but these, previous to their separation, they had placed for their education in a convent in the Low Countries, appointing proper guardians and giving up their whole estate to them as soon as they should come of age, or in case they should not, like their pious parents, have a call from God and take to religion. But the Almighty so disposed matters that they both took the veil and entered into a convent at Dunkirk. The Administrator informed her furthermore that the Church never prevented married persons consecrating themselves to God in holy religion, if it were done with mutual consent, and if proper provision were made for their children and they should be well taken care of, in case God had blessed them with any. But for the present he dissuaded her from thinking of the matter, principally on account of her children, who had no other means of support than their parents, and who, if a separation were now to take place, would necessarily suffer; and therefore a separation under such circumstances, no matter for how laudable a motive, would in no manner be justified."

In consequence of the arrival of the new Bishop of New York, (Dr. Connelly) shortly after this, the Administrator was recalled to Georgetown College to take upon him the direction of that institution. On his departure, which took place after the Easter Holidays, he recommended in the strongest terms Mr. Barber and family to the worthy Bishop, beseeching him to have an eye to them and not to suffer them in any manner to be neglected. The Administrator, obliged to obey the call of his Superior, regretted nothing so much on leaving a City where he had lived the last ten years and which had been his first mission after ordination, as his being compelled to desert a family whose welfare he had so much at heart, and whose interests he was afraid would not now be attended to. A perfect stranger in the place, under a Bishop who was equally so, without a friend and with a growing family, without resources and with many calls, having nothing to depend upon but his school which, in a City like New York is so precarious a thing, the Administrator felt greatly for him. He had it no

longer in his power, as he thought, to do anything for them; he could therefore only recommend them to God and to him whom he had established in his place the father and protector of the poor. But the Almighty had resources which the Administrator knew nothing of, and ways and means top of assisting them, which he could not forsee. How admirable is the Providence of God! and how wisely does he dispose all things to bring about the object he has in view! Had the Administrator been suffered to continue in New York, in all probability Mr. Barber would have continued there also; and had he not been recalled by his Superior to Georgetown, he never could have found the means of providing for and educating the children of that worthy man, and thereby furthering the plan he had, in common with his virtuous and amiable wife, so dear at heart. But by his recall all was accomplished.

But a few weeks had elapsed after the departure of the Administrator (for so he is still to be called, though no longer administrator, merely for the sake of the narration) and his arrival at the College, when he received a letter from Mr. Barber recalling his attention to the former subject of conversation, and enquiring whether something might not be done for him there. The Administrator held as yet no situation or office in the college, but he possessed some influence with its then President, the Rev. Mr. Grassi, Superior of the Jesuits in America, as well as with the Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Neale, who at that time resided at the Visitation Convent in Georgetown. Knowing the ardent desire which both Mr. Barber and his good lady had to consecrate themselves to God in holy religion, and aware of the obstacle in their way by their having five small children to provide for, and willing to serve him to the best of his power, he began to reflect and consider how to dispose of these helpless children; and whether some arrangement might not be made in their behalf, so as to leave their parents quite unincumbered. With this view he first called upon the President of the College and laid open to him the whole business, stating the situation of Mr. Barber and that of his family, his conversion as well as the conversion of his wife, and their extreme desire to separate for the sole purpose of entering religion, etc. That above all things he wished to be united to the Society of Jesus of which he had heard and read so much, and whose holy institute he admired; and pressed him in the most earnest manner to favor his design by admitting him as a novice and his little son, then about six years old, or perhaps not so much, as a pupil, into the college, to remain until completely educated. The Reverend Superior, struck at the heroism of Mr. Barber and the gracious sacrifice he proposed to make of himself to God, and wishing at the same time to exhibit so striking an instance of the power of divine grace, to a wicked world, instantly consented and authorized the

Administrator to make the same known to him as soon as convenient. Having succeeded thus far he next proceeded to the Convent of the Visitation to confer with his Grace, the Archbishop, about Mrs. Barber and her other children, viz: the four remaining daughters. Here he expected quite an unfavorable answer; but still he trusted in God. The convent had been but just established—its number was, however, great and its income small—scarcely sufficient to support those already admitted. Besides the number he intended to petition for, was too great, even were the convent in far better circumstances, viz: a mother and her four children. But no matter, he resolved to try, and to persevere. He accordingly entered the Bishop's apartment and immediately introduced the subject. He spoke of the great charity he would confer by receiving them into the convent and how likely such a step would draw a blessing upon an infant institution—expatiated a good deal upon the merits of Mrs. Barber, her piety, her desire of perfection, her talents and acquirements, and how useful she might prove in an establishment where the object was in a great measure to educate female children. The Administrator finally concluded with assuring him that he entertained no doubt that God would hereafter amply compensate for any expenses the house might incur on their account. The Archbishop during the whole time seemed to listen with much attention. On the one side, his benevolent disposition inclined him to offer her the Convent, on the other his prudence dissuaded him from it. The absolute want of funds on her part to defray any part of the expenses of the children appeared to weigh very much upon him. He wished not to impose a heavier burden upon the good ladies of the Convent than they could conveniently bear. "Really," he said at length, "I am much at a loss what to do in this matter. I fear it will be impossible to admit her, not precisely herself, for we might compass that; but her children, what should we do with them?" "Educate them," replied the Administrator. "Ay" immediately answered the Archbishop, "that is easily enough said. But who is to support them in the mean time and to defray the expenses of their education?" *Deus providebit.* The widow of Sarephta was but in indifferent circumstances when the prophet Elia called upon her for a little bread—scarcely had she a handful of meal at the time; yet she made him, at his request, a cake of that meal; and the consequence was a great blessing upon her; for *from that day*, says the Scripture, *the pot of meal wasted not*, in her house. "And will God, thanks your Grace, continued the Administrator, bless less the charity bestowed by the children of his own election, than he did that bestowed by an infidel woman?" "Well, well, well," answered hastily the Archbishop, "be it so, be it so; we shall see, we shall see. But I cannot consent to take the infant she has at her breast,

(the Administrator had given him in the course of conversation, the age as nearly as he could recollect of each of the children) what should we do with that?" "As to that," replied the Administrator, "the dear little creature shall not want a home when the others are provided for. My mother shall take charge of her, and shall nurse her as if she were her own. But at a proper age your Grace will receive her too into the school of the Convent." "Very well," he replied. Thus was this important matter settled, greatly to the joy of the Administrator as well as to the credit of the Archbishop and the Superior.

The Administrator immediately gave information of what had passed to Mr. Barber; and invited him to lose no time in coming on. Accordingly in a few weeks after, he arrived with his whole family—was received in the college hall by the Rev. Mr. Grassi, the Superior, by the professors and by the Administrator who all expressed the liveliest joy upon the occasion. After some days rest from the fatigue of their journey the pious couple were taken to the college chapel where the Archbishop in the presence of a number of individuals, both clergy and secular, pronounced the divorce, having first ascertained of themselves individually their full consent thereto. He gave an eloquent Admonition on the occasion which drew tears from the eyes of many who were present; and concluded by recommending them to continue faithful to the grace of the Lord, and to persevere in that perfect path he had traced out to them. They were then dismissed. Mr. Barber was conducted to the room which had been prepared for him; his little son was taken into the college; Mrs. Barber with three of her daughters were conducted to the Visitation Convent and little Josephine was cordially received by the Administrator's mother.

In the course of a few months the Rev. Mr. Grassi having occasion to go to Italy, resigned his situation in the college in favor of the Administrator. It was determined in council that Mr. Barber with three of the more promising Scholastics should accompany him, in order that he might have an opportunity of seeing Catholic countries, and especially Rome; and that they might complete their education in the Jesuit College there. In a short time they set sail and after a prosperous navigation, all reached Italy in safety. They immediately repaired to Rome, where they were received in the most friendly manner by the Jesuits and not less kindly by the then Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII, of happy memory, to whom they were presented by one of the Fathers.

Mr. Barber, after an absence of nearly a year, during which time he principally lodged at the Jesuit College at Rome, returned to this country, and commenced his studies in theology at the college in Georgetown, which he prosecuted with ardour until December, 1822, when he

was sent by his Superior (for he was already admitted to his vows and received into the society) to Boston, where he was ordained priest on the feast of St. Francis-Xaverius by the Administrator's worthy predecessor (Dr. Cheverus*). Mrs. Barber had some time before this, taken the veil in the Visitation Convent at Georgetown; where she still continues an example of patience, of humility, of obedience and of every religious virtue, enjoying the happiness of seeing all her daughters (little Josephine included) successively improving in virtue, knowledge and every polite accomplishment.

The conversion of the Rev. Mr. Barber (for so he must now be styled) was not without producing in a very short time the happiest results. It led the way to that of his aged father who officiated as an Episcopal clergyman in the town of Claremont, State of New Hampshire, and of very many others as well of strangers as of his own kindred. His father, Daniel Barber, was among the first, after he heard of his son's conversion, to enquire. He took a journey to Georgetown, and there became soon convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion. He continued some time in Washington to learn and to strengthen himself in the faith; and afterwards returned to Claremont, where he formally renounced the errors he had embraced, in the church, where he had so long presided as pastor. *a.*

The Rev. Virgil Barber after receiving ordination as above mentioned, by the hands of Bishop Cheverus immediately repaired to Claremont with the approbation of the Superior and began to labour towards the conversion of the Protestants in and about that neighborhood. With the aid of his father and the charitable contributions of the clergy and laity in Canada he laid the foundation and soon raised the neat little church which now distinguishes that section of the country. *b.* In order to secure a subsistence without being a burden to his little flock he opened a classical school which soon attracted a number from different parts. Thus did the work progress by degrees. *And the Lord increased daily together such as should be saved.* The faith has taken deep root; and it is now a growing congregation which in process of time, with the continued exertions of its excellent pastor bids fair to become not less numerous than respectable. The Bishop at his visitation was highly gratified with the fervour and zeal displayed by all, and hopes much from influence of their edifying example upon others.

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* Rev. B. Fenwick, ex-Administrator of New York, succeeded Bishop Cheverus in the See of Boston.

a. We consider it more probable that Daniel Barber was received into the church at Georgetown, before returning to Claremont.

b. It continued to be used as the Parish Church till 1866.

The following additional details connected with the conversion of Father Virgil Barber will be read with much interest. When this zealous convert came to Canada in order to obtain help towards building a church in Claremont, he said in substance to the Right Reverend Bishop Cook of Three Rivers. (He was then Parish P. of Three Rivers. *a*):

"I had in my house," said Rev. V. Barber, "a good Catholic Irish servant girl, whom I often noticed using a certain prayer book. I was then a Protestant minister, but I was sincere. A happy curiosity which was undoubtedly an effect of divine grace, made me open and examine that little book which proved to be a *Novena to St. Francis-Xavier*. I was very much impressed with the abridgment of the life of the Saint which was contained therein, and I thought I must try and get a complete life of that wonderful missionary. I acted upon this idea, and after carefully reading that life so remarkable, I had to say to myself: Behold a man who lived at the very time of the Protestant reformation; * one therefore who lived so near our own times that his existence cannot be a myth. This life being so remarkable must have excited the attention of the learned, as soon as it came out in print, and was scattered everywhere. No one has contradicted it, and this would surely have been done, had the history of St. Francis-Xavier been untrue. It has moreover all the marks of authenticity and veracity which can be desired. How could a religion which forms such men, be a mere human institution? Peace then departed my soul. I had doubts concerning the truth of my Protestant faith. I began to study very seriously, and the more I studied the more my doubts increased. These doubts I submitted to my Bishop (Dr. Hobart) hoping thereby to find peace; but he gave me no light on the subject, and rather strengthened my doubts, as he paid no serious attention to my objections. We were at this time standing at the window of a room whence we could hear the singing going on in a Catholic church near by. I took occasion to ask the Bishop: 'Do you think that those can be saved?' At this question of mine he could not help smiling, and answered, 'They have the old religion. Don't you know? But they do too much, and one can be saved without so much trouble. Do not trouble yourself about such matters. Go back home in peace, and if you chose to do so, consult your brother ministers, and your religious scruples will soon vanish away.' I returned home from that interview more disquieted than I was before. I put down on paper my objections against the Protestant religion in the shape of fourteen questions and invited many ministers of the Episcopal church to come and visit

a. Kindly communicated to the compiler by Very Rev. Father Caron of Three Rivers.

me. To each of them as they came in, I presented this terrible sheet of paper. They all glanced at the questions, and none failed to say: "Well, well, we will see after tea," but after tea music was had at the piano, and as no one attempted to answer the questions, I then resolved to see and consult the Bishop of Boston." (That is Father Benedict Fenwick of New York, afterwards Bishop of Boston).

In the biography of Mistress Virgil Barber the reader will find more information about the interviews of Rev. Virgil Barber and some Episcopal ministers.

In the sketches of the establishment of the church in New England by Father Fitton, we read, p. 283: "The conversion of Rev. Father Barber was not without producing the happiest results otherwise, as it lay the way to the conversion of Rev. Dr. Keeley, an Episcopal clergyman, and rector of St. George's Chapel, New York, and of George Ironside, also a member of the Episcopal church, of Rev. Calvin White of Connecticut, and others."

The following entries in Bishop Fenwick's *Memoranda* gives us some information about Rev. V. Barber, and show the interest he entertained towards him and his family:

Nov. 26, 1826. "The Rev. Virgil H. Barber arrives (at Boston). The Bishop prevails on him to visit those parts of the Diocese which are destitute of pastors, viz: Dover, Bangor, Eastport and such other parts in that direction, as have any considerable number of Catholics. He particularly recommends to him the two tribes of Indians in Maine. He hopes this journey, undertaken by that pious and zealous clergyman, will produce the happiest effect, by affording the scattered Catholics an opportunity of receiving the Sacraments, and thus preparing them for the grace of confirmation, which it is the intention of the Bishop to confer next summer in his visit through the same places." (Bp. F., M).

December 11th, 1826. "The Rev. V. Barber returns from his mission and gives the most flattering account of his reception everywhere by persons of other denominations, and of his success among the Catholics, dwells particularly on the favorable prospects at Dover and the great desire of all classes to have a Catholic church erected there. He is of opinion that the object can be effected, and that a considerable sum of money is already subscribed towards it, and when this is accomplished the means of supporting a priest will be amply sufficient. He speaks too of the great piety that prevails amongst the Indians of both tribes, and laments that there is yet no priest among them." (Bp. F., Memoranda).

1826. Among the events occurring during this year Bishop Fenwick mentions: "The admission of Miss Mary Barber, eldest daughter to the Rev. V. H. Barber, into the Noviciate among the Ursulines in their new establishment. Her sister Abby, who came with her from the Visitation last spring, after a short delay in Boston, continued on to Quebec, where she arrived in safety, and where she also is received as a novice in another convent of the Ursulines. Thus has a part of the family of this worthy couple already commenced to walk in the foot steps of their pious parents, and every appearance exists that their example will produce a similar effect upon the remaining younger ones, when they shall have obtained an age to judge and decide for themselves." (Bp. F., Mem).

"Miss—— and Susan Barber, third daughter of Rev. V. H. Barber, are admitted as candidates for the veil in the Ursuline Convent during the past year." (B. F., Mem).

Shortly after Father Barber's return from his mission in Maine on Jan. 12th, 1827, "The Bishop receives a letter from the Superior of the Order of Jesuits at Georgetown, D. C., informing him that he has recalled the Rev. Virgil H. Barber from his mission at Claremont, to the College of Georgetown and has directed him to lock up his church at the above mentioned place, until another pastor is sent by the Bishop. The Bishop is seriously grieved to hear this news, especially, as he has at present no one to send in his place, and the rising congregation there will be for a time left destitute."

On Feb. 21st. "Reverend Virgil H. Barber arrives in town, in pursuance of the orders of his Superior at Georgetown, on his way thither. He delivers the keys of his church at Claremont to the Bishop, and acquaints him with the present state of things there. The Bishop regrets very much the loss of this active missionary to his diocese, the more as he has at present no one to substitute in his place. The little church at Claremont will accordingly have to remain without a resident pastor, till another can be provided."

Reverend Virgil Barber left Boston for Georgetown agreeably to the order of his Superiors a week after his arrival in the former city. The Bishop, however, had already written to the Superior at Georgetown *soliciting* him to leave Rev. Mr. Barber in his diocese for a somewhat longer time, and expressed a hope to obtain him yet of the Superior of the Jesuits for the Indian missions in Maine. The request of the zealous Bishop was granted. The Superior at Georgetown was kind enough to allow Rev. Mr. Barber to continue in his diocese, and to become missionary among the Indians in the State of Maine.

The stay of Rev. Virgil Barber in Georgetown was very short. On the 25th of May, which was Pantecost Sunday, the fervent religious

missionary was back in Boston, celebrated High Mass at the Cathedral, and in afternoon of the same day preached, "and in the course of his instruction delivered some pretty remarks to the children who were confirmed in the forenoon." On the next day at 3 P. M., the Rev. Virgil Barber "sets off in a steamboat to Portland on his way to his mission among the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes of Indians." Bishop Fenwick here exclaims: "May heaven bless his endeavours!"

Rev. James Fitton was appointed as assistant to Father Barber, the now missionary of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes of Indians, Father Barber residing at Indian Old Town on the Penobscot, and Father Fitton at Pleasant Point, among the Passamaquoddy tribes of Indians. Almighty God blessed abundantly the labours of these devoted missionaries, and Father Barber informed the Bishop that the Penobscot Indians were doing well; that in the course of the last year (1828) a store house had been built for them and materials had been provided to build a church the following spring; that the school had been regulary kept up and the Indians were united.

Reverend Father Barber paid a visit to his old parishioners in Claremont in the beginning of February, 1829. The news that he brought back to the Bishop were not favorable. "The good people there were very desirous to have a priest, but were unable to support him." We easily imagine that the zealous missionary would have been quite willing to return to Claremont, a spot rendered dear to him on so many accounts, and to start anew his academy; but providence willed him to labour elsewhere; and on Feb. 16th, 1829, he set out to return to his mission at Indian Old Town, intending on his way thither to visit the governor and council of the State of Maine, for the purpose of obtaining salary for his support as teacher among the tribe, and of arranging other matters connected with the agency. A few months later he was recalled from Maine by the Superior of the Jesuits Order in Georgetown."

So far we have quoted from Bishop Fenwick. We will quote from Sister Mary Josephine's memoirs.

The reader will remember that this venerable Sister is the only surviving child of Rev. Virgil Barber.

Stationed in his native town (in 1823 and 1824) Rev. Virgil H. Barber began the erection of a small Catholic church and seminary contiguous to the family residence, and nearly opposite the oft-frequented Protestant parochial meeting house on the other side of the road. I will quote again from Father Fitton's letter:

"I have still a vivid recollection of your grandfather Daniel, his aged wife, son Israel and daughter Rachael. Mrs. Tyler also, with her husband, sons and daughters, (Sisters of Charity) not omitting my

sainted school-fellow, the late Bishop of Hartford. Many a little anecdote I could tell of the early days of catholicity at Claremont.

"Not forgetting Cornish—the house of Capt. Chase and sister, especially, whom previous to their receiving the grace of faith, I was accustomed to regard as the corner stone of Calvanism! and there were the Marbles, Holdens, &c., all related to the Church by the footprints and untiring zeal of your own sainted Rev. Father, even of whom I must tell a secret. When his seminary was in full progress and the house adjoining was occupied by students, my curiosity was to know, if he ever slept, where did he sleep? And behold! I found his bed to be a strip of narrow carpet on the floor, which was privately rolled up by day and hid in the closet."

In February, 1825, he had the sad consolation of administering the last sacraments to his aged mother, and performing her funeral obsequies.

News now reached New England that Father Fenwick, the same who had received him into the church, was nominated to the vacant See of Boston. Great was the joy of my father on learning that his former friend was to assume the government of the Diocese. He went on to Maryland to be present at the consecration, which took place in the Cathedral of Baltimore on Nov. 1st, feast of All Saints. After this he accompanied Bishop Fenwick to Georgetown, where, with my mother, they made arrangements for the future location of myself and sisters in the Ursuline Convents of Boston and Canada. This done on Nov. 1st, 1825, my father made a farewell visit to his wife and children (at the Visitation) whom he met all together for the last time; and on the morrow, in company with the newly consecrated Bishop of Boston and Dr. England, Bishop of Charlestown, S. C., set out for the north. They reached their destination on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, (Saturday) and on the fourth, Sunday, Bishop England preached and presided at the ceremony of the installation. My father had the honor of officiating as deacon at Bishop Fenwick's first pontifical Mass. New England, at the time, possessed only four priests beside the Bishop. We may say only three, for Rev. Mr. Taylor, the late Administrator of the See and Vicar General, had arranged for his return to Europe, and had given in his resignation. He left the country a few weeks later, and died in France. But I must return to 1825. Bishop Fenwick had been in Boston only six months when my two eldest sisters Mary and Abigail, arrived there from Georgetown—Mary to remain, Abigail to proceed on to Quebec. The latter tarried some days in Boston and then continued her journey northward; but was sadly disappointed in not being able to visit her father at his old homestead in

Claremont, New Hampshire. The following letter was written by him in reply to one announcing her arrival in Quebec:

CLAREMONT, June 20, 1826.

My Dearest Abey:

Undoubtedly both you and I were disappointed that you did not pass through Claremont on your way to Quebec. But never mind! Divine Providence is best. I shall see you, I trust, before long. I am highly satisfied since you are in a religious house. Behave well. Be exact in all your religious duties. Never do anything but according to your rule. If, at any time things should look discouraging, be patient a while; be resigned; be cheerful. All will come right again. I should like to see you in a Nun's dress. How altered! and yet, my Abey. To speak to you through a grate! I must see you in this manner; the sight would be so gratifying!* This letter must be short, but I will make up the deficiency in my next. Your grandfather's health seems to be very poor again. You must pray for him. I have lately received a letter from the dear Samuel, in which he mentions that he continues highly contented with his situation and is endeavoring to make good progess in his studies.

Write to me as the permission of the Rev. Mother Superior admits. I shall write to you as occasion renders it expedient, and shall see you as soon as arrangements will allow. Finally, my dear child, be a good girl; be good, religious and leave all things to Almighty God.

Your ever affectionate father,

VIRGIL H. BARBER, S. J.

"Fourteen months after this, Susan and myself left Georgetown for the north. My health not being very good in the autumn of 1830, Mother St. George sent me to Cornish, N. H., to spend some months in the family of Capt. Bela Chase, brother of Mother M. Ursula Chase. The family was a saintly one; they said morning and night prayers; also the rosary aloud, every day; adding to the latter a sixth decade, "For Father Barber." On Sundays they recited the whole catechism through, and sang the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo and Sanctus, of the High Mass; Capt. Chase and his wife presiding, and his eldest son accompanying on the flageolet. Their family (principally) formed the choir, and they chanted the Mass, not only through devotion, but in order to retain what they had learned, and to teach their children the same; for there was then no priest at Claremont; but one from Burlington visited the station every three months, lodging at Capt. Chase's, where an apartment was

* Mary took the veil August 15th, Abey on Sept. 15th.

always kept in reserve for him.* I had been here a few weeks only, when my father's arrival was announced. He had come on some business matter, and staid two nights and a day—the only two nights I had slept under the same roof with him from infancy. Wishing to profit by the opportunity of going to confession I several times withdrew to prepare; but could not stay away from my father.

"I put myself on my knees to begin my preparation. At length I was obliged to give up the idea of confession; and my father left. After his departure, as I was expressing my regret for having missed the opportunity, Mrs. Chase told me to write to him, for he was staying for a few days with his brother at Claremont (six miles distant) and would return if I solicited it. I wrote, and meantime made my preparation. Next day I sat at the front window and watched for the mail coach—not a steam car, but drawn by four horses. As I saw them turning toward the front gate, my heart beat with joy—my father got out, and in a few hours afterwards I had the happiness of making my confession—the first I had ever made to him. Capt. Chase and all the family (except the oldest son) went also. After they were all through, I went back to the parlor, and my father, who seemed more delighted than I was myself, took me up under the arms and jumped me several times half way to the ceiling exclaiming: "My baby! My baby!" I was fifteen, but very slight. My father, on the contrary, was remarkably tall and stout, portly and handsome. He always called me his baby, because I was the youngest. After remaining several years in the north, my father was recalled to the Maryland Province, and stationed, at different times, in Georgetown, Frederick, Caughnawaga, or some other of the Jesuit houses there. He was at St. John's College, Frederick City, when I arrived there in 1833 in company with Mother Agnes and the Foundation Colony, on our way to "Far West." Stopping at the depot, I heard my father's voice, and looked about in all directions to discover where he was. Still I heard it but could not see him; but was sure he was near; for his was a voice of such peculiar depth and beauty as could not be mistaken by one at all acquainted with his tone. At length I perceived him assisting the Sisters from the front compartment of the (old-fashioned) car. My turn came, and he lifted me out as if I was a feather,—then accompanied us to the Academy of the Sisters of Charity, nearly opposite the Jesuit Seminary or College. After a few minutes' conversation in the parlor I withdrew with him, and we walked alone in the Seminary garden. I mentioned to him that my mother (before my leaving Georgetown) had bidden me to go to confession to him at Frederick. "But, papa," I added, "I have been to

* Most probably Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan.

confession so lately that I have nothing on my mind to tell." My father made no answer, but went on pointing out to me the beautiful flowers on the borders. But my mother's injunction was on my mind and I mentioned it a second time. "Well," said he, "if your mother told you to go you had better do so." I then agreed to prepare for the next morning, about six o'clock. That same evening I asked Mother Agnes' permission to go to Holy Communion likewise; but she said "as the Sisters were not going I had better not." Of course I obeyed, but have always regretted the privation as—although I assisted at my father's Mass—I never had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from his hands. Two hours after this the stage coach stood at the door, and I bade my father a last and long farewell.

In parting he put into my hand a paper which I did not open until we were far up among the mountains. It was a little poem begining thus: "God calls thee hence, my darling child." The last verse was:

"Assured that neither late nor slow
Thy feet will press religious track,
Go with a father's blessing go:
To God who gave, He gives thee back."

"My father after helping in all the Sisters, closed the coach door One more word of adieu, and we were on our way westward. My father stood on the pavement watching the stage coach as it receded with the last of his five children; and I too looked out at him as long as he remained in sight. I wrote to him nearly every day during our journey, (as he had bidden me) and again when we reached Kaskaskia, which was on Friday, May 8d, the feast of the finding of the cross. Three years afterwards my mother came out west.

"Of the subsequent years of my father's life, I know nothing except that he was in 1836 removed to Conewago, and finally to Georgetown College, where he died. His disease was paralysis, from which he had suffered about two years. The only account I have of his last moments is from a letter from my brother to sister Abey. Samuel was not with my father, but at the novitiate at Frederick, whence he wrote to the other members of the family. But my mother having, in a severe illness in Mobile—where she was supposed to be dying—caused all her letters to be burned, I have no particulars except those contained in these few lines.

NOVITIATE, FREDERICK CITY, March 25, 1847.

Dearest Mary:

I have rather sad intelligence to convey. I received a letter dated the 19th from Fr. Thos. Mulledy, President of Georgetown College, stating that our dear father had been threatened, on the 17th, with

paralysis ; he received the last sacraments ; was perfectly in his senses, was well prepared and quite resigned. Since then I heard by one of ours from the college, that he continues pretty much in the same state, expecting daily his dissolution. A letter from Rev. Father Vespre, dated 21st, the procurator of the college, informs me that he is lingering under a slowly progressing paralysis. The symptoms have disappeared from the head ; but his left side is strongly affected. Let us unite together my dear Mary and Abey,* in earnest prayer, for so beloved a father, to our father who is in heaven, that he would support us all in the trial, give us all resignation, and teach us to look upon heaven as our only true home. If such be our faith, we shall rather envy than regret our father's lot. Adieu, may we all meet in heaven. Susan gone ; father is going ; happy the one that goes next, if only prepared. Let us join in fervent petition to God and to Mary for the inestimable blessing.

Your devoted brother in Christ,

SAMUEL BARBER, S. J.

NOVITIATE, FREDERICK, March 31, 1847.

Dear Mary and Abey :

No doubt my last letter made you sad enough—but earth is the land of our exile, not our home. Should we then repine if those we love are recalled from their banishment to their heavenly country ? On Saturday evening our dear father received once more the holy sacraments,—confession and communion, and with a holy calm, perfectly resigned the most holy will of God,—without a struggle at about half-past eight o'clock, rendered up his soul to his Maker. I need not tell you to pray and to procure as many prayers as possible for the repose of his soul. We know not how much he many need them ; and if he does not, they will not be lost. Let us not repine or grieve immoderately for the loss, but say more friendly than ever : " Our Father who art in heaven !" We have two fathers ; one to pray for us, the other to shower graces upon us. Ah ! my beloved Mary and Abey, such is the case as we may well hope. This hope unfolds to us a brighter country where tears and sorrow can never intrude. Adieu, &c., &c.

Your devoted brother,

SAMUEL, S. J.

Susan, my youngest sister, was the only one of our family whose death preceded that of my father. She died at the Ursuline Convent,

* Both were at this time in the Ursuline Convent at Quebec.

Three Rivers, Jan. 24, 1837, aged twenty-four years, and of religious profession, four; preceding him to the tomb by two years. I find the following among sister Abey's papers: *

CONEWAGO, Dec. 31, 1836.

My very dear Susan:

A letter from the dear Mary tells me your health is very bad. To me there is something unaccountable respecting you. In consequence of a letter from my friend, Mr. Burroughs, informing me of your ill-health, I wrote instantly, under date of Oct. 10th, begging you most pressingly to tell me how you were. To this I received no answer. At length a letter from dear Abey mentioned that you were much better in health and spirits. With this I remained satisfied till yesterday, daily expecting a line from you. Why do you keep me in this anxious suspense? I well know you would do nothing to give me pain. But there seems to be a fatality that domineers in this affair. Still, in the words of my last letter, "Relieve a father's aching heart by dispatching me, by the *next* mail a letter, should it necessarily contain but a single line." If you areable, tell me all particulars; exactly how you have been and exactly how you are now. But in this, be not anxious; I shall be entirely satisfied with what you can do conveniently to yourself. Meantime, whatsoever may be your destiny, rest assured of one thing: Your father will for a long time to come, as he has for several months past, offer the Holy Sacrifice for his dearest Susan alone. Tell me whether you received my letter of Oct. 10th. With the same anxious love with which, for so many years I have clasped you to my bosom and carried you in my heart, I still am, dearest Susan.

Your affectionate father,

V. H. BARBER, S. J.

CONEWAGO, Sept. 16, 1837.

My own ever dearest Mary: †

Your sister Abey tells me that you are seriously ill. How I wish I could sit at your bed side, watch over you day and night, anticipating all your wants and assuaging your pains of body and weariness of mind! But Providence resolves otherwise. Let us then maintain our constancy. Let us walk by faith, not by sight. God is good and true. He will not despise the offering we have made Him.

* Abey Barber (Sr. Mary Fr. Xavier) was in Quebec when Rev. Virgil Barber wrote from Conewago to his daughter Susan, religious in Ursuline Convent, Three Rivers.

† Mary, his eldest daughter. In religion Sr. Mary Benedict, living at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

NOTE.—From the dates given, we see that this letter was written to Susan twenty-four days before her death.

Let His grace, therefore, console us with a just confidence in Him whether in life or death. You sent a request that I would offer for you the Holy Sacrifice *twice a week.* What diffidence suggested this? Why not say *every day?* This I shall do until I hear from you again.

I hope, my dear Mary, you will never conceal from me any of your trials and sufferings on the supposition that it will pain me to know that heaven now and then sets to work to scour and polish your jewels. You are aware that these gems are hardly ever lustrous and valuable in their native state; but must be split down with a chisel and hammer, and scoured with diamond dust (the most cutting of substances) before becoming fit for a crown designed for the spouse of a king. Now, your jewels are, I think, in the hands of a first-rate artist; and if we let him have his own way, he no doubt will turn out a capital article for you. You express anxiety about my health, but thank God! it has, for a long time been good; and at present my strength and activity are the same as at twenty-five.

There came in the same mail with your letter, one also from your little sister Josephine. She and your good mother were well. Their community were to remove to the new convent on the 2nd of this month. I had, about the last of June, a letter from the very dear Samuel, (Rome) dated his birth day, March 19th. He was well. I have not been to Georgetown for more than a year. For the pretty flowers from the dearest Susan's cold bed I thank you and also that amiable and promising young novice, Miss du Chene, to whom present my thanks and best wishes, &c., &c.

V. H. BARBER.

Mary recovered, and though delicate, lived ten years longer, to the age of 35. She survived my father thirteen months, and died on his birthday, May 9, 1848, aged 38.

From my father to Sister M. Xavier.*

CONEWAGO, Aug. 9, 1836.

My Dearest Abey:

Yours of the 18th ult. was received to-day. What a lucky day this has been to me! the dear little Josephine's birthday. As I went down to Mass, (which, of course, was for her) a gentleman handed me a package from your good mother; and before dinner a letter from the dear Mary and another from yourself were put into my hands! Both letters were mailed at Boston on the 2nd inst. You judge truly when you conclude that your parents are happy in their children. For

* An Ursuline Nun at Quebec.

what parents could be happier in this respect than your dear mother and myself? I might almost ask what more could even God have done for us? Why He should have done this—not to mention His other unspeakable acts of goodness—is what confounds me when I think of my nothingness. To see my dear family, my most and only precious treasure on earth, possess the grace to despise the world and the vanities of time and live only for eternity, leaves me without a wish this side of the grave. You want to know whether I will visit you this season and will not be disappointed when I tell you I hope to see Canada not this, but next summer.

I am greatly rejoiced to hear that you are striving to correspond to the grace of your vocation. Persevere, my good, dear child, for the conflict lasts only for a season, and fidelity alone is necessary to ensure victory. How good is Almighty God to dispose things thus sweetly in accordance with our weakness!

Your affectionate father,

V. H. BARBER."

LIFE OF MRS. JERUSHA BARBER.

IN RELIGION,

SISTER MARY AUGUSTIN.

We transcribe without comments, and almost without change, the following life of Mrs. Jerusha Barber, wife of Rev. Virgil Barber, named in religion, SISTER MARY AUGUSTIN. Renewing our thanks to the Rev. Sisters of the Visitation, who have permitted us to publish a life so admirable and so well written by Sister Josephine, a member of their order, and the only surviving child of Mr. Virgil Barber and Jerusha Barber.

Burlington, Dec. 8th, 1885.

"The following is an account of the conversion of my mother, written at request of Rt. Rev. J. Quinlan, during her last illness, Dec., 1859. My mother was born at New Town, Conn., July 20, 1789; my father, I think, at Claremont, New Hampshire. My grand parents on my mother's side were Protestants, but very pious in their way; strict members of their church, and as my mother tells me, models of moral and domestic virtue. She says my grandmother Booth was looked upon as a *saint* by her Protestant neighbors and acquaintances, and of my great-grandmother mentions one trait which seems to show that she was something more than a merely nominal Christian. In her earlier years when her husband was having a new dwelling house built for his family, she went to see it; and perceiving that the plasterers had commenced some stucco-work on her bed-room wall, requested them to desist and leave it unfinished; saying she did not wish to sleep and die under an ornamented ceiling when Christ had been born in a stable. And truly enough, she died in that very apartment at an advanced age. My mother was the youngest of four daughters. To my inquiries concerning her early life she answered that she did not commence to be pious until the age of sixteen, the time of her father's death; from which date she applied herself to comfort and please her mother and to be "religious"; though, even in childhood, at least from the age of

ten or twelve, she had been punctual and devout at her prayers, and had performed all her duties in reference to God. She was in the habit of kneeling and offering to God every new article of dress, before putting it on, particularly if it excited any scruples on the score of vanity. I asked her if she did not offer her work and actions to God. "No," said she; "I did not think them worthy of being offered to Him. I would have almost considered it blasphemy. In offering my new dresses, &c., it was to ask permission to use them; and a kind of protestation that I designed not to offend Him in so doing." Several serious accidents befell her in her childhood, of which, in a letter dated Mobile, Al., 1850, she thus speaks: "The devil has always been fighting for my soul and the souls of my family; and I feel we can escape his malicious grasp only by strenuous efforts. I have not the least doubt that it was he that plunged me into a well twenty feet of water, (there being no children or other person near enough to push me) when I was but six or seven years of age. Again in Otter Creek, just above the rapids, when I was in my eleventh year. And the same year, when with my dear father, I was standing by the trunk of a tree, four or five feet in diameter, which the men were felling, who made it incline in a diametrically opposite line to which my father and all the men judged it would fall; I, with the fleetness of a deer, barely made my escape, so as to be touched only by some flexible and light branches. And that is not all; but it is enough and too much for my leisure. Later, when I had family, he assailed the souls of my children; and he has always pursued some one of you furiously; but with the grace of God we will all escape his clutches, and eventually triumph gloriously in heaven. I know and feel that he is frequently molesting me; but I spurn him and push on with an effort. And so you must do, my dear Benjamin.* When I penned the passage to which, in your late letter, you make such strong objections, our Lord placed before my mind's eye, in such vivid colors, the night, with all its circumstances, when the appalling thunder storm tore the bricks from the chimney of your and my room, that it seemed I could say nothing else. Ah! how I prayed and wept that night! for I thought I should behold you a corpse before morning."

My parents were married in the year 1807, on September 20th. My father aged about twenty-five; my mother about nineteen.

My mother has often told me that he was so perfectly devoted to her and his children, that he had no happiness out of his family; in so much that he was oftentimes impatient when his little circle was encroached upon, or his domestic joys interrupted by the visits of friends;

* She used to call me Benjamin, because I was the youngest.

and she was frequently obliged to expostulate with him on the subject. In trouble, sickness, &c., no one could comfort, no one advise him but herself. Her usual antidote for all his ills was prayer. 'And he,' as she says, 'more docile than a child,' would kneel and recite with her, whatever her piety and affection prompted her to address to the Giver of all Consolation, in his behalf.

She was obliged to share in all his thoughts, plans and projects. She was in everything, his chief adviser and assister. He would neither read, hear or see anything without her. In fact his happiness seemed dependent on her presence and participation. Mary, his eldest child, was born in January, 1810; Abey (Abigail), in 1811; Susan, in 1813; Samuel, in 1814; and Josephine, the youngest, in 1816. I know nothing of this period of his life, having destroyed his journal. The first thing, I believe, which drew my father's attention to the Catholic religion was the perusal of the life of St. Francis-Xavier. How it happened to fall into his hands I cannot tell, but the book proved a complete facination. Night and day he kept it by him, even under his pillow, read and re-read it himself and to my mother, and even to the Episcopal Bishop and ministers; and often, too, offended my mother a little by saying: his parallel could not be found in the whole Protestant church. This must have been before the birth of Samuel in March 1814—for my father had set his heart on giving the name of Francis-Xavier to his only son. My mother inquired what name he intended to give him at his christening. "Francis-Xavier," he replied. "No," said my mother, "no Popish names in our family." "Then name him yourself." "No; I named the daughters; you ought to name the son." "Well, Francis-Xavier,"—and he could not be induced to make any other selection. They were at the font, no name as yet decided on. My mother again appealed to him. He still answered, "Francis-Xavier." She objected. "Well," replied he, "I shall be satisfied with any name you may desire," and she called him Samuel, after the holy prophet of the old law. This was three years before their abjuration of Protestantism.

My parents did not precipitately embrace the Catholic religion. My father, attracted and awed by the sanctity of the Apostle of the Indies, wished to go deeper into the record of Catholic sanctity and doctrine. He found Protestantism too superficial, too recent, too worldly and too inconsistent. There was neither unity nor subordination in the church, neither power nor godliness in its founders and rulers.

After much anxiety and research, in which my mother was made to share his every exploration and discovery, he, with her approval, resolved on making a visit to New York city, for the purpose of con-

sulting the works of the early fathers to be found in St. Paul's (Episcopal) library there. He staid a week shut up the whole time in the library, toiling indefatigably at his business of life or death, on which the destinies of his family for time and eternity depended. At length, having obtained answers to all his difficulties, at least to the principal, he procured such books as he could, transcribed the most useful and conclusive passages from others, and returned home to deliver to my mother the trophies of his labors. She could make no reply to the fathers of the first centuries of Christianity; but wished to hear them rendered in English by others of the ministers, to see if their translations would agree. Accordingly several, and among them Bp. Hobart himself, translated them for her. She had often told me that my father's patience with her was exhausted; that he took the utmost pains to satisfy her every inquiry, going over and over again, the same points with her until perfectly satisfied. But it was with feelings of dread and consternation my mother saw her own ground giving way under her, and with pain that she discovered that all her ancient and dear associations must by the unreality or fallacy of their foundation, fall to nothing. Night after night my parents used to sit up together, discussing points of doctrine and reading works of controversy. Indeed my father would never willingly read without her, and she has told me oftentimes, when she became so overpowered with sleep as actually to doze, such was the habit of attention she had acquired, as to know what my father had read. In such cases, if she failed to comment on some striking passage he had expected her to notice, he would stop and say: "There, now! You are not paying any attention!" Whereupon she would repeat the words he had just read, while she was listening in her sleep. But as it became more evident to my parents that they must quit the side of errors; and as they had openly expressed to the Protestant Bishop and ministers their sense of the insecurity in their Communion, the latter made every effort to retain them in their old faith. Several discussions were held at our house; but the more the primitive doctrine and discipline of the church was searched into the more its identity with that of Rome became apparent. My father, at least, was perfectly satisfied; my mother not sufficiently so as yet. The Bishop and ministers seeing at last that my father was fully determined on a secession from their church, intimated to him that in case of his taking such a step, he would be expected to resign his professorship and presidency over the Episcopal seminary—just erected into a college—by a grant of the Legislature.* My father had already considered the necessity of this;

* At Fairfield, near Utica, N. Y.

and though his position was sufficiently lucrative and honorable according to the world, it proved not, thank God ! an insuperable temptation to him. He would, however, give no positive answer without consulting my mother ; and withdrew to ask her advice. "If," said she, "I were to become a Catholic, I would go where I could practice my religion." This decided him. He returned to the seminary and informed the professors that he intended to remove to New York City. I was born just about this time (Aug. 9th, 1816); and the first prayer my mother ever addressed to the Blessed Virgin was on my account. She promised that if she would deign to assist her in her hour of need, she would believe in and pray to her. She experienced the help desired ; and says my birth was miraculous, but did not explain how. This was August 9th, 1816. The day following the professors and trustees of the college came to make a last effort at reclaiming my father. My mother knowing they would debate points of controversy, and anxious to hear all they had to say in defence of either side of the question, requested the conference might be held in an apartment adjoining her bed room. She had the door left ajar and her bed drawn close up, so that she could hear every word ; and there during the one or two hours the disputation lasted, heard all the arguments of the ministers refuted by my father. "I heard them," said she, "yield point after point to him. The trustees then offered to go for Bishop Hobart, but I could not permit them, seeing it was useless." My parents prepared to remove to New York city.

In my mother's note book I found the following : Dec. 24, 1816. Josephine baptized by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick at his house, Jay Street, No. 15, New York City. Feb. 9, 1817, Mr. B. and myself made our first communion at 8 o'clock, in St. Peter's Chapel, Barclay Street. Feb. 23rd. Rev. Mr. Fenwick here ; we opened to him our wish to devote ourselves to religion. The date of my parents' abjuration I do not know ; but thinking their first baptism in the Episcopal Church valid, they were not re-baptized till seven months after their first Communion ; that is Sept. 18, 1817.

Being settled in New York, my father applied himself at once to the business he had come upon, and applied to the Catholic clergy, who seemed to look upon him with some distrust. Rev. B. Fenwick, however, seemed to penetrate the uprightness and earnestness of his purpose and to take in it a friendly interest. My father was accustomed to go to the Catholic Church to Mass, vespers, &c., and was frequently accompanied by some of the other Episcopal ministers. One in particular, agreed with him in admiring and approving of everything he saw and heard ; doctrine as well as ceremonies ; whereupon my father asked, "why, then, he did not become a Catholic ?" "My family,"

said he, "are the only obstacle. I would have no means of maintaining them." After my father's death, my mother used to relate this to me, and with tears rolling down her cheeks; assuring me at the same time that they were tears, not of grief but of joy and thankfulness to God, that by His grace no such consideration had prevented her husband from following the truth.

He had had a good salary it is true, but had lived up to his means and laid nothing by. My mother never knew nor never inquired what became of his house and property near Utica, and never mentioned it to her children, so fearful was she that little claim to earth might be an impediment to a higher vocation. My parents opened a small school for their support; but could have remained in New York only some seven or eight months, having removed to Georgetown the May or June following. In the same spring Father B. Fenwick, who had been recalled to Georgetown to assume the rectorship of the college there, wrote to my father, asking him what were his views and intentions, with regard to the future. My father answered that "were it not for his wife and children he would enter the ministry, feeling a decided call thereto." He had always been in the habit of reading to my mother every line he wrote or received; and now, according to custom read, aloud, both Father Fenwick's letter and his answer. The letter was the death blow of her happiness. "From that hour," said she to me, "*I enjoyed not a moment's peace. The thought that God wanted my brother* (for so she called Mr. Barber, after their entrance into religion) *and that I was the obstacle, pursued me day and night.*" But she did not, at first, reveal her trouble to him, hoping time would dissipate it. But it proved the reverse. Everything she read, everything she heard, seemed to bear upon the one point, and to fasten upon her heart with a tenacity from which she was unable to free herself. "I felt, said she, "that I must make the sacrifice to God; and that if I would refuse He would deprive me of my husband and children both in this world and the next. Of this I felt the strongest conviction; that in case of a refusal one or the other of us would die and our children be left orphans." At length, unable to endure her agony of mind, she imparted her thoughts to my father who tried to soothe her by saying that God did not require such a thing of them and that she must not permit it to distress her. He told her "that in penning those lines, he had not meant them in the sense she had taken, but only as expressive of his predilection for the ministry, feeling himself bound to his family by the laws of God and man." This would quiet her for a while; but in spite of his assurances her trouble would return, and at times with such violence, that she was obliged to call him from his school room to give her comfort. "Then," said she, "he would take me in his arms, wipe away

my tears, and talk to me until my fears were almost dissipated. Yet whilst he lavished upon me all this tenderness there was deep down in my heart a whisper that said: ' 'This is not God. This is not what He demands of you.' " Neither was my father without similar impressions, although he concealed them from her, deeming it his duty to do so until better assured of the will of God. *But when this became manifest, he encouraged her to prefer eternity to time and to look forward to their happy reunion in a better world.* They were not long in taking their decision, for it was impossible for them to remain in such a violent state of feeling for any great length of time. Yet between its first suggestion and final accomplishment some months must necessarily intervene; and these were to my parents months of agony. "A thousand times," said my mother, "would I willingly have had a dagger plunged into my breast, and have found it a relief! for not only did my heart ache with the sentiment of grief; but it ached physically—the very flesh ached, just as your head aches. Put your hand here; you cannot feel it beat; it is not in its natural place; it is sunk in back." And truly enough, I could not feel the slightest pulsation; but on applying the hand to a spot between the shoulders, found the palpitations strong.* I need not say I was much astonished at it, and wondered at the moral and physical strength with which God must have endued her to sustain an assault of mental suffering and for so long a time. My father, also, at times nearly gave way under the trial. "When he was in depression of mind," said she "he always wanted me to talk to him; and, as docile as a little child, would, at my bidding, kneel and recite with me *the collect for peace*; *a.* also that to the Choir of Thrones, which, I think, never failed to tranquilizing him. Yet I did not immediately surrender myself to grace. I resisted as long as I could and as long as I dared; striving to turn a deaf ear to it, and to persuade myself God did not demand such a course from me. But in vain. I was compelled to yield." I once asked her how she had been able to accomplish such a sacrifice. "I did not do it," she answered. "It was not I; I could not have done it. God did it for me. He took me up and carried me through it."

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* The Infirmarian, Sr. Alphonso Jenkins I think, and also the physician who attended the community of Mobile, in her last sickness, being informed of this, examined and found it was true.

a. O God, from whom all holy desires, right counsels and just works proceed give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts being devoted to obey Thy commandments, and the fear of our enemies being removed, our times by Thy protection, may be peaceful, through Jesus Christ.

MR. AND MRS. BARBER ENTER RELIGION.

In May or June of 1817, my parents left New York for Georgetown. My father was thirty-four, my mother not quite twenty-eight years of age, and the five children aged eight, seven, five, three and myself ten months. The following is from Mrs. B.'s pocket journal: June 12th. Archbishop Neale met us at the college chapel, and concluded the business relative to my going to the Convent. 13th. Mr. Barber leaves for Rome.* 19th. A letter from Mr. B. 21st. I came to the Convent accompanied by Fathers Grassi, Kohlman, Marshall and Mr. Ironside (a converted minister). 25th...28th. Father Grassi leaves for Rome. I wrote to Mr. Barber. 29th. .. A letter from Mr. Barber (from the Bay). July 1st. I commenced a novena for my husband, Father Grassi, &c., July 2nd. The Visitation. The community begin a novena for Fr. G. and Mrs. B. On arriving in Georgetown my parents were, by Rev. Father Fenwick, invited to make his mother's house their home. It was a large and pleasant mansion near the college. This devout widow lady was the mother of four sons, three of whom had entered the society. No; I think George, the youngest, was still with her, and still a student at the college, of which his brother had been, or was at the time, rector. Being thus almost childless, the kind lady received Samuel and myself under her roof and acted a mother's part towards us until he was old enough to go to college and I to the convent. Ever afterwards she seemed to regard us almost as her own, came frequently to the convent to see me and had me to spend my vacation with her, which last were indeed, the happiest moments of my childhood. Several wealthy Catholics wished to adopt us; but my mother (my father was absent) so far from appreciating the proposal was filled with consternation at the thought of its being a means of introducing us into the world. In after years I asked her what her sentiments were then. "I felt the confidence," said she, "that Almighty God would take care of you all; not because you were mine; but because you were *not* mine or any human being's, but *His*. I had left you; but had given you to *Him*." We remained at Mrs. Fenwick's till the 21st of June. This day, the festival of St.

* Archbishop Neale, the saintly founder of the Visitation Convent, died June 15th, 1817. The day after Archbishop Neale's funeral Mrs. Barber entered The good Archbishop had about five days previous introduced her to the Sisters in the assembly room saying, "Not one of them must give Mrs. Barber the black bean." Mother Theresa now showed the postulant the vault in which their lamented father was entombed; and as they stood looking at the newly walled up sepulchre, one of the Sisters, perhaps to cheer the conversation by a pleasantry, told the postulant she would have to pass the night following in the vault. "Well" replied she, "I will be in good company." The poor convert had gone through too many trials to be daunted at the prospect of one night's vigil."

Aloysius, the Jesuits conferred on my mother the honor of inviting her to dine with them in their refectory; which privilege as they told her, had never before been granted any female. It was her farewell dinner. In the afternoon Father Grassi and several others accompanied her to the convent and left her in the hands of the venerable Mother Theresa Lalor and Sister Agnes, mistress of novices. Her age was 27 years 11 months. She began her novitiate with great fervour; and such was her anxiety to cast off her worldly attire that without waiting for the ceremony of a formal investment, she made herself a complete novice costume, and put it on.

The community were not a little surprised, on meeting the postulant, to find she had literally taken the veil. But good Mother Theresa and Sister Agnes, mother of novices, would not deprive her of her newly acquired happiness, and were heartily amused at her simplicity and earnestness. Mrs. B. having some difficulty in adjusting her suit, and being at a loss for a mirror, supplied the deficiency by attaching her black apron behind a small four-paned window, which opened on hinges and looked into the garden. Here she made her toilet every morning, unconscious of any breach of conventual rule, and unconscious of being seen by the Sisters who happened to pass. On July 26, the feast of St. Ann, she was admitted to the religious habit, taking the name of Sister M. Augustine. The eloquent Father Baxter preached. His text was: "You are become a spectacle to God, to angels and to man." My mother's utmost wishes as far as regarded this world were now realized. Mr. Barber, in his novitiate at Rome; three of her children at the convent, and her two babies in kind and safe hands; they as well as herself; all sheltered from the world. But new trials awaited her. I fell sick and was at the point of death, and the priests and Catholics testified great anxiety for my recovery, fearing that if I died blame would be thrown on religion for permitting my parents to leave an infant of ten months. The Jesuits offered many Masses for my restoration, and Mrs. Fenwick's daughter-in-law (who had a young baby of her own) nursed me until I got better. I was so small and puny, they carried me about on a pillow. Another trial followed. Apprehensions began to be entertained by some of the religious that she was in a state which required her withdrawal from the convent. Groundless as these apprehensions were, my poor mother was obliged to yield to the necessity; and three months precisely from the time of her reception of the holy habit, was obliged to take it off and return to the world. Her note book says: "Oct. 24, 1817. I left my monetary with an *extreme regret*, and arrived in Baltimore the same evening, where I took lodgings with Mrs. Lewis. I remained till about the 14th of April following, i. e., a few days after

Easter, when I returned to my desired and longed-for habitation." While at Mrs. Lewis's two strange gentlemen, one day, unexpectedly took seats at the dinner table. They were Capt. Baker and Mr.———. with whom my father had crossed the sea. They talked of their voyage; and not knowing who my mother was, said there was on board a gentleman, recently an Episcopal minister, but now preparing to enter the Jesuit order, who having left home, wife and children, was so overwhelmed with grief, that they feared that he would die before he reached his journey's end. "I never pitied a man so in all my life," said Capt. B. My mother was now almost overwhelmed in her turn, but mastered herself sufficiently till dinner was over; and then hastened to the church, to seek, in the holy advice of her confessor, that consolation of which she was so much in need.

Rev. Mr. Moranville received her with paternal kindness; and thanks to the words of salvation that flowed from the lips of the minister of God, she returned home filled with new courage and comfort, resolved to trust more than ever in the Divine Goodness. She seldom went out except to church, and that very early in the morning; "and when I did," said she laughing, "the boys used to run after me in the street, my old bonnet and brown cloak were such sights." I asked her if she had no decent clothes. "I gave away all my best," said she, "before going to the convent, thinking I would have no use for them there. After taking the veil, the others were disposed of; and expecting to return to the convent in a few weeks, I did not care to make any new outfit. Indeed, I had enough to think of besides my dress. Besides I lived in total retirement." My father on receiving intelligence of my mother's position, hastened back to America; but on his return found her again in the convent.

Her novitiate was one of severe trials, as well on his account, as on account of her children. The community was in the utmost poverty and found the maintenance of the latter a heavy burden. I copy from her note book: "Aug. 13th, 1818. I had an interview with Father Cloriviere, in which he made known to me the narrow state of the finance of this house, and suggested that my brother (so she called my father) should become a secular priest."

"Aug. 19th. I mentioned it to Mother and Sister Agnes, exposing my sentiments and apprehensions."

"Oct. 1st, 1818. I and my four babes have, by some apparent oversight, been cast upon this Institution."

"The charge was taken with a full expectation of remuneration. I embraced the supposed free bounty as a blessing sent from heaven through the channel of the holy church, considering it to be deliberately conferred upon us by these her chosen children. But the mystery is

at length solved. Providence has withdrawn the veil, and I behold myself and family feeding on the bread of dependence, necessarily continued because ignorantly and involuntarily commenced. Though we may have no just claim of the Institution of which we are in some sort, members, still our children have a claim upon us. Now, what is this claim and how far does it extend?" To explain my parents state of utter destitution I must mention the following causes: My mother was the youngest of a large and once wealthy family; but her father having a year or so before his death, gone security for a friend, lost nearly all he had, and left his youngest child unprovided for. The others were, I think, all settled. Not long after this she married my father, who, living up to his means, was not prepared for the change of circumstances which followed.

She, on entering the community at Georgetown, had, of course, no suspicions of the extreme poverty under which they were suffering; attributing their severe manner of life and voluntary self-denial to the austerity of monastic rule. She has often told me that she did not expect to live more than three or four years, supposing that in this length of time the vigils, fasts and hardships, would bring her to her term. Her journal goes on: "Oct. 16, 1818. Brother Heirome (my father) comes to the parlor sick and dejected. All is uncertain and fluctuating. He is preparing to go into the country with his father for his health. His superiors specify no time for him to make his vows, nor do they give any encouragement to supply the necessary means." "Oct. 17th. At the request of our kind Mother (Theresa) the community, today, offered their communion for him. Mother, Sister Agnes and the three children (by the goodness of Almighty God, and the tender affection of my superiors' hearts) has commenced a novena with me for the relief of his necessities, if it be agreeable to the holy will of our dear Lord." "Oct. 22d, 1818, Friday evening. I entered 'Retreat' with the other novices." "Oct. 27th. Wednesday. I made a confession of my whole life to our spiritual father, Father Cloriviere, at 10 o'clock A. M. Mother Agnes tells me that having been, when aged about two years, taken to the convent to see my mother, I did not know her and refused to go to her. She extended her arms to take me, those present telling me she was my mother. "No," said I, "she is not," and persisted in refusing to leave my nurse. When we were gone, my mother retired to her cell to give vent to her grief. Sister Agnes, who had been present, and was then mistress of novices, suspecting how the case stood, followed shortly after, and found Sister M. Augustine weeping bitterly. "What makes you cry?" said she. "My God!" exclaimed the novice, "to think my own child does not know me!" bursting again into tears. "Well! why did you give her up?"

Sister Agnes spoke thus through kindness, that by diverting to the motive of her sacrifice, she might bring alleviation that earth could not supply.

On February 23d, 1820, nearly three years after this separation, my parents met in the Georgetown Convent Chapel to make their vows. My mother first went through the formula of profession in the Visitation; and then my father pronounced his vows according to the rite of the Jesuit Order. Their five children were present; Mary, the oldest, being ten, and I, the youngest, only two and a half years.

Mother Cathrine was at this time Superior; but dying the December following, Mother M. de Sales was elected, who, in December of 1821 was succeeded by Mother Agnes Brent. My mother had hitherto been employed in the school; but Mother Agnes appointed her directress, and at the same time ordered her to train some of the younger Sisters for the duties of the academy. A better system was organized; and under the combined zeal, and prudence of Mother Agnes and Father Cloriviere—the latter of whom held classes of French and drawing, the little academy began to prosper.* I know nothing more of this part of Sister M. Augustine's life, except that she continued to suffer inexpressibly on account of her children; feeling them to be a burden on the community in its state of poverty, and knowing the opposition of some of the Sisters to their remaining, we were necessarily poorly clad; and she had told me that many a time she has sat up nearly half the night patching the children's clothes (for she at this time had charge of the school) and knitting stockings for them; and that on cold winter mornings when the girls were going to Mass, she used frequently to take down from the window an old baize curtain to throw about Abey's or Susan's shoulders, they having no shawl or cloak. I just now asked mother (for I am now writing in her room†)

A Washington, D. C., paper, *The Catholic*, in its issue of June 24, 1882, has the following notice of Sister Barber:

* 'Among the most remarkable Sisters of Georgetown—Visitation Convent—stands Mary Austin Barber. When Mrs Barber entered Georgetown Convent, the school was sadly in need of such a member. She had received a superior education and her methods of instruction were so well adapted to the purpose that the children under her care progressed rapidly, and as a result the school began to increase, and the prospects of the convent to brighten. She was a woman of superhuman energy. She taught the children in the school during the day, and during recreation instructed the Sisters that they might become better teachers. She put her whole soul in what she was doing, often forgot herself, but never prayer. In her case prayer might truly have been called the life of the soul She did nothing without prayer, and she strictly fulfilled the precept of our Saviour to pray always. When made directress she would often say to those near her: Go, pray that I may attend to this business properly.' The school continued to prosper under Sister Mary Austin's care, and in 1828 it bore the reputation of being one of the best in the land."

† NOTE.—This was at Bishop Quirlan's request, written for him about ten days before my mother's death.

if she had not told me that the girls used frequently to give us their old dresses.

"Nearly all your clothes," said she "were made out of what the other girls had cast away."

Polly Spalding adopted one of you (and some of the girls did the same occasionally) and made you new dresses out of her old ones.

When you were in want of shoes we used to go to the pile where the girls' old ones were thrown away and select the best from among them for you. Sometimes they were so large that you could hardly walk in them. You had not always sheets on your beds; and in winter, when your bed clothes were insufficient, I used to cover you with the other girls cloaks and shawls. Many times, when you four, as well as the other pupils, were quite ill, I had to sit up with you, secretly all night, and resume my usual classes and duties next day. Once when Mary had the measles very badly, I could get no proper nourishment for her.*

These and other things were owing to the poverty of the house, and not to any unkindness on the part of the charitable Sisters, nevertheless they kept my mind in a constant state of suffering, good Father Cloriviere, old Mother Theresa and Sister Agnes were, however, very kind and did for you all in their power. "I would have put myself" added she, "under the feet of any one who would do anything for my children."

In my mother's note book I find a copy of one of my father's letters to her, written about this time. I will here transcribe a part of it:

CLAREMONT, March 25, 1824.*

Dear Sister Augustine:

Yours dated Feb. 17th, was received to-day. You complain of my silence. I wrote to you some time in November. About middle of December I left here for Canada, where I remained most of the winter. From Montreal I wrote to Mary. It is a week since I returned to this place. So much respecting my silence. With regard to your letters I have to say that all you mention have come to hand, and if mine have not reached you there is fault somewhere; possibly in the post-office as is probably the case. Why do you indulge in those anxieties

* Such was the poverty of the community at this time, that being in want of the very necessaries of life, they had determined on dispersion, when the providential arrival of the La Sallas caused a change in the plans.

* On the second day of January of this same year, Rev. Virgil Barber visited the Ursuline of Quebec, and informed them that he was then engaged in building a small church for his converts at Claremont, New Hampshire. (Annals of the Ursuline of Quebec.)

which your repeated representations of the embarrassment of your community indicate? Give yourself, my dear sister, no uneasiness. Almighty God will always provide for them that love Him. And it is a very small part of my concern whether he will take care of us, in comparison of my solicitude that we by love and obedience, render ourselves worthy of his fatherly protection. Teach the children to pronounce daily, this aspiration: 'My God and my All!' Thus far I have written without having looked at your former letter, which I have not time to read before closing this; but I will answer them all particularly in a few days. My love to dear Mary and the rest of the children. I will write a letter to her and Abey as well as to Susan and Josephine, and another to Samuel in a week or ten days. My kindest respects to the Rev. Father Cloriviere, to the good Rev. Mother, and all the devout Sisters. Tell them I beg the continuance of their prayers. Pray for me yourself. Your affectionate brother in Christ,

V. H. BARBER, S. J.

In the autumn of 1825, my father came south to be present at the consecration of Father B. Fenwick, Bishop-elect of Boston,—the same who had received him into the church. This diocese then comprehended all the New England States, and my father was one of the three priests who formed the entire ecclesiastical force of the Northeast. There was only one priest in the city of Boston, one in Maine, and one (my father) in New Hampshire.

Bishop England and himself accompanied the newly consecrated prelate to his Episcopal city, which they reached Dec. 3d. The following day (Sunday,) the ceremony of the installation took place, and my father had the pleasure of assisting Bishop Fenwick as deacon in his first pontifical Mass. But I must go back a little.

While Bishop Fenwick and my father were in Georgetown, they made arrangements for Mary's reception at the Ursuline Convent, Boston and Abey's at Quebec, Canada. My father then met his wife and children all together for the last time. It was a tearful and sorrowful meeting and parting. Next morning, Nov. 15th, my father joined the two Bishops for the North. In April, according to agreement, Mary and Abey left for their final destination. They travelled as far as Baltimore with a widow lady, Mrs. Jason Jenkins, at whose house they remained some days. (This Mrs. Jenkins afterwards entered the Visitation Convent in Mobile, became Superior of the house, then infirmarian, and nursed my mother in her last illness. She was a person of great sanctity). Arriving in Boston Mary received the veil on August 15th, and Abey in Quebec on September 11th, 1826, and were professed on the same day in 1828 taking in

religion the names of St. Benedict and St. Francis-Xavier. On the feast of St. Augustin, 1827, Susan and myself left Georgetown for the north; so that none remained with mother except Samuel at the college; who also, not long after, entered the Jesuit Novitiate at White Marsh, where he made his vows, Aug. 10, 1832, and immediately departed for Rome. On Sept. 22d, the feast of the Seven Dolors, 1839, he was ordained priest, and on the 24th (our L. of Mercy) celebrated his first Mass. But to resume my narrative, Mary—in religion Sister M. Benedict—took the religious habit in the Ursuline Convent at Boston; and Abey—Sister Francis-Xavier—in Ursuline Convent of Quebec. Two years after Susan and Josephine left Georgetown; the one for Three Rivers and the other for the Ursuline Convent in Boston, where Mary, the eldest, was shortly afterwards professed. Samuel made his vows in the Jesuit Novitiate at White Marsh, Aug. 15, 1832, and during the same summer left for Rome, in company with Father McSherry and his fellow novice and namesake, Father Samuel Mulledy. On September 22d, the feast of the Seven Dolors, he was ordained priest; and on the 24th, Our Lady of Mercy, celebrated his first Mass, 1839. I accompanied the foundation to Kaskaskia in 1833. My mother had now none of her children with her; but my father was generally at some of the houses in the Maryland province, and she had frequent opportunities of seeing him. She has several times told me that she attributed the origin of the religious vocation of her whole family to the following causes: "Previous to my marriage," said she, "being extremely anxious to obtain the consent of my family to the union, and apprehending opposition from several of them, I had recourse to God, and repeatedly promised Him that if He would grant your father to me, I would *give him back again*, and all my children likewise, if I had any. Twenty times a day did I throw myself on my knees and reiterate this promise, not comprehending fully the purport of what I said nor imagining the sense in which God heard it; but I have always believed that this promise was the foundation of the religious vocation of our family." On the 17th of April, 1833, the colony departed from Georgetown for Kaskaskia. It consisted of Mother Agnes Brent; Sr. Genevieve King; Sr. Helen Flanigan; Sr. Gonzaga Jones; Sr. Isabella King; Sr. Ambrose Cooper; Sr. Rose Murray, and an out-sister who left. There were no steam cars in those days; but horse cars were running between Baltimore and Frederick. On arriving at the depot in the latter city, my father met us; and here I saw him and went to confession to him for the last time. We arrived at Kaskaskia on May 3d, "the finding of the holy cross," and I entered the novitiate that summer.

"In the summer of 1836 my mother was sent out to Kaskaskia,

The house was much in want of members. It had been established three years, and as yet only one postulant had entered and she was an infirm member from the Sisters of Charity. What rendered the matter worse was that there seemed scarcely a hope of our obtaining members in this "out-of-the-way place" either from the town itself, which was unpromising in a religious point of view, or from a distance, Kaskaskia being difficult of access, and but little known, except to the Creole population born there. Rev. Ph. Borgna, Bishop Rosatti's Vicar General, went on to Georgetown to ask for assistance; and as directed, named Sister M. Augustine in particular. M. Juliana consented, and Father Borgna, afraid of losing his prize, hastened off with her to Baltimore, left her there with the Sisters of Charity, and then returned to Georgetown to try to get more; but in this was unsuccessful. Meantime my father, who was stationed at Frederick, having received her letter informing him of all that had taken place, went on immediately. Not finding my mother at Georgetown, he started for Baltimore and on reaching the city made his way to the asylum, where his cousin, Sister Genevieve Tyler, was Sister Servant. My mother knew his ring at the door, and requested Sister G. to inform him that she could not see him out of her convent without an express permission from the Archbishop. He withdrew and did not return that night; but having obtained the permission returned next morning and had a long interview with her. This last severence from her seemed to open a new wound in his soul, and to renew the pangs of former years. Though separated, he had had the comfort of seeing her at the grate, and feeling himself sustained spiritually and mentally by the words of holy and cheerful encouragement she spoke, as well as by her promise of prayers in his behalf. This had been to him a stay, even in the world; but now it must be relinquished too. It was a hard trial to him, during the last ten years of his life; and to her likewise. Once, while at Georgetown, she got permission from the Archbishop and Mother N. to make a general confession of her whole life to him, thinking that she could speak to him more freely and importune him with more questions and explanations than she could venture to trouble any other priest with. She accordingly prepared and wrote her confession and on his next visit invited him into the church under some pretext or other, without mentioning her real object. When they reached the Sacristy, she informed him of the permission she had obtained and the preparation she had made. He replied that he would listen to all she had to say, and answer all her questions; but not by way of confession; and I believe he satisfied her fully. She remained, I think, about a week in Baltimore, during which time my father visited her frequently until Father Borgna's return from Georgetown, when they

took their last, last adieu, and my mother resumed her journey towards the far west.

Father Borgna next took her to Emmittsburgh, where she remained several days, at St. Joseph's, having the happiness of making acquaintance with the saintly Mother Rose and other members of that edifying house. She did not reach Kaskaskia until Sept. 24, 1836.

"*a.* In the summer of 1848 our house at Mobile being greatly in need of members applied to ours for assistance. My mother was one of the four sent thither. In the winter of 1855–6 a severe attack of illness brought her to death's door. Her recovery was considered next to miraculous. But before this occurred letters came from Mobile requesting that I might be sent thither to supply her place. In those days no railway route was in existence; and the river being closed I could not travel until after Easter. On arriving I found my mother up and on duty. She had organized a class of young Sisters to whom, as formerly at Georgetown and Kaskaskia, she devoted daily a portion of her time—chiefly the recreation hour after supper. In a few years they became accomplished teachers, and were able to dismiss the seculars, for a time employed with so much expense and inconvenience.

On the feast of St. Francis-Xavier, December 3, 1857, Sister M. Augustine was taken with her death sickness, a violent cold, which, falling on her lungs terminated into consumption. For two years she was confined to the infirmary, yet was seldom obliged to keep her bed. She usually sat in her arm chair all day long reading and praying. So accustomed was she to rise at 4.30 or 5 that not even in this her last sickness, could she divest herself of the habit; but was generally seen at her place in the choir, at the reading of the points for meditation and during Mass; the choir being on a level with the infirmary so that the sick could easily resort thither. During the last six months, however, she was confined to her bed and during the last three quite feeble and helpless. The infirmarian (Sr. Alphonsa) attended her with a charity truly maternal. All the Sisters did the same; and my mother often spoke of it to me as a motive of gratitude to heaven and to them. "I have been sick," would she say, "these five, ten, eighteen,—twenty months, and our good Sisters wait upon me as if I were a princess. Never have I anywhere witnessed such charity—never seen the sick so treated! Oh! had you been here to witness their care of Sister F. de Sales who was for five years an invalid, partially insane, and for months nearly a leper from head to foot!"

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a. Sister M. Augustine lived in the convent at Kaskaskia from 24th September, 1836, till the spring of 1844, and in the convent of St. Louis from 1844 till 1848.

Sister M. Augustine being for the last five months, so feeble as to be unable to rise alone or to help herself, the infirmarian gave her a little bell by which to call herself or Sister Aloysia who slept in an adjoining infirmary. To the best of my recollection, the second ring was never needed; and although the bell was tingled several times every night never was a sign of annoyance betrayed; but, on the contrary, if my mother attempted to apologize, good Sister Aloysia failed not to silence her by an affectionate railery or repartee; as if her patient were conferring instead of receiving a favor. Once or twice I expressed to Mother Gonzaga O'Driscoll my regret at the trouble my mother's long, protracted illness gave. "No trouble whatever," said she. "It is a great honor to us to have her die in our community." The saintly infirmarian instead of tiring of her charge from length of time, appeared to become more tender and attached; watching her as a mother would watch her child. I frequently heard her speak to the Sisters in praise of her patient, relating to them what she had said and done—and with evident pride and pleasure. Once when they had gone at the "quarter bell" to see her, and finding her too ill to speak, had retired to a corner of the infirmary to speak in whispers, I overheard Sister Aloysia extolling her to them; telling them of her patience, &c. "Sister P. was patient," said she, "Sisters N—— and N—— were patient; but I have never seen patience like that of Sister Augustine." Words of greater comfort never reached my ears. Wishing afterwards to know what value I might attach to them, I asked Sister A. (without telling her why) how long she had been infirmarian! Her answer was: "All my life. I took care of the sick in the world: and in religion have nearly always had charge of them; in Georgetown as well as here in Mobile." This lady was a widow, and in more than one particular, imitated the holy foundress of the Visitation.

In the early part of December, 1859, Bishop Quinlan arrived in Mobile. Archbishop Purcell and several other Bishops accompanied him, to assist at his installation. It was dusk when they arrived; but notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, they drove out to the convent that same night, and our children welcomed them with some verses and music. While these were being prepared the Bishops went to the infirmary to see my mother, and Archbishop Purcell (as the room was crowded) sat on the foot of her bed and conversed with her some time. She afterwards told me that his words had imparted to her great spiritual comfort and assistance. On meeting our good Bishop Quinlan, I burst into tears. He guessed the cause and said to me: "Sister, don't weep, I will do for you and your mother all I can." Most fully did he redeem his promise. Whenever he came to the parlor he went in to see her; and so kind was he that his very presence conveyed comfort. It was owing to his kindness that she received the holy Viaticum

on Christmas, and again on New Year's day, the day of her death. The Bishop happening to meet the confessor in the infirmary—it was Christmas Eve, I think, said to him: "Father D., you will give her Holy Communion to-morrow." "My Lord, it is only three days since I administered to her by way of Viaticum." It was then customary to give it only once in eight days. But the Bishop replied: "Nevertheless, let her receive the holy Viaticum again to-morrow." Eight days afterwards it was brought to her again, and for the last time. She had, however, desired and expected to die on Christmas. The infirmarian seemed to anticipate the same; but Mother Gonzaga said: "No, no! she must not die on Chrstmas Day. It would be uncharitable!" Then the saintly old infirmarian bent over her and said: "Never mind! Sister M. Augustine, may be our Lord will take you on His own circumcision. It would be a beautiful feast to die on, the day when He first shed His blood for us and took the name of Jesus. I will ask Him to take you then." Her petition was granted. On the morning of Jan. 1st Father D. (whose house was only a few rods distant) called several times inquiring how she was. Some thought the patient would live till morning, but he charged them to send for him in case of a change. Sister Aloysia sat up with her. She made the infirmarian and myself retire. I lay down in my clothes; but was soon called up again. My mother lay speechless, but conscious, and Sister Aloysia repeated aspirations aloud by her. Before we arrived she had attempted to say something to Sister Aloysia, but her speech was unintelligible. "*I want,*" was all Sister A. could understand. The latter began to guess; and mentioned everything and every body she imagined her patient could want. "Do you want Father D.?" "No." "Do you want Sister Alphonsa? Mother Gonzaga, Josey?" "No." The dying Sister again repeated: "I want," but could get no further. Sister A. made new efforts to find out what she wanted; but seeing them useless and a cause of fatigue to the sufferer, she said to her: "Sister M. Augustine, you have made many sacrifices to God; make this one; I cannot understand you." At this my mother desisted from any further attempt; but seemed to acquiesce to the suggestion of her good nurse. Farther De Gaultiers now entered in great haste. At first he thought she was dead, and went over to the bed to ascertain. Another heave of the chest told him of the contrary. "It is not too late," said he, "she is living"; and snatching up the Ritual, which Sister Aloysia had taken the precaution to leave open on the table, read the absoultion *in articulo mortis.* One minute afterwards she was no more. She died at 11 o'clock forty minutes P. M. on Jan. 1, 1860. R. I. P. on Jan. 3d. Bishop Quinlan, Father Pellicier (now Bishop of San Antonio, Texas) and Father De Gaultiers sang a Mass of Requiem, and Sister M. Augustine was buried in the Convent cemetery."

LETTERS OF SISTER MARY ST. AUGUSTINE

TO SISTER MARY JOSEPHINE.

GEORGETOWN, JAN. 19, 1836.

My dearly beloved child:

..... I must here copy the letter I received from Father Kohlman. I do it the more willingly as it comes from a Saint. Besides, it shows how much we are indebted to Almighty God for all he has done for us, and how ungrateful we shall be if we do not exert ourselves to make the little return of which our poor nature is capable.

"Much revered Sister:

Long, too long, have I postponed answering the many and truly interesting favors with which you have been pleased to honor me. I mean that of January 9th and May 24, 1835, in which you had the kindness to convey to me a detailed notice of the admirable ways through which the Lord conducted you, together with your dear children, to the happy state which at this moment you and they enjoy; and then of the interesting entertainment which the thrice happy Sister Stanislaus had with her worthy father, and finally, of the second miraculous cure of Sister Beatrice. This last I begged our dear Samuel to translate (into Italian) for the perusal of the Sisters of the Visitation in this city, who were very much edified at its contents, and hence a desire to correspond with your Convent. How much matter for deep and joyful contemplation is contained in these your kind communications. The history of your own worthy family, from its beginning till now, seems indeed to be a pious romance, and nothing can give me greater delight than to rehearse it everywhere. Your dear son, being a model of religious perfection, is much beloved by everybody. The same may be said of his strong-minded companion, Samuel Mulledy. Your worthy mother and sisters shall not be forgotten by me when at the altar. The heroism with which you gave yourself, together with your whole family, up to Almighty God, has been, I am sure, the source of those extraordinary blessings which the Lord has bestowed on it, and will, no doubt, powerfully move Almighty God to fulfil your wishes in the speedy conversion of your dear mother and sister. A mother and sister of so many tears will not be lost. How much I rejoice when I reflect

that your establishment, which I saw like a mustard seed at the time of its venerable founder, should have, in so short a time, grown into a lofty tree, which is likely, ere long, to extend to all the States of America. Continue, I beg you, to favor me from time to time with your edifying writings. Remember me most respectfully to your Rev. Superior, to your whole much revered community, and especially to the venerable Sister Theresa, who may be considered the first stone laid in the foundation of your now most flourishing Institution: and give me a share in your holy communications with Almighty God. As to you and your whole blessed family, you have become too dear to me that I should ever be able to forget you and them. Accept these sentiments of the most respectful attachment which shall only die with me, or rather, survive my temporal pilgrimage to last for all eternity.

Very R. S., Yours, &c., in Christ,

ANTHONY KOHLMAN, S. J.

P. S. Your dear Samuel sends you his most tender love; and Fr. K. requests you to remember him most respectfully to Rev. Father Barber and his venerable father if still alive.

Rome, August 20th."

I have given you the entire letter of the saintly Father, hoping it will inspire you (as it certainly ought me) to penetrate into the depth of your nothingness on seeing how far we fall short of what is so justly expected of us. God has, indeed, done a great deal for all and each of our family; may we not expect he will say: "What is there I could have done for my vineyard that I have not done?" But his mercy is not exhausted; he still calls—even this letter is a new grace, and both you and I will commence now, in the beginning of this new year, to love him more and serve him better than we have ever done. Our B. Lady has, it seems, already given you the start by lending you her special aid. I won't be jealous of this preference. Go on; and as I am getting old and clumsy I shall be glad to be drawn on by your favor. Your *very, very* acceptable letter came too late for me to learn that you wished me to join in a novena previous to the anniversary of your profession: yet my heart, my good angel, or something had inspired me to do it. My poor heart had been a great while longing to hear that my dear Josephine was pressing forward in the way of perfection with the same ardor as on the joyful day of her profession; and this news, so necessary to my happiness, not reaching me, I anticipated your desire. The day this is put in the office I intend to begin a thirty-days prayer for you, and I hope you will get it soon enough to join in the last ten or fifteen days. I do not mean to say the old one in the "*Pious Guide,*" but a prayer which came with the miraculous medal; a mem-

orare, a sub tuum, and the aspiration on the medal. You have so many prayers said for you by your father, brother, sisters, and others, that you will soon become perfect if you let none of the graces pass by you to others. But this I trust I need not apprehend, since the medal with the novena of your kind and pious mother and sisters proved so efficacious. As long as we have life, nature will require a constant curb, and this with you, as well as the rest of us, will cost many severe conflicts, unintermitting watchfulness and great self command. This will be painful to endure, but the consolations which result are more than sufficient to indemnify us in this life; and what may we not hope from the bounty of our dear Jesus in the next? When the duties of the day have been attended with several trying circumstances, and we, regardless of the suggestions of the inferior part of the soul, have borne them with an amiable and sweet silence, happy to increase our Saviour's love at so cheap a rate, with what confidence may we not approach him in our evening prayers! If we seem to say but little, may we not kneel in his presence and reflect that He sent us these little trials merely to prove our fidelity and to afford us an opportunity of obtaining that delightful union of true love which can be operated only by the cross, or rather, *on it.* And when we fail, my dear child, let us still go to Him. Let us then say: "My good Jesus! have pity on your poor child, since you see how weak she is." For my part, when I seem to commit nothing but faults, and I have nothing to offer him of my own —not even a satisfactory correspondence to one grace—I then offer Him his own merits, his own love, and the love and merits of his Blessed Mother and all the Saints. This is one of my particular devotions, especially during the divine office. Some of your community have St. F. deSalies' admirable treatise on the Love of God. Somewhere toward the end of the third book (if I remember rightly) you will find the praises which the saints,—our Blessed Lady in particular, the holy Humanity of our Saviour—and finally, those which God render to himself from all eternity, beautifully explained.

What was said of the Gloria Patri made a particular impression on my mind, and I am sure, if you will read it, you will think as I do—that in no book can be more nourishment for prayer and devotion. If mother approves, read it attentively and write me your sentiments in detail. You have no idea how much the pious reflections of my children excite my devotion. Sometimes I find myself getting lukewarm. A letter comes from some one of the five; it breathes fervor and devotion, or perhaps it tells me that the poor soul is oppressed by spiritual languor, that it would gladly overcome. In either case my fervor revives. I am perhaps ashamed to see my children taking heaven by violence whilst I lie groveling in the earth. Or if the soul be in a state

too much resembling my own, I immediately go to lay it at the feet of our dear Jesus. I put it close to the foot of the cross that it may be *quite bathed in His precious blood;* I immerse it in this same blood, in holy Communion; I offer it on the Paten with the Sacred Host, and in short I try to incorporate it in such a manner with the adorable Son of God that the Eternal Father cannot reject it. Do the same for me, my dear child, and for us all. If we do not tell you of all our little weaknesses we have plenty of them to struggle against.

Sometimes bear a cross and offer it for your aged parents, (for we are now getting quite old,) at another time for your sister Susan who is always sick; at another, for your brother who is obliged to pursue his studies and keep up his fervor amid so many distractions and laborious occupations; then for your elder sister, who, I dare say, find crosses even in those cold regions. You see it is very well I copied the letters on the first part of the sheet, for when I get to chatting with you I never know when to stop so long as paper remains. But I must really read over your letter and see what points remain to be answered. I coincide with you entirely in regard to the offering you made of yourself to our Blessed Lady, and firmly believe that if you persevere in claiming and suing for her very special protection, she will not refuse it. Claim her as your mother. Tell her you were offered to her by contract, even before your birth; and it was in consequence of this contract that your natural mother first paid her devotions to her. Kiss the medal very often and repeat the prayer engraved upon it. Apply to her in *all your little difficulties as well as in your trials;* for I have witnessed her *miraculous power* more frequently in regard to things of apparently small moment. Don't forget St. Joseph, however; he is next to our Blessed Lady, and will not fail to aid you WHENEVER YOU ASK HIM. I am very glad you have a devotion to St. Augustin. Continue, and you will find him a true and efficacious friend. Sometimes also invoke St. Monica. I feel more indebted to good Mr. Borgna than I can express. and you, my dear child, what do you not owe him for so much kindness! so many masses! What a grace! or rather, what a fund of benedictions will they not draw upon you if you co-operate the designs of God! Present him my sincere thanks for all he has done for my poor child, with my very humble and cordial respects. I made, I think, a slight acknowledgment of your kind letters to myself, &c. .....

When Bp. Fenwick was here I kissed his ring and got his blessing for you. He had gone long before your letter arrived or I might have done it again and satisfy your devotion. As to getting your Father to write, I fear it will be rather a difficult task, as he seldom writes to any one. With regard to my prevailing on him to visit you, I must refer you to our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. They alone could do that.

Ask them with confidence, and if it is according to the will of God they will obtain it for you. Make friends with them, and they will take care of all your concerns.

Dear old Sister Theresa is here and bids me tell you to "make hay while the sun shines," for when you get old as she is, you can do but little. She also tells me to say for her, that she hopes you are humble, docile and obedient, and all that is good. You may be sure your mother will not oppose this. No; and that you may be all this, and every thing that will render you dear to our good Saviour, is my constant prayer.

In my annual retreat, there was a passage in one of the meditations which struck me so forcibly that I got Sister S. to translate it for me, and I will here transcribe it for you:

"On Confession. Do you know what passes whilst the priest is "giving you absolution? The heavens open, the Holy Ghost descends, "the devils are driven out of your soul, the Son of God washes you in "His blood, you are clad in the nuptial robe and made fit to assist at "the nuptials of the Lamb. You come out of hell; you resuscitate, "like Lazarus from the tomb; you are delivered from your sins and "the eternal punishment they had incurred; you return to the Com-"munion of the Church and of the Saints; you are re-established in "the quality of child of God; you recover your right to the inheritance "of paradise which you had forfeited; you receive infused graces—the "gifts of the Holy Ghost, and an infinity of other treasures."

Is it not excellent? When you write tell me how you like it. But it is time to bid you farewell, and I must say a few words to your worthy Superior. May God bless you with His choicest blessing, and may you watchfully correspond *to his grace* and His *designs over you*, especially by a sweet and amiable obedience, is the ardent prayer of your devoted mother. SR. M. AUGUSTINE.

CONVENT OF THE VISITATION,

Mobile, February, 1850.

My dearly beloved Abey:—(Ursuline Nun in Quebec.)

Your dear letter of January 4th is by me, and no doubt you have often thought the answer was long coming, for, as I have much more writing to do this year than I had last, it is difficult to find much leisure. Besides I had your letter to transcribe twice, that I might send a copy to your dear brother and sister (Josephine) each of which was accompanied with a pretty lengthy letter of my own, which, I flatter myself, will secure some prayers to my dear Abey.

Mary in one of her last letters said that as soon as she should be in heaven she would try to get all our little family snugly fixed there :— and it seems she is commencing with you. Be courageous, and repeat frequently—in your heart at least,—that beautiful aspiration which so much consoled your dear sister in her pains, and which you are endeavoring to repeat on every occasion. Yes, let the holy will of God be done in all things ! but may we never offend Him ! Say this lovingly : say it confidently ; that is, with the conviction that being just, wise and *paternal*, it will never suffer anything to befall you but for your good.

If we truly confide in our dear and merciful Father who is in heaven, He will not only call us out of this life at the time He sees us best prepared, but he will so nicely proportion His grace to all our pains and crosses as to afford us wherewith to satisfy His divine justice, and obtain a speedy union with Him. For instance, if through the mercy of our poor human nature, you were to forget yourself so far as to speak impatiently to one of your dear sisters, your spouse, seeing that all your trust, confidence and expectations were in Him, might inspire you to ask pardon promptly and thus repair the fault. And if He discovered regret in your heart for having caused Him a little displeasure, may you not suppose that He would grant you the grace to say : "Eternal Father ! I offer Thee the most precious blood of Jesus Christ, in expiation of my sins and for the wants of thy holy church," or something similar by which you would become dearer to Him than before your fall ? Passing from small to great things, extend this confidence even to the moment of death, and you will totally disarm that king of terrors. You remember the quotation I made from St. Liguori's "*True Spouse*" for your beloved sister Mary. Yet as I wish you and all who are dear to me to reduce it to practice when the critical moment of death may arrive, I will have it copied and enclose it in my letter. You have continual occasion to practice this holy resignation in your pains ; and I beg you, my dear child, to bear in mind that each act pronounced ; each little turn of the heart, showing to your dear spouse that you wish and resolve to embrace all his wills, will increase His glory and your happiness (as says a little book of devotions to the S. Heart) not for a short period, such as you will employ in pronouncing it,—but through all *eternity*. How good and tenderly paternal is our dear Lord to furnish us with such easy means of canceling our debts and of amassing treasure of glory and happiness ! He is all love, and He wishes to be loved. Love Him, then my dear child. Love Him for yourself. Love Him for me, love Him for us all ! and as you have long been "Mary's little goat," ask her if it is not time to change you into one of her little lambs. Beg her confidently and lovingly to

do it *soon*, that you may give more glory to that sweet and beautiful SON, of whom the Eternal is father and she is mother. Tell her to think of this incomparable honor of being associated with the eternal father to produce a son for the redemption of us poor sinners. Then coax her, beg her, importune her. Offer her your pains; tell her that you will bear them for her sake, if she and dear St. Joseph will only come and unite with you in aspirations to her adorable son whom you so much desire to please. Beg them too, with your dear angel, to say them for you when, through your pains and miseries, you omit or forget them. If you are not exceedingly low, this will not fatigue you; it will rather divert your thoughts from your pains and from yourself to think of those beautiful, those enchanting beings with whom you are soon to dwell. Tell your dear mother, the B. Virgin, to fix up, to adorn you suitably, and not to allow your poor soul to appear in a shabby attire before persons of such dignity.

Beg some precious pearls from her, from St. Joseph, some from your dear angel and each of your patrons that you may appear decked agreeably to the taste of your illustrious spouse. I am so pleased you were not afraid to go and meet Him, even when you were so ill as to make it appear probable He was about to call you. That shows confidence, and it delights me. Love your spouse. Confide in your spouse! but neither dread nor fear Him (save the fear of displeasing Him). I would wish to repeat it a thousand and a thousand times. Pin the little paper I enclose, to your curtains, and read it often. The enemy will perhaps whisper: "But you have reason to lose or diminish your confidence, for you have been a great sinner."

That you have been a great sinner I can readily believe; and so have I. I have the sins of upwards of sixty years weighing upon me; and with them all, aggravated as they are, by abuse of grace, I will still confide in our dear and merciful Lord; for I know His mercies and His merits are sufficient, not only to outweigh all my sins, but those of thousands of worlds. Apply this to yourself. Cast yourself into the arms of His Providence, and repose there. Let him carry you where he pleases. Let Him do with you what He pleases; all will be well. You have nothing to do but to confide in Him, and accept amiably and lovingly all that He may send. Lie and kiss the heart of your dear spouse,—(your crucifix)—with the intention of doing all that I have suggested, and He will accept it and even supply what you have not strength to offer, if He can only see you have the will to do it.

I thank you much for the prayers and for everything that was in your letter, the half of which I do not expect to answer here; for it would take all my paper, and I wish to chat with my poor, dear sick child. I will answer or arrange all the affairs of the letter with our

dear Lord. How kind he was to cause your vomiting to cease that He might visit you.

He is continually doing something to make us love Him. He turns our very afflictions and privations into benedictions. You experience this, I am sure, many times each day; but how particularly sensible was it to you after you had been so long deprived of His corporal presence. You have no idea how interested our dear Mother Agnes is for you. Besides one general Communion which she had offered for you, she has allowed several sisters to offer particular ones; which, many of them have assured me, they do daily for your dear community. I have long prayed daily and begged prayers for your dear Mothers Gabriel, Andrews, &c.; but since I have your precious list, I add your attendants and especially your dear scribe. I do not forget dear Srs. Ann, Joseph, nor any you mentioned; not that I attach any value to my prayers, but I know it will be a consolation to you, my dear Abey, to know that your poor mother is not ungrateful to those who are so kind, attentive and truly motherly to you. I now have the list lying open before me; and as I read, how I wish to say some little kind word to each one! but I limit myself as to paper that I may not tax you with too heavy a postage.*

Do not infer from this, that the postage of the letters I receive is felt by this community. Far from it, they never mention it, and are quite delighted when I get a letter from any of my family. I received one a few days since, from my dear sister, in which she tells that she (now sixty-nine years of age) and my beloved mother,—upwards of ninety, enjoy good health; but that my mother's faculties are so impaired that she appears quite unlike her former self. Yet she seems to be, almost the whole time, employed in her prayers and in thinking and speaking of God. She added, that my dear mother showed almost none of this forgetfulness so common to persons of advanced age. My sister's letter is filled with piety; but she is too well satisfied with the safety and sanctity of her own religion, to think of embracing the Catholic faith. The same is the case with my poor mother and all the family; but they are surrounded by Protestants and see no Catholics, and have very little opportunity of obtaining information. They all, i. e., my dear mother, sister and children, desire much love to you and to each member of our family. Often raise your heart to our merciful Lord for them, for me, and for all our little family, with each of the communities to which we severally belong, with the intention of obtaining for us, all that which you desire and ask for yourself and your dear community. Your precious letter was read out in recreation, where we

* Postage was then twenty-five cents a sheet.

could converse freely on it; your ages, entrance into religion, professions, &c., observed; which made us quite acquainted with you all: and I have messages sufficient to fill a pretty long letter; but as there is no room, I must say in one word that *all* and each of this community desire a great deal of cordial love to you, &c.....

SR. M. AUGUTINE BARBER.

CONVENT OF THE VISITATION.

MOBILE, Oct. 29, 1850.

My Dearly Beloved Child (Abey):

Your favor of September 6th was received several weeks since, but I have been so closely employed preparing our scholars for the annual exhibition, preceded by a public examination, that I could not write sooner. It is true, the exhibition was the 14th inst., but since then I have been so closely bound to the pen, as I was before to class. But to your dear letter.

Sincerely do I thank the blessed Lord for the improvement in your health and for enabling you to attend the retreat, Holy Mass, to communicate in the choir and to go sometimes besides, to visit your adorable spouse and to make your meditation in His presence. As long as he allows you to do it, improve it faithfully yet prudently and only in obedience, thanking Him for it; and when He deprives of this or any other favor, thank Him also for *that;* bearing in mind that you may please Him more by resignation than enjoyment.

Do not forget in your long and tedious sickness to strive to gain all the merit that your spouse intends you should derive from it, by frequent interior acts, particularly of meekness and resignation; for these, whilst they fortify you to bear all with sweetness, will obtain for you that recollection which, (a long time ago) you complained that you needed. Do not even bear your pains through custom, and because you have become inured to them, but because our Lord is pleased to send them; frequently recollecting that He stands behind the lattice, looking on and counting the degrees of glory He is to obtain from each. Thus borne, they will become His treasures, of which He will boast, as having been acquired by one so miserable, in whom His grace has so powerfully operated.

But should you, growing weary of your long-continued indisposition, fail to offer them or to resign yourself willingly to them; then the graces which your spouse had prepared for you and which would have obtained the application of a multitude of His sacred merits to your soul, will pass by to some one who is more recollected and more watch-

fully attentive to increase his love in her heart. I fear I am speaking too seriously, when I ought rather, recreate to my poor sick child; if so, you must pardon me, for I consider this (sickness) your time of harvest, in which you have an opportunity of storing up provisions for a long journey, and even for a time of famine,—which may follow. It is a very common notion that a poor sick person must be recreated and her mind relaxed by telling and showing her a thousand things, to which her state of debility renders her unable to attend, so as to be of any service to the community; consequently it would be better for her to inquire only about the little things in which she can employ herself. Then she will have time to make the little simple acts which are so beautiful in the sight of her spouse; in return for which *He* will recreate her interiorly by a thousand pious and cheerful thoughts; so that oftentimes, a glance at her crucifix will fill her with spiritual joy. You say, my dear child, in your last letter that the fear of not profiting by your sickness gives you much uneasiness. This uneasiness is worse than useless; it is a real hindrance which prevents you from doing what our Lord desires of you. He requires that you remain quiet, tranquil and resigned to His holy will, recreating yourself with Him, by making acts, as I have suggested above, without inquiring or even thinking how or when your sickness will terminate;—for such thoughts produce anxiety and destroy resignation. Our Lord puts you on your sick bed. Stay there contentedly to please Him, and have or form no plans of your own. Let him plan and direct,—you submit. And if you wish to please him exceedingly, be pleased with what He ordains for you. This will at once cut off a million of distractions, and draw Him to your heart, where He will remain if only you attend to Him and entice Him to stay by these little simple acts of love and resignation.

You say you wish to know something more about the indulgence of the six paters, aves and gloria.*

I had it copied word for word from a copy printed in French, and our Sisters from Lyons, where the devotion was common and well known, say it is authentic. If I could command my time I would perform the devotion fifty times a day to release the poor suffering souls from purgatory; telling them that when admitted to the adorable presence of our Lord, they must praise and glorify Him for me and all mine, obtain the entire conversion of us and multitudes of other sinners and the release of other suffering souls. I endeavor to say them at least twice a day—sometimes more. On the feast of St. Ursula our mother allowed me to beg a Mass for my Ursuline daughters and sisters, which our confessor willingly said; and I was permitted to communicate for

* See Glories of Mary page 66, chapter on Scapular, &c.

the same intention. I am sorry our beloved Mary's portrait was not sent to Quebec; but I do not wish it sent to Mobile. Should your sister Josephine ever have an opportunty of sending it north, I hope the good mothers will keep it:—at any rate, I do not wish to have it. I trust she is a saint in heaven, and that is enough. Your sister Josephine's health has improved, and I believe, re-established.

All the accounts I receive from St. Louis respecting her, are most edifying and consoling to a mother's heart.

You seem to regret that you cannot, with your good mothers and sisters say the beads for this community. Such a privation will not exclude you from participating in the benefit, as in religion all is in common; besides, the obedience and privation afford you double merit, and one act of resignation is better than the saying of twenty prayers of beads without such resignation.

And so your breaking out is worse! Poor Job! Profit by it as he did; and if your superior will permit, continue to take the burdock root syrup. It will eventually cure you, unless it be a visitation from God, by the continuation of which He wishes you to merit crowns for heaven. Your sister Josephine is now preparing,—that is cutting and drying a great quantity to send us, as we do not succeed in raising it in this climate. Perhaps your humor proceeds from dyspepsia, with which—from your vomiting—I conclude you are troubled. Some weeks ago I was attacked with it; which, one of our scholars discovering, she brought me a bottle of "Extrait d'absinthe," directing me to take a small teaspoonful three times a day, in a little water. I had never seen or heard of the medicine before; and had not much faith in its efficacy; however I tried it and was cured in a few days; though I was obliged to avoid taking much fluid—such as tea, coffee or soup—on my stomach.

As it is a French medicine you may be acquainted with its virtues. I was so much engrossed by school and monastic duties about the time I last wrote to you, that I remember neither the date nor the contents of the letter.

I have been under the impression that in it, I told you of the death of my dear mother; though, within a few minutes past, I begin to doubt. If I did not, I have been guilty of a great oversight. But your sister Josephine has, I think, informed you. However, knowing it will afford you consolation, I will transcribe a part of your aunt Charlotte Glover's letter, written August 14th: "Our dear aged mother departed this life on the 10th of the present month, at 6 o'clock P. M. She had been gradually declining since January. In March and since that time she was mostly confined to her bed. Her mind, though impaired, (that is, enfeebled) was uniformly calm and peaceful, and she

perfectly resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, not expressing a wish to continue longer or depart, only in accordance with His holy will. Death to her was apparently like an expiring lamp, without a struggle or groan, aged ninety years and one month. We have a strong faith that she is at rest; and we can look in a better world, &c., &c." Charlotte, after saying considerably more about the death of my beloved mother, continued: "When you last wrote dear Abey was very sick; but I conclude she has recovered or you would have written to inform us. I hope soon to hear from you and through you from each of the children, to whom we all unitedly, send much love, and pray that though separated on earth we may be united in heaven." I feel that the many prayers which have been offered for my beloved mother were not lost, and that the resignation she practiced, not only during her last sickness, but through life, under the severest trials has obtained mercy for her. I beg that you and all will pray for her, &c., &c.

SR. M. AUGUSTINE BARBER.

Many thanks for the prayers you offer for your brother Samuel, your sister and myself; for they with their bad health, and I with my multiplicity of *little infirmities* and slender stock of virtue, need them much. And if you wish to know with what devotion I should be best pleased,—what I would prefer your offering for me, I will tell you quite simply, believing that your fervor and satisfaction will be increased by the conviction that you are gratifying your aged mother. Then, my dear child, make for me some practical acts of resignation to the holy will of our Blessed Lord each day; and in saying the office and in performing the other duties marked by our holy rules and constitutions, include me and all mine in your offering; and then perform them through a spirit of obedience; keeping the mind, will and heart subject, for the love of Him who submitted unreservedly, lovingly and perseveringly to all those whom His eternal Father permitted to command Him. Keep your mind humble and tranquil; remembering that our Holy Father (St. Francis de Sales) says that a little performed with great love is better than a great deal performed with little love.

I, through necessity, perform a great many exterior duties; and much do I apprehend, that when weighed in the justice of God, they will be found wanting in love. I am even confident that nothing but obedience (in which I have implicit faith) and the mercy of our good God can save me. Pray for me in the manner I have named above.

SR. M. A. BARBER.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF

Sister MARY BENEDICTA, of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.
Sister FRANCIS-XAVIER, also of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec.
Sister MARY ST. JOSEPH, of the Ursuline Convent, Three Rivers, Canada.
Rev. SAMUEL BARBER, S. J.
All children of Virgil Horace and Jerusha Barber.

MARY BARBER,

IN RELIGION

SISTER MARY BENEDICTA.

Mary, the eldest child of Virgil Barber, was born in January, 1810. After spending some years in the Visitation Convent of Georgetown she went to the Convent of the Ursulines in Boston where she took the veil on August 15th, 1826, and made her profession two years later, in 1828. After the burning of the convent near Charlestown, whither the Ursulines had moved from Boston, and several fruitless attempts to re-open a school in the same city, Sister Mary Benedicta entered the Convent of the Ursulines in Quebec in 1844. She died in the same convent in 1848 at the age of 38.

We owe to the pen of Sister Mary Benedicta an admirable relation of the burning of the convent near Charlestown, (Mass.,) in 1834.

Extract from a letter of Mother St. Croix to Sister M. Josephine.

URSULINE CONVENT,

QUEBEC, Nov. 29, 1880.

"Let me tell you my souvenirs of your angelic sister, Mary, our Mother M. Benedicta. When I entered the convent as a pupil in 1835, Mother M. Benedicta was teacher of English grammar and literature.

Active, energetic, zealous, she spared no pains in advancing her pupils. Above all, she sought to insinuate a spirit of piety, and that with such warmth from her own heart, inflamed with the love of God, that I, for one, can certify that her sweet lessons were never forgotten. How often have I cited to my own pupils her lucid remarks, her judicious observations while I made the eulogium of my dear English teacher as of one in whom I had found combined every perfection; or, as I have expressed it in *'The Glimpses of the Monastery,'* she personified the three graces, who in her were not only christian but eminently religious. How well I remember that last year of her teaching, when already the malady which deprived us of her services, had begun its fatal inroads upon her constitution! She was at the time first mistress of the half boarders; (I was second). She had succeeded in introducing among them the confraternity of the 'Children of Mary.' How ardently she continued to labor in spite of her sufferings; concealing them as much as possible,—coming to class in the intervals of comparative repose, and struggling to perform her usual duties as if in health. It was only by order of the physician that at last she consented to take her bed, little foreseeing even then, no doubt, that it would be her death bed. I was young, and I felt my incapacity to succeed her as teacher of the first English class. But how kindly she aided and encouraged me as day by day I would come to her bedside for her instructions! How often on these occasions would she involuntarily betray the secret of her own piety and of her constant efforts to benefit the souls of her pupils, while she would suggest to me the utmost purity of intention, and show me how to do that double work which is the aim of the true religious teacher. Later, in my still frequent visits to the infirmary, dear mother M. Benedicta always appeared to me the model of a religious invalid; but how sweet was her smile of recognition! how edifying her resignation to the adorable will of God, who orders all things for our good! The seat of her malady seemed to be in her back, between her shoulders. There poultices were applied to ease the pain during many long weeks. One day I beheld the painful sight as the infirmarian was tenderly dressing the many ulcers that covered her poor back. I could never forget it. It seemed

to me that I could see the sacred body of our blessed Lord after the cruel scourging. Speaking of the dear departed, our Rev. Mother said to me: 'I was privileged to watch with her the night before her death. Another Sister watched also. While the latter had gone to take refreshments, the dear sufferer noticing me near her, told me in her feeble, dying voice to go and take something also.'

How habitual must have been her self-forgetfulness. It was like herself indeed, to think ever of the wants of others and not her own. At last the long martyrdom drew to a close. With angelic piety our dear sufferer had received the last sacraments, and still lingered,—waiting the bridegroom, coming. The long prayers for the agonizing had been said, and still the feeble lamp continued to give out its flickering light. The bridegroom tarried till May 9th (her father's birthday). On that morning I entered the infirmary just in time to join in the last prayers we could say for our beloved Sister. I knelt just near her, and saw her raise her feeble emaciated hands to make the sign of the cross as I began the litany of the Blessed Virgin. Bringing her two hands together as we are wont at the beginning of the Divine Office, she bowed her head and expired, recalling to my mind, by her attitude and the sweet expression of her placid countenance, the expiring of our dear Lord on the cross. Yes, dear sister, your beloved Mary, after a long year of suffering endured uncomplainingly, passed to a better life, leaving us to deplore her early loss, whilst we treasure up with consolation the souvenir of her piety, her zeal for the observance of the rule and the good of souls, her labors in the Institute and the edifying example of the daily practice of every religious virtue.

MARY ABIGAIL BARBER,

IN RELIGION

SISTER FRANCIS-XAVIER.

"On September 11th, 1878, my Sister Abey (Sr. Francis-Xavier) cele brated her golden jubilee of religious profession. This was only eighteen months before her death. She was even then, an occupant of the infirmary but went down to participate in the Community fete. The refectory was festooned with green, and in a conspicuous place appeared the cipher 50 wrought in flowers. They presented her with gifts and tokens, and the Sisters sang for the crowning, some beautiful verses of their own composition, some also, composed by Rev. T. Hamon, S. J. In November, 1879, a severe stroke of paralysis left my sister helpless, speechless and unconscious. Extreme Unction was administered and she remained in this state until December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, when being restored to consciousness she had the happiness of receiving the holy Viaticum then and several times afterwards."

The following letters were written from the Ursuline Convent of Quebec to Sister M. Josephine.

SISTER M. XAVIER'S DEATH.

URSULINE CONVENT,

QUEBEC, March 1, 1880.

My very dear Sr. Josephine:

Although I answered your last letter in due time, I feel that you must be anxious to hear again from your dear suffering sister. She is still lingering on her bed of pains; but apparently the hour of her release is at hand. From the time you last heard from her there has been little change in her state until now. She has remained completely helpless; and although sufficiently conscious to understand what is said, she has never recovered the faculty of speech beyond a word or two at a time. This degree of consciousness has been to her a most precious boon, enabling her to join in the prayers, offerings of herself and her sufferings, the tender aspirations, &c., suggested to her by her

indefatigable infirmarian, who has scarcely quitted her side, by day or night since the commencement of her illness. This dear soul, Sister St. Charles, is your sister's *special* infirmarian; having volunteered her services from a sense of special gratitude—(having been her pupil in music in former days)—and were she waiting on her own mother, or on our Blessed Lady herself, I do not think she could do it with more affection and devotedness. Her services had been required indeed, our infirmary being very laborous and visited by death; on which account the dear invalid has been transported to another infirmary, the old Novitiate,—the very apartment where she commenced her religious life. A few days ago, your good sister received again the visit of our dear Lord in holy Viaticum; and on Friday, February 27th, Extreme Unction again. Yesterday she had a turn of weakness, which brought the community around her for the prayers for the agonizing; and these have been reiterated in part, since, as well as the visits of her confessor, &c., which have been frequent throughout her illness.

Wednesday, March 3. My dear good sister, you are prepared, are you not, to hear that all is over, that all is at rest,—that the poor weak frame has sunk, and left the soul free to wing its eager way to the bosom of its God! Yesterday evening at about half-past eight, the last symptoms appeared. Our dear Mother Superior was again at the bedside of our beloved sister, with a part of the community in prayer, accompanying the departing soul. It was about eleven o'clock when the last feeble breath told that the oft-invited bridegroom had come for His faithful spouse. Her whole life had been spent in the house of the Lord, in innocence and fervor. All the precious moments have been reckoned and each has received an abundant recompense. The sufferings of a long and painful malady alone were needed to complete the splendor of her crown; and these have been plentifully supplied with consciousness to profit by them, and the comforts of sympathy and religion to alleviate their bitterness. You are aware, dear sister, with what a liberal hand our holy rule has provided prayer for the dear deceased. The grand office at the funeral, Masses, Via Crucis, Communion, &c. Surely our dear sister will take a legion of souls with her, by sharing with them the surplus of her spiritual riches. The burial will take place to-morrow morning. I enclose a little heart worked by our dear sister. May our blessed Lord himself comfort your loving heart! You will kindly let us hear from you soon. Our Rev. Mother and Community unite with me in sympathy and affection.

Yours, &c.

SR. ST. CROIX.

She was aged sixty-nine years.

LETTER FROM THE REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

URSULINE CONVENT,

QUEBEC, March 18, 1880.

My very dear sister in Xt. (To Sister Mary Josephine).

To me you are more than a sister in religion; you are doubly dear to my heart, being so closely connected with our beloved mothers, St. Benedicta and St. Francis-Xavier. The former was my teacher in the novitiate; the latter was my sister and spiritual daughter; and as such had strong claims on my affection. .....Sr. St. Croix gave you the details of Mother Xavier's last illness, and happy death.

Had you seen how beautiful she looked you would be consoled to know that the spirit was happy. The change came immediately after death. We felt no repulsion in presence of the remains; on the contrary, we loved to contemplate her as she lay on her bier.

Your last letter to her caused her so much emotion that I was obliged to discontinue reading it. Owing to her loss of speech she could not express her sentiments, but her sobs and tears spoke her love for her only surviving sister. She often spoke of you and the other members of her family.

During her mother's life time she often showed me her letters, which I found admirable. Would it be asking too much, dear sister, to have some of your sister Susan's writing and the account of your parent's conversion? We will be so grateful for it. Be kind enough to pray for our dear M. St. Agnes who died a few hours after your dear sister, St. Agnes.

SR. ST. CATHRINE, Superior.

LETTER FROM SR. ST. CHARLES, (To Sr. M. Josephine).

Many thanks, dear sister, for your sweet little picture, which possesses great value for me, as it comes from the beloved sister of our dear departed one. Thanks for your kind words in Mere St. Croix's letter. It is very true, that I would not have done more for my own mother; but had not she been always a kind mother to me from my childhood? The dear invalid suffered a real martyrdom; but always patient and ever cheerful. Her piety was most edifying. It was my pleasure to notice the holy expression of her countenance each time I would suggest some aspiration; and whenever I appeared to forget the morning or night prayers, she would point to the holy water to remind me of my duty. Whatever she desired was granted by the tender care of our kind Rev.

Mother Superior. I am glad her sufferings have come to an end, but I miss her very much. Her cell is mine now; and the pictures are left just as she arranged them. A little one representing the Blessed Virgin with the child Jesus, was at the foot of her bed, in the folds of the curtains. She loved to look at it; and when I said the words, printed by her beneath this picture: "*Mary, my good mother!*" she would repeat them after me, her lips trembling with emotion. Oh! I now hope she is with her *two* blessed mothers in heaven, praying for you and for us all. Adieu, &c.

Yours, &c.,

SR. ST. CHARLES.

REV. SAMUEL BARBER, S. J.

The reader will remember two letters written by Rev. Samuel Barber, giving an account of the illness and death of his father. The extract of the *Catholic Mirror*, which we reproduce, and the two following letters, will convince us that Rev. Samuel Barber was not an unworthy son of his admirable and saintly parents.

REV. SAMUEL BARBER, S. J.

Samuel having finished his noviceship at Whitemarsh, Md., left for Rome in August, 1832. He remained in Rome about eight years. On his return he was stationed successively at Georgetown, Frederick, Washington City and St. Thomas' Manor, at which last he died, February 23, 1864, aged 50 years. The Rev. Jesuit Fathers wrote as follows:

Dear Sister:

Although not personally acquainted, I write to give you some particulars of the life and last illness of your beloved brother, our superior in this mission; for I feel sure you will be pleased to hear something about him from one who witnessed during the last six years of his mortal career, the many virtues he practiced. In his private life, as a religious he was very exact, and required the same exactitude from those under his charge. He was very obedient to his superiors, and I do not remember to have heard him at any time, complain of their dispositions. As a missionary he labored strenuously for the salvation of souls. Although attentive to all, the poor were the foremost object of

his thoughts and solicitudes. Father Barber was taken sick with a severe cold in January. A few days later he was attacked with typhoid fever, the symptoms of which soon became alarming. The two doctors, however, got control of the disease; the patient began to improve, and was considered out of danger. On February 21st a sudden change took place and all remedies proved unavailing. He calmly expired on the 23d, 1864, aged 50, after having received the sacraments. We have every reason to hope his death, though a great loss for us, is a gain for him, and that he is enjoying the reward of a life well spent in the service of God.

Yours, &c.,

ANGELO M. PARESCE, S. J.

DEATH OF FATHER BARBER.

Died at St. Thomas' Manor, Charles County, Md., on Friday, Feb. 23, 1864, Rev. Samuel Joseph Barber, in the 50th year of his age.

He was born on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, 1814. His father, V. Barber, and his grandfather, Daniel Barber, were Protestant ministers, and subsequently converts to our holy faith. His father having become a priest of the Society of Jesus, and his mother a nun of the order of the Visitation, Samuel Joseph, who was then very young, was placed at Georgetown College, D. C., where he graduated with honor in his 17th year, and immediately entered the Society of Jesus.

After two years of novitiate, made partly in Georgetown College, partly at Whitemarsh, Prince George's county, Md., he was sent to Rome, where he repeated Philosophy, studied a full course of Moral and Dogmatic Theology, and having been ordained priest, returned to his native country in 1840. Distinguished by the requisite talents, learning and virtue, he was in due course of time admitted to the solemn profession of the Four Vows, the highest grade in his order. He filled with ability and success the various offices of vice president and professor of Georgetown College, master of novices at Frederick, President of Gozanga College, Washington, and pastor of St. Thomas', Charles County.

Of a clear and cultivated intellect, of a pure and devout heart, and of zeal always active and fervent, he possessed in no ordinary degree "the wisdom which the lips of the priest should keep," and "the holiness that becometh the house of God." The ignorant whom he instructed, the guilty whom he reclaimed, the sorrowing whom he consoled, the poor whom he assisted, the pious whom he led to greater

sanctity by exhortation and example, the religious and especially the priests, who received from him their first lessons in the Science of the Saints, have reason long to remember him not only tearfully but prayerfully, now that the term of his trial is over and he is gone from the scene of his toils on his journey to the theatre of his triumph, from his ministrations at the humble altars of earth, to worship at the grand altar of heaven. In his person, that branch of the Barber family of which he was a member, has been gloriously terminated by the Priesthood; for he was an only son, and his sisters, four in number, all imitating the lofty example of their pious mother, became cloistered religious, God richly rewarding by so sublime a vocation, the self-sacrifice of their father and grandfather, who, despite the puritan prejudices of a New England education and the strong ties of blood, friendship and association, severed their connection with the Protestant ministry, and sought religious truth and peace where alone they can be found, in the bosom of the only spouse of Christ, the Holy Roman Catholic Church.—R. I. P.—[Catholic Mirror.

LETTER OF REV. SAMUEL BARBER TO HIS MOTHER.

COLLEGE OF THE NOBLES,

ROME, April 19, 1835.

Beloved and affectionate mother:

Must I again repeat the old story—"I had no time"—in order to excuse my long delay in answering your affectionate letters Aug. 28 and Oct. 21, 1833; which a mother's heart might have imagined long ago at the bottom of the ocean, rather than suspect her son could have been so long deaf to the calls of filial duty. No, I have not written; the letters have not been lost; so much I confess.

To the last conclusion let your maternal heart answer; it cannot but defend me. During the last scholastic year I have applied to the study of metaphysics and mathematics, under excellent professors, as no doubt you must have learned from me on some former occasion. Last August I underwent the usual examination in both branches; and at the commencement of the new scholastic year,—that is about the beginning of November, I was put to study the second year of philosophy. The delight, it is true, arising from the studies of the second year much surpasses that which is experienced in the dryer study of metaphysics and the lower branch of mathematics; but the labor increases in proportion to the pleasure. Last year we had but two professors; this year we have three. You no doubt remember

once leading me to visit your famous Odeon, that whilst showing me a variety of mineral specimens, together with your physical and chemical apparatus, you asked me whether I felt no interest in these studies? showing thereby a sort of wish for me to apply to them. Behold your desire fully accomplished! for the chief studies that at present occupies my time and attention, are those of physics and chemistry. Our professors are excellent. The professor of physics made his studies in Paris, under the most celebrated professors of the present day in France.

Our professor in chemistry has lately written and published a treatise on this subject in four volumes—in Italian. The work is very much esteemed, as well for the beauty of the language as for the chemical knowledge therein displayed. I have often wished it were translated into English that I might send you a copy.

Our fathers in Georgetown have the first two volumes in their library, and I expect the others to be sent on shortly from Rome. You might perhaps be able to induce some one at the college to translate them for you.

The third school to which I attend is that of ethics.

You may easily judge now, how much spare time I have. But this is not all. Had I no other occupation than my studies I should think myself well off.

You must have noticed,—and not without some surprise, that my letter is not dated from the Roman College but from the College of Nobles. Too true, indeed! The scholastic year had scarcely commenced, when the prefect of the large boys in the said college was obliged to resign his post, in order to take the priesthood. I was sent to fill his place. Although I find my hands full, nevertheless I feel perfectly contented. Moreover, I am far from thinking my time lost in having to watch, the whole day, over the boys entrusted to my care. Of this very duty I form a new and very diligent study, applying myself to learn the character and inclinations of youth; an art difficult indeed, but which undoubtedly, will be of great service to me on my return to my native country. Besides, the order, subordination and good heart of the Italian youth, serve in a great measure to render light a burden which of itself might be calculated to oppress me.

In one of yours you request me to let you know whether my sisters write. I received one letter from Mary, Abey and Josephine, and two from Susan since writing to them; all dated 1833, except Josephine's, which was dated 1834, the only letter she had written me since her leaving Georgetown for the west. All these letters are as yet unanswered. From father I received a letter about twelve months ago, in which he promises me a copy of the philosophy which was to be printed soon,

This, however, I have not yet seen. The news of Susan's illness might perhaps have given me some cause of grief, had I not learned how great was her fervor and how faithful her correspondence with the grace and designs of God. Happy indeed, is she (and I envy her happiness) persuaded as she is, that the only sure way to heaven is the royal way of the cross. I cannot express the great satisfaction I felt on reading the copy of her letter which you sent me. Father Kohlman, whom I see oftener this year than before, shows great affection towards the whole family, and speaks often of father and mother. He has become old and his limbs tremble a great deal, but nevertheless he still labors much for the conversion of souls insomuch that he has not a spare moment. He did not fail sending me the letter you wrote him. He returns many thanks and hopes you will write often ; but bids me tell you beforehand, you must not be surprised if he is unable to answer punctually.

Remember me affectionately to Rev. Mother Superior, &c., &c. I say nothing of father and sisters as I intend writing to them. Begging your maternal blessing, &c.

SAMUEL, S. J.

SUSAN BARBER,

IN RELIGION

SISTER MARY ST. JOSEPH.

The reader must remember the very kind letter which Rev. Virgil Barber wrote to his dear Susan on December 31, 1836. She died a few days after receiving that letter. The reader must also remember the letters written by Rev. Samuel Barber on the occasion of her death. We have found nothing written by Sister Susan herself.

The following notice which was sent us from Three Rivers, where she died in the Ursuline Convent, will be read with interest:

"That daughter of Rev. V. Barber, who came to Three Rivers, to take her profession, was born at New Haven, Conn., January 4th, 1813. .....She entered the boarding school of the Sisters of the Ursuline of Three Rivers, May 21, 1830, and remained six or seven months only. As her education was so far advanced, she was allowed to put on the habit of a postulant as early as December 8th, 1830. She took the white veil on March 19, 1831, under the name of Sister Mary St. Joseph, and made her profession as Choir Sister on March 19, 1833. She always remained the model of the other religious, both before and after her profession. She was remarkable by her fervor and her generosity in the practice of all the virtues becoming religious, and especially that of holy obedience. Need we wonder that this flower of the cloister was so early in life gathered by the heavenly spouse? She died as the saints die on January 24, 1837."

REVEREND WILLIAM HENRY HOYT.

LATE OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

"May the blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul unto life everlasting."

"May the Lord Almighty and merciful grant you the indulgence, absolution and remission of all your sins."

His last words at the altar, after which he fell gently on the platform, and never arose.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY HOYT.

With the heart full of tender emotion at the remembrance of dear Father Hoyt, we begin compiling the following sketch of his life, from his own diary, the information received of some of his friends and relations, and also from our own personal recollections.

On the 8th day of December, 1883, "at his own desire, he sang the High Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception (at St. Anne's Church, New York). During that Mass it was noticed that he appeared very strong, and sang with extraordinary vigor, a few moments only before the stroke of death seized him. He gave himself his own viaticum, opened the tabernacle, said the *misereatur* and *indulgentiam*. Those were the last words he ever spoke; his hands fell, he turned with his last strength to the altar, and gently fell before it." (Father Preston, in memoriam Wmilliam H. Hoyt)

We had known him, loved and venerated him during many years in Vermont, but his death, so precious before God and man, made him if possible dearer to our heart, and we humbly beg God's grace to enable us to make him better known, so that others may be encouraged to walk in his steps.

William Henry Hoyt was born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, on January 8th, 1813. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1831, and after pursuing a course of study at Andover Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., and at the general Theological Seminary, New

York City, was ordained a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Griswold in 1836.

After his ordination he was for a year or more employed as professor in Bishop Hopkins' Seminary in Burlington, Vt., where he made the acquaintance of his future wife, Miss Anne Deming.

From Burlington he was appointed rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Middlebury, Vt., where he remained about a year.

Young as he was at this time he was already remarked on account of his talent and virtue. One of his early acquaintances, (Bishop Wadhams of Ogdensburg) writes thus of him: "I loved him and confided in him, and followed his advice in regard to reading religious books; but he had nothing to do with the college where I was."

In the year 1838 he was installed rector of the Episcopal Church at St. Albans, Vt., (St. Luke's). His marriage took place on August 21st, 1838.

What we most admired in our venerable friend was his prompt, generous obedience to the call of Divine grace. His habitual disposition was that of Saul prostrated on the road to Damascus: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He was a Protestant minister, and told us that "he was never satisfied, as to the doctrine and origin of his church; he was as yet in darkness, but willing to follow the light; and resolved to seek it and to use every means in his power in order to obtain that grace." On April 11th, 1843, he wrote: "Visited sick child and baptized it; attended evening prayer at 3, preached No. 251 ... was very faint from protracted fasting and labors, not having eaten yesterday or to-day till evening."

On April 12th. "Read the morning prayer, took some slight refreshment this noon after sacrament, being admonished by yesterday's experience, and also of former occasions, that my strength will not bear me up under so much writing and performance of public service without doing so."

On Sept. 27th, 1843. "For more than a week past excitement of Convention, absence from home and company and disturbance of habits of devotion, have put me off my guard, and I have been more than usually careless, and have more frequently and greviously sinned. Especially my thoughts have been unregulated, and I have been unguarded in my conversation. And to-day I have been very wicked, both in thoughts and also in outward conduct. If I am to meet with such relapses much more, after seasons of earnest strictness and fidelity, what is to become of me? My account at the last will be dreadful indeed. Let me therefore put this here as a record, from which to start anew; and endeavor for all coming days that may be yet allowed to me, to be more constant and unerring—to guard better my thoughts

and the general current of my feelings, and to refrain from careles and unreflecting conversation."

Ash Wednesday, Feb. 5th, 1845. "Read Mr. Newman's sermon on Life the season of repentence." Vol. 6, sermon 2d. Took a single cup of coffee, and a small piece of toast in the morning to sustain me through the service, and then *fasted till evening.*"

On Thursday, January 8th, 1841. This is my birthday—33 years old to-day. Time flieth away—and it is short—'converse in fear during the time of your sojourn here.'"

Mr. Hoyt's gratitude to God and resignation to His will appear from the following passages of his diary:

29th November, 1843. "This morning at about 4 o'clock, dear Anne gave birth to a fine boy. *God be devoutly thanked for His goodness to us.*"

August 21st, 1845. "This is the anniversary of our marriage. Seven years ago to-day, my dear Anne and myself were happily joined in holy wedlock, and a happy union has it thus far proved to be. May it ever continue to be so, *and may our Lord make it of long continuance, if it shall so please Him.*"

From the preceding extracts of Mr. Hoyt's diary, we see how earnestly he endeavored to serve God whose laws he seemed never to forget. The congregation of which he had charge at St. Albans was small, and made up of families well to do in the world. To the spiritual welfare of this flock, he devoted himself in the best way he could, visiting and consoling the sick and the dying, baptizing the infant children, preaching from the pulpit, etc.

We could not but notice in reading his diary, how careful he was to procure the decoration of his church and especially how great care he took in teaching his choir, and selecting the music suitable to the different festivals and seasons of the year.

We stated already that Mr. Hoyt told us that he never was satisfied in the Protestant Episcopal Church of which he was a minister. In order to obtain light concerning the all important subject of religion, he applied himself to lead a very good life; and to implore the guidance of heaven; and moreover he spared no money in order to procure the books and papers published in England at that time by Dr. Pusey and his disciples.

After reading a review of one Mr. Palmer's narrative about "The Tracts for the Times," he writes in his diary:

December. Saturday, 2d, 1843. "We certainly are living in trying times, and times fraught with anxious yet obscure forebodings of the future. Divided, distracted, and (humanly speaking) guideless. What is to become of us? God knows, and He surely is ordaining all

things for the best. 'In quietness and confidence then shall be our strength.' Again I say, what will be the issue? May we all steadily go onward in our duty."

On 28th December, 1843, he wrote: "Took up Bishop McIlvaine's last charge to his clergy. He may be well taken as a specimen of the modern (so called) Evangelical school. If it were not for the reflection that our blessed Lord has Himself so fully shown the true temper, tenor, teaching and truth of His gospel, in the four gospels or narratives of the Evangelists, and that we have His sure promise, to be always with His church, to maintain that gospel in it, one might well be distracted and discouraged at seeing such writing *ex cathedra*."

On the day following, December 29th, 1843, he read a book of which he writes: "Read to Anne St. Thomas Becket's life from Butler (Lives of the Saints) this being his Calendar day. A good and holy man, as he was confessedly great and influential. But it is the temper of our age, wholly to misunderstand such men."

Mrs. Anne Hoyt, his admirable wife, had investigated the claims of the Catholic Church with as much care and earnestness as her husband. She was in fact more anxious to enter the church than her husband, and seven months before her profession of the Catholic faith she signified by note to her sister, (Mrs. Maria Tucker) her intention of entering the Catholic Church. Our venerable friend continued his investigations and prayers. He read with serious attention the writings of Dr. Newman, Brownson and others bearing upon the subject, corresponded with Dr. Pise of New York and others, and sometimes as occasion offered itself visited Catholic Churches, attended its services and conversed with Catholic priests, towards whom, as he declared to us, he could not help but to feel attracted.

On December 30th, 1845, he "wrote to the wardens and vestry of the parish resigning the pastoral care of the parish." On this occasion contrary to his practice of merely writing down facts, in his diary, we find recorded the following short remark: "Much feeling occasioned among my parishioners, by the step, and feel not a little moved myself." Our venerable friend had for successor in the charge of the Episcopal Church of St. Albans, the Rev. Mr. Perry, of whom he wrote in his diary:

February 13th, 1846. "Mr. Perry read (at matins) as usual, and I sat in the organ gallery. Mr. P. is now fully rector, having been formally invited by the vestry and having accepted—so my powers and responsibilities have entirely ceased."

On the 15th January Mr. Hoyt had written "to Father Richard of Montreal," probably about the subject which occupied his whole

attention, for he mentions receiving a parcel from him (books no doubt) and it was by him he was baptized.*

A remarkable trait in his character was generosity, which I would rather call prompt obedience to the call of Divine Grace. He had for a long time investigated and prayed. All his doubts had disappeared, and time to enter the church had arrived. On July 24th, 1846, he sent a communication to Bishop Hopkins, containing a renunciation of the Protestant ministry, etc., and on the evening of the same day, left in the boat for Montreal."

HIS RECEPTION IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, 25TH JULY, 1846.

"Arrived at Montreal at 10 A. M. At half-past twelve had an interview with Rev. Mr. Richard, and soon after was admitted to confession by him in the chapel of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, received conditional baptism from his hands, the Rev. Mr. Connelly being present, and made my profession of the Catholic faith, after which having done the required penance, received sacramental absolution; went with Mr. Connelly to Bishop Bourget, had an interview with him and asked and received his blessing. By advice of Mr. Richard am to make my communion early to-morrow morning."

On July 26th the newly baptized convert "rose early and went to the 5 o'clock Mass, at the large Parish Church. Rev. Mr. Richard said Mass, and with numerous others I received the Holy Sacrament—and *I for the first time,.....may I ever gratefully and devoutly remember it, as also the events of yesterday!* I am at last a *Catholic*, God be thanked! May I by His grace be ever kept a good and faithful one!"

Our fervent convert spent the rest of that blessed day in attending solemn High Mass in the Cathedral and Vespers in the Parish Church of Notre Dame, and in the evening went again to confession. On the next day he went to the early Mass and again received communion.

From the intimate acquaintance we had with our friend, we sincerely believe that from the day of his admission in the Catholic Church to that of his death he had not so much as a doubt in matters of religion. But at this time of his Catholic baptism, how could he forget his dear wife and children? Having spoken to the Bishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bourget, of her anxious desire to enter the church, the Prelate gave him a letter for Father Mignault, parish priest of Chambly on the Richelieu, and the devout convert went immediately to Chambly to see the

* Rev. Father Richard, formerly a zealous Methodist minister, had gone to Montreal to try to convert the Sulpicians, but was converted by them and became a member of their congregation and community.

reverend father to make arrangements for the baptism of Mrs. Hoyt and children. He was wamly received by Father Mignault, and made arrangements to go to Burlington and bring his family to Chambly on the following Friday.*

Mr. Hoyt according to appointment arrived at Chambly on the next Friday with his wife and children, and in the afternoon went to visit the venerable pastor. We will let him speak of the events of this precious day.

August 1st, 1846. "Early this morning Anne and myself attended Mass with Charles and William (the two older boys). P. M. Anne went to confession, made her solemn profession in the parish church (St. Joseph's) in the presence of Mr. Mignault and Mr. Provencal, and received conditional baptism with the full ceremonies. In the evening Bishop Bourget arrived from Montreal—went to confession myself." On the next day. "Anne and myself attended the Bishop's Mass and received from his hands the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. After the Mass the Bishop administered to both of us the sacrament of Confirmation. We did not attend the Parochial Mass, but at its close, the congregation being desired to remain, we went to the church and the Right Reverend Bishop baptized our children solemnly before the high altar. The three boys conditionally and the babe for the first time. We all dined at Mr. Mignault's with the Bishop and those who had stood sponsors.

"Our stay at Chambly was very pleasant. The place is beautiful for its natural scenery, and altogether we have brought away with us, feelings and recollections and associations never to be forgotten."

Mr. Hoyt remained with his family at St. Albans after his baptism till the year 1859. He was not now a Protestant minister, but a layman in the Catholic Church. Here in his own quiet way he began and continued to do what all good Catholics should do. 1°. With regard to himself he was most punctual in observing all the laws of the church, but he even did more than what is commanded. He acted according to the spirit of the church, going to Mass every day when it was in his power, and receiving holy communion several times every week. At the close of his life he received communion every day as the early christians did. To him it was immaterial who the celebrant was, or who the priest who could hear his confession. For over a year after his baptism, there was no residing clergyman in St. Albans, and then when a priest would come thither from other parts, Mr. Hoyt

* Reverend Father Mignault, the venerable parish priest of Chambly, may be said to be the first missionary of Vermont. At the time of Mr. Hoyt's baptism he was Vicar General of the Diocese of Boston; a dignity which was conferred also on him for the Diocese of Burlington at the time of its erection in 1853.

would invariably improve the opportunity by receiving the sacraments, and hearing Mass, whether said in a hall or a private house, and sometimes following the priest to other missions in the neighborhood of St. Albans.

In his journeys from home, he would never fail to hear Mass, visit the blessed sacrament, and the first words in his diary from this time to that of his ordination were: "went to Mass to ——, received holy communion, or could not go to Mass....." We have always admired how obedient he was to his pastors, how affectionate and respectful towards them.

With regard to the care of his children we have learned from a certain source, that after his baptism he never failed to say one decade on the beads every day for each one of them, so anxious was he to procure their santification and perseverence; and he never spared any sacrifice in order to have them educated in Catholic colleges or convent schools. One of his most sweet practices of devotion was to render thanks to God on the recurring anniversaries of the birth, baptism or first communion of his children, to offer communion for them and pray for their perseverance.

In relation to his conduct towards his neighbor, although he was not a priest, he acted the part of an apostle amongst the Catholics of St. Albans. In the absence of a priest and of a place for Divine worship, he invited the Catholics to his house and would read good books for them also recite prayers and the rosary. He lost no time in informing the Right Rev. Bishop of Boston concerning the spiritual destitution of that distant part of his flock, and did in reality obtain a priest for the Catholics of St. Albans on the 21st June, 1847. This was the Reverend Father George Hamilton.

The arrival and residence of a priest at St. Albans was for the congregation the beginning of a new life. Mr. Hoyt, as might be expected, began at once to exert himself towards procuring a church for the celebration of Mass. He was in reality the soul of the undertaking, but always under the guidance of the reverend pastor. His diary states briefly the steps he took first to procure a lot, then plans for a church and above all money to carry on the work of building. The lot of ground which they purchased is the one now covered by the church and the priest's house. When the lot was bought there was a house standing on it. This was moved towards the west part of the grounds and fitted up for a temporary building. Here they had now Mass, if not every Sunday, at least at regular intervals, and this was the place which our friend loved to visit and to adorn, for there was the real presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, the heavenly bread, the only food, which he knew well can give life to the soul. The Catholics of St. Albans re-

member well how devoutly he prayed there, and how zealously he helped them in their devotions in the absence of the priest, and also with what care he would prepare the singing of the Gregorian chant for Mass and Vespers. The task of building a church is a terrible one, especially when the funds are not to be found in the parish. This, alas, was the case in St. Albans. The people were very poor, quite incapable of providing the necessary funds, and Mr. Hoyt knew it well. He therefore resolved to do the only thing which could be done in the case, and that was to go out of St. Albans and beg, and he visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Troy, Boston, and some of those places more than once. Troublesome as the work of begging money is, we fancy that our venerable friend experienced much consolation in those expeditions, for he was everywhere well received by the clergy who were not slow to appreciate the worth of our venerable convert. He was welcomed by, and we think became very dear to, the Most Reverend Archbishops Hughes and Kenrick, as also to Mgrs. McCloskey, Fitzpatrick and others. The progress of the Church in America which he witnessed in those excursions, must have been particularly gratifying to a man so devoted to the church as Mr. Hoyt.

On the 13th July, 1849, Mr. Hoyt and the other Catholics of St. Albans had the consolation to witness the blessing of the corner stone of the future edifice, which is now after its completion a very fine structure. The ceremonies were performed by Mgr. McCloskey, at that time Bishop of Albany, and afterwards Archbishop of New York and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The same distinguished prelate "preached a noble discourse, very edifying and eloquent." Mr. Hoyt had desired the church to be erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and he lived long enough to witness its dedication to Almighty God, under the name and patronage of our Mother Immaculate.

It was natural to suppose that Mr. Hoyt would not fail to procure for his friends and former parishioners the happiness that he and his family now enjoyed. In order to obtain this result, he spared neither visits, explanations, and lengthy correspondence. The letters exchanged between him and Professor George Allen of Philadelphia on the subject of the church were particularly interesting. We have counted up more than fifty persons who, at that time owed to him their conversion or education in the Catholic faith, and many of those were persons of superior education and high standing in society. Mr. Hoyt and his venerable wife stood up as sponsors for many of these, and they all loved to visit his hospitable home. He was in fact so humble, so kind and attractive, and in the meantime so learned, that he was to converts especially a tower of strength, and to all clergy and laity the object of truest veneration.

When Mr. Hoyt left St. Albans in 1860 in order to go to Burlington, he left in the former place a striking monument of his zeal in the beautiful church erected chiefly through his exertions; and in the hearts, we dare say of all, Protestants as well as Catholics, the sweet memory of his humble, charitable life.

A few years after his moving to Burlington, they might see at St. Albans another structure intimately connected with the memory of our friend. We refer here to the convent boarding school kept by the Sisters of the Congregation of that village. Amongst the persons whom Mr. Hoyt encouraged and comforted in their trials when they thought of joining the church, were the now well known three Sisters, (*The Young Converts* of Mrs. Julia Smalley) Misses Debby, Helen and Anna Barlow. To the father of these three dear saintly girls, Mr. Hoyt had sold his beautiful property lying south across the street from the Catholic Church. In this house Anna, the youngest of the three, and Debby, the eldest, lived and died after a long-lingering illness. In this house they had been welcomed and comforted by Mr. Hoyt, both in health and in sickness. In this house also Debby Barlow had been visited and comforted in her dying hours by some of the religious of Montreal who had been her former teachers. Well, there stands now on that spot an institution of devoted Sisters who spend their lives in praying and instructing children, poor and rich. The house occupied by Mr. Hoyt has been taken down and replaced by a building suited for a boarding house and school; but the chapel we are told occupies the site of the room in which the two dear sisters suffered and died. When in later years Mr. Hoyt visited St. Albans from Burlington, or when at a still later period he, being a priest, visited it from New York, we well imagine how he felt rejoiced at the sight of the church and of the convent, for of him it might be said, "O Lord I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

a. We have endeavored to show how careful Mr. Hoyt was to

a. Rev. William H. Hoyt lived with us here in Burlington during many years. He continued in this city to lead the same kind of life which he had lead in St. Albans, always remarkable by his gentleness, humility, fidelity to Deity. No one could be more punctual than he was in the discharge of the several offices which he occupied here. For some years he had charge of the organ at the Cathedral; performing this office for some of the time without any remuneration. The congregation never had to complain of his absence or tardiness at the time of the service, and according to our opinion he had the gift of drawing out of the instrument, harmonies in keeping with the innocence and fervour of his soul. We always loved to meet him whether alone or in company, for he could not fail to impress us with the idea that he walked under the eyes of his Maker, that he felt His presence. Above all, we loved to behold him making his way to the church or to chapels in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept, in order to assist at Mass or to spend some time in prayer and adoration. We loved to see him kneeling amongst a crowd of penitents patiently waiting for his turn to enter the confessional.

procure the sanctification of his family by prayer and good examples, and we may add that he spared not remonstrances and admonitions, when they were necessary. The few following quotations will show that he was a model of a Christian husband. His dear wife in every respect worthy of him might be seen hearing Mass and receiving her communion with her husband almost every day at St. Stephen's Church, when they resided in New York.

On Sunday, January 10th, 1875, he wrote in his diary:

"It was this morning that dear Anne and myself were at Mass and communion *together* for the last time. She was a little in advance of me, there being a crowd of communicants, and thus received first, I having to wait till the next railing was filled. She expressed regret afterwards at this; it being her custom and her pleasure to kneel at my right side and receive with me. It was her last communion, and thus proved to be her viaticum. She was more than usually devout both at communicating and afterwards."

We have seen few married persons who so perfectly realized as they did the precept of the Apostle St. Paul. "Husbands love your wives as Christ also loved the church and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it.....so also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it as also Christ doth the church. Because we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament, but I speak in Christ and in the church. Nevertheless let every one of you in particular love his wife as himself and let the wife fear her husband." (Eph. v. 25 and foll).

Our venerable friend considered his consort as a gift from God, a gift for which he never omitted to return thanks, on the anniversaries of their marriage, communion, confirmation, etc. At the date of January 16th, 1875, we have the memorandum: "A sad and memorable day for me and my dear family, my dear wife having died this evening at twenty minutes before six. She lies to-night as laid out by the hands of the dear daughters N...., N...., N...., and looking very calmly and sweetly....God rest her soul!" We have learned from another source of a touching scene which was witnessed at the death bed of Mistress Anne Hoyt.

"At the time of his wife's decease, the wife so inexpressedly dear to him, his first thought was for her soul, his great care that no word of loving praise should be uttered that might be a cause of temptation or disturbance to her; that each of her children should ask forgiveness for whatever in their past lives had given her pain, *himself leading the*

way and asking it for himself and the absent daughter; then, when the sacrifice was completed, his conformity to the sweet will of God! Oh who could portray it?" The sacrifice is over, and the afflicted husband exclaims in his sorrow: "Alas, I am beginning to realize that now I am alone." But he was not sorrowful as *those who have no hope*. In this dark hour of his life, he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the light of faith and he followed it steadily.

The day following the death of his *dear Anne* he received communion at 7.30 and assisted at the 8 o'clock Mass; on the next day, he "rose early, went over to church to confession ... at the seven o'clock Mass the family were all present except N... and N .. and we all went to communion together for dear Anne." In the afternoon of the same day they left on the 4.36 train for Burlington, "carrying dear Anne's body with them, and proceeded on their sad journey homeward to Vermont." They arrived at Burlington at 5.30 the next morning, "the corpse had borne the journey safely, and dear Anne looked as beautiful and smiling in death, as when we closed the casket in New York." The interment was to take place on the next day. Mr. Hoyt, true to the inspiration of faith, we should also say it, guided by christian love for his departed, "rose early, went up to the convent for Mass and communion, but there being no Mass there went down to the Cathedral chapel for Mass and communion. At ten o'clock we took dear Anne's body to the Cathedral, where a Mass of Requiem was sung by Father Cloarec ....after which we proceeded to the cemetery and placed the casket by the side of Henrianna's and George's."

The following entry records an act of devotion which was repeated every Saturday for about four months, that is, as long as the family continued to live together in New York: "At 5.40 the hour at which dear Anne died, a fortnight since, we gathered around her bed, and recited together the beads for the repose of her soul." On the day of the month-mind he had Mass offered for the dear departed, and six of the children received communion for the repose of the soul of their mother. It is needless to remark that the children of Mr. Hoyt shared in his sentiments of deep affection and respect towards their mother. The following incident will be read with interest. Mrs. Hoyt was remarkable by her industry. On the return of the desolate family from the burial of their mother, Mr. Hoyt states:

"The dear children have set things in order at the house, and made it as cheery as possible considering the circumstances. A fitting motto, "Let us thrive to become like mother," has been placed in the dining room alcove, over the picture of the Sacred heart, and N..... has already placed an altar with lamp in his room, 'to my mother.'"

On Saturday, May 1st, four months after the death of Mrs. Hoyt, "the family said the beads together, around dear Anne's bed, *for the last time.*"

One week after, they closed the house where they had lived three years, and took a sad parting of the place where the much beloved wife and mother breathed her last. Mr Hoyt was at this time cashier of the Southern railroad. When going or coming from his office he would sometimes go out of his way to look at the house in which his wife had died, in the meantime praying for the repose of her soul, or he would step into a church and make the way of the cross for the same intention.

The time which elapsed between the death of Mrs. Hoyt, and his entrance at the seminary of Seton Hall was for our venerable friend a time of great trial. Though he occasionally saw some of his children, the family were not living together.....his health was poor, and he felt all the discomfort of living amongst strangers. He did not, however in the midst of his troubles, forget the soul of his departed wife, nor the care of his family. He knew that prayer was the means of obtaining grace, and we find in one of his entries January 7th, 1879: "At Mass and communion at 8 at St. Charles', offered for the intention of a novena begun to-day, in which I have requested all the dear children to join with me, in preparation for the 15th inst., the second anniversary of dear Anne's death. 1st. For the repose of her soul. 2d. For the final perseverance of all and each of the members of the family; and 3d, that no one of us may by misdeed, scandal or grave sin bring disgrace upon it."

From a letter to one of his daughters in Burlington: "I am glad when you tell me all about matters and things, as also about the dear cemetery where our loved ones rest, or rather their *dust*, their sacred *dust*. They themselves, I feel now almost sure, are in the light and joys and peace of heaven, and so in the beatific vision, are with us also and see us, and care for us and commune with us. Dear consoling thought that they do so! Your darling mother is mine still, and I am hers. My hand, my heart, my abiding love and fidelity. I cannot bear the thought that any *like* love should come between me and her. Death, so far from separating us in this respect has only knit my heart more closely, more tenderly to her than ever. I shall yet see her again and be joined with her; and the dear family all at last grouped around us. Our home will then be found in the place our Divine Lord said He went to prepare for us, a home that never again shall be broken up, or its members dispersed and scattered. This is my hope in Christ our loving and beloved Lord, and we will each and all of us strive, will we not, dear J .. , for its happy fulfilment."

May 4th, 1876. To his daughter J....."Some weeks hence and the Seminary will close for the year. I long to go north and see Burlington once more in its summer attire, which I have not seen since six years ago. The dear cemetery, *too*, I long to visit when it will be clothed in its summer beauties, more fitting to the memories of our dear ones dead, than the snow and cold wintry winds which have prevailed there during all my visits."

Mr. Hoyt, however, was out of place in the world. God demanded something more of him, and the time had come that he should consecrate himself entirely to the service of his Creator.

Of that long, sad night which he spent on the cars, taking for burial to Burlington, the corpse of his wife, he wrote January 19th, 1875: "Had during the night past in the cars, while lying awake, some sudden suggestions, as if from dear Anne herself, like inspiration, respecting my future vocation, for the remainder of my days." The thought of consecrating himself to the service of God in the priesthood had impressed him; and a *few hours* only after the burial of his wife he went to the Bishop of Burlington and consulted him on the subject. He consulted several other bishops and priests, and all encouraged him to prepare for the ministry. Mr. Hoyt was about 62 years at this time, and this seemed to be rather late, for some time must yet be spent in retirement and study before being called to receive ordination. On the other hand he knew Latin quite well, had made a particular study, before his conversion, of the Missale, Breviary and Ritual, as also of the music of the Church. In matters of dogma he had very little to learn, and had already given proofs of his zeal, and ability to teach; when being in St. Albans, he to some extent supplied the parts of a priest, before one was sent thither. He now *re-studied* his Latin, and after returning from his office, would take up books of moral theology.

Reverend Father Hoyt began his seminary life at Seton Hall on January 19th, 1876. He received tonsure and minor orders at the hands of Cardinal McCloskey in his own private chapel (April 11th, 1877). On the day following, "At 7.30, the Cardinal said the Mass of the ordination, Fathers Farley and Salt assisting, at which I received subdeacon's orders and communicated, *to my great gratification.*"

A little over a month from this date our venerable seminarian received deaconship at Seton Hall at the hands of Bishop Corrigan, and five days after he enters in his diary:

"May 26th, 1877. Memorable day for me. . But of my ordination to the priesthood by Bishop Corrigan....My dear children were all present, also Dr. Purroy .. and so ends the day. *Deo gratias* for its blessings and favors."

Those acquainted with the discipline of the church regarding the

ordination of its ministers cannot but have noticed that Mr. Hoyt received all the orders within an unusually short space of time ; but he was worthy, he was prepared, and all knew it.

Of the seminary life of Father Hoyt, Reverend Father Salt of Seton Hall writes as follows :

"Our dear friend, Father Hoyt, entered the seminary here on the 19th of January, 1876.

"He resided in the seminary and attended the classes and exercises the same as other seminarians. His life here was one of humble obedience and patient study. His humility was very great, greater than is ordinarily seen except among fervent religious.

"He had but one desire—that his remaining years might be spent at the altar and in the confessional—that our Lord might gain some souls through his ministry.

"He was ordained priest on 26th May, 1877, in the college chapel.

"I shall never forget his bright and happy look after his ordination, a little awed by the dignity he had received, but it was the awe of an innocent soul permitted to approach nearer to our Lord.

"You will easily understand that in a humble life like his there is little to say except that he studied, he prayed and passed the examinations like his fellow students of younger age and 'that he found the strength and fervor to do all so well in *Holy Communion*, for he received holy communion very frequently.'"

On the evening of the memorable day of his ordination Rev. W. H. Hoyt went with Father Quinn, V. G., to the Cardinal's residence, and called on him. From whom he had a kind reception, and who gave him verbally his faculties. He was assigned to duty at St. Michael's Church, West 32d street and 9th avenue, to assist the Rev. Father Arthur J. Donnelly.

We will end this imperfect sketch of the life of our very dear friend by letting Monsignor Preston relate how he lived in New York as a priest and how he died at the altar of the sacrifice, after sacrificing all himself in his life for the love of his Crucified Redeemer.

"No man ever felt more what it was to be a priest after the order of Melchisedec, no man ever felt more what it was to have the privilege of offering the divine sacrifice, to be consecrated to God in heart, in thought, in word, and in action.

"So, little more than six years passed away. The early days of his priesthood were passed as assistant in St. Michael's Church, and there is only one opinion expressed by all connected with him. He won upon them continually by his patience, his gentleness, his devotion, his great humility, for, though he had before occupied so honorable a

position, never was there the slightest sign of self-consciousness; and he was only anxious to spend what strength he had for God—only anxious to give to God in his declining years all the faculties he possessed.

"For a brief period he had charge, during the absence of the pastor, of the parish of Irvington and ministered to its wants. In the interval, for a short time he was at the church of the Nativity, and for the last two years he was with us, ministering with zeal to the sick and the poor and the ignorant, ever ready to lessen my cares, prompt to perform the slightest duty, never,—though feeble—never, so far as I can remember, failing in a single appointment or in one duty. He has left a blessed record. I know the children of St. Anne's love him. I know all of you love him, and his will be a name dear in the history of this parish; and I thank God there has been one whose life will be always a blessed memory to lead us in the path of virtue and grace. Then think how God has been pleased to end his life. During the past month he was as well as usual. At his own desire, he sang the Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; and during that Mass, you who were present were witness how strong he was, and even with what extraordinary vigor he sang only a few moments before the stroke of death seized him. He gave himself his own viaticum, opened the tabernacle, said the misereatur and the indulgentiam. These were the last words he ever spoke, his hands fell, he turned with his last strength to the altar, and gently fell before it. I do not know in all my experience a more beautiful ending to a beautiful life than this! That his last act of devotion to his Lord, and when the stroke of death came, he was bearing the body of his Lord, and the Master was on his tongue and in his heart! I do not know a more happy death than this.

"We took from him his sacred vestments, we bore him to his bed, and from that moment till yesterday, when he died, there was not the slightest consciousness. Around him were continual prayers; Masses were offered for him; his own family were by him; there was the sacred annointing; and so, fortified by all the sacraments, he went home to give an account of all his stewardship. For we may call it home when we go to God. He is our Father and Redeemer. And so, with the gentleness of a child, he went home to sleep on his Redeemer's breast.

"I need not ask you to pray for him. I know you will pray. We know not how infinitely pure Almighty God is. We know not—we never can know, what is the responsibility of the divine priesthood. We know if God were strict to mark what is done amiss, we could not abide it. We know the angels are not pure in his sight, and faith bids us continually to pray for the departed, and offer up the holy sacri-

fice of the altar to give them rest and hasten their entrance into the joys of their Lord. But, at the same time that we pray, the lights of faith, the lights of love, the lights of hope, are burning around this sacred bier, and, if it be a dreadful responsibility to be a priest, yet the rewards of a good priest are great, thanks to infinite mercy of the Lord.

"And so we look forward to his reward, and we know he will be with the Lord he loved and served, that he will see in vision what he saw by faith, and that he will be our intercessor to pray for us and for this parish, that God will strengthen us, so that, when our time shall come, we may be ready, as he was, to go into the presence of his Judge.

"So we will bear his remains to the home of his early youth, where he will rest. Among his own people we will lay him to sleep. There he will rest till the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise. Then this mortal shall put on immortality, this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and we shall rise in the likeness of our Lord and Redeemer. With these hopes, with this certainty of divine faith, may we not say, in the exulting language of St. Paul,

"O Death, where is thy victory?
"O Death, where is thy sting?

"Thanks be to God, who has given us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

MISTRESS ANNA HOYT,

(NEE DEMING).

Mrs. Anna Hoyt, the much beloved wife of William H. Hoyt, was a person in every respect worthy of our virtuous and venerable friend.

From the following letter to her sister, Mrs. Maria Tucker, written some time before the conversion of her husband, the reader will judge of the generosity of her character when there was question of the honor of God and the interest of her own soul:

"With regard to the question you ask about my dear husband, I believe I do right to say that he does not leave the ministry for the purpose you seem to suppose. He leaves rather for this reason, that he is unwilling to remain a teacher and a guide while his own mind is so unsettled; in other words, he cannot teach that in which he has not undoubting faith. His many and pressing parochial duties have left him but little time for the consideration of those subjects of doubt, and he now wishes to resign, that he may take that time to study, that he feels the importance of the subject demands. And though I look forward to what will be the probable consequence of this course, I believe at present his mind is undecided. Having said this much with regard to Henry, I come now to speak of myself of whom I speak more decidedly.

Let me then say plainly and without hesitation, that it is my intention next summer, God willing, to become a member of the Catholic Church, nor should I delay even that length of time, but for certain circumstances which you will readily understand, will prevent my leaving home this winter as will be necessary for me to do when I take the steps. My time not being occupied as my dear husband's has been, I have had time for much thought, and some reading according to my capacity, which has enabled me to come to a conclusion sooner than he. Need I say, my dearest Maria, that this determination is not made without consideration and many prayers and many tears. To endeavor to give you all my reasons would be in vain, for in the first place, they are too numerous for a letter, and besides with your present views it would be useless. Suffice it to say that two or three years since the

question of authority first commenced disturbing my mind, a question by the way which I know has often agitated your mind, my dear Maria. I have struggled against it, and while investigating the subject, have tried to view it favorably with reference to the Episcopal church. Although I resolved at the first, that feeling and affection should not govern me, still I have found it very hard to act up to this. With all the strong prejudices against the Catholic Church, with which as a Protestant, I have been brought up, and with a strong and devoted attachment to the Episcopal Church in which I was baptized, confirmed and received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and in which was all my delightful associations. .. ....you may easily believe me when I say, I have found it hard to determine to leave her communion. And even now, I should rejoice, could I feel persuaded that I was doing my duty to remain where I am. But I have earnestly prayed that God would enlighten my understanding and teach me my duty, and then enable me to do it, without reference to my own intentions, whatever sacrifice it might require. And I can only attribute it to His grace and mercy that I am able to look calmly and resolutely at what used to give me great pain and almost disgust. I know that this will give you and dear mother great pain, and that those whose love and respect I have so highly prized, will hereafter look at me with different feelings. I dread, I shrink from grieving you and my dear mother, and I sometimes almost fear that I shall offend her. But all those things may not move me. I dare not peril my soul for the dearest earthly consideration, nor would you have me. I dare not stay where I am, and I long to take a step which will put my mind more at rest. I have little more to say, save that I hope you will ever love me, as you have done, and that the delightful intercourse and feelings which have ever existed between us will not be disturbed by this event. I would suggest that we do not *converse* about it. I am ready to hear whatever you may, any of you, have to say on the subject. But I think at present it would only excite us both unnecessarily to talk about it, and therefore it would be best to write about it. It is my earnest prayer that God will enable us all to know and to do our duty, and after this life we may be permitted to dwell together with Him in His mansions of glory.... ....God bless you, my dear, dear sister.

Ever your fond and faithful sister, ANNE.

(Written in December, 1845).

Mistress Hoyt's works of charity are well remembered in St. Albans, Burlington, and particularly in New York. We could produce many letters like the following:

"Mrs. Hoyt was for four or five years previous to her death a most devoted worker in behalf of the little foundlings—weekly she spent an almost entire day at the Asylum making thousands of garments for the little ones. They benefitted also by her leisure moments at home, her fingers working quickly in their behalf, although never permitting charity to interfere with her household duties. Mrs. Hoyt being always a great sufferer her labor was all the more commendable. To use her own expression, she seemed to share in our dear Lord's crown of thorns. With all this suffering Mrs. Hoyt continued faithful to her labors until within one week of her death." (From Sister Irene, New York).

Her dust, her sacred dust, as the Rev. Father Hoyt named it, lies near the earthly remains of her mother and two of her children. The body of her venerable husband was deposited in a grave adjoining her own. They both loved St. Joseph, and had taken him for their chosen and life-long patron.

ST. JOSEPH'S HILL.

"An Indian legend relates that about the beginning of the seventeenth century a Missionary Priest of the Order of St. Francis, accompanied by some Indians in two bark canoes, landed on an island, which some time after was named Isle La Motte. The object of his journey was to visit scattered bands of hunters who were encamped along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain and its vicinity, at different points in the valley of said lake. From Isle La Motte they steered for the mouth of the Missisquoi river, which they navigated up to the first falls, where the village of Swanton now stands. From that place they proceeded on foot for some miles to the base of a line of hills, thought to be those east of St. Albans. The next place they reached was an Indian camp on the bank of a river discovered by Champlain, and named by him the *Lamoille*. After some days the Indians of that place accompanied the party in canoes to the lake and along its shores to the mouth of the Winooski river, which they ascended as far as the first falls. Here they remained many days, during which time the Missionary visited the present site of Burlington, and held two missions there—one at a camp on the summit of a hill overlooking the valley of the Winooski as it approaches the lake; and one near the lake shore. On their way back to Swanton, where they had left their own canoes, they lingered for some days on Grand Isle."—[*Traces of an Indian legend, in the Catholic World.*

To a Catholic of Vermont it is gratifying to know that the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered so long ago on so many points of the State, and that at this present time there is a church standing near the spot, and it may be on the very place, which was sanctified by the offering of the holy sacrifice, at the hands of one of the saintly disciples of St. Francis.

From the preceding legend it appears that two Indian camps, or settlements, existed then in Burlington, on the hill which forms the western bank of the Winooski, and this hill we are pleased to name *the Hill of St. Joseph.*

Was it somewhere about this spot that Fanny Allen was favored with an apparition of St. Joseph? It may be so, for she lived about two years in Burlington, in the farm house of her father, Ethan Allen;

and this house, quite isolated now, as it was then, is situated near the Winooski, which here, frequently overflows its banks. Be that as it will, it is certainly in this State that the fact related occurred; and my readers will now understand that it was quite appropriate to have a group representing the Holy Family placed over one of the altars of the Cathedral of Burlington. *Our* good Sister Allen of the Convent of the Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph, did certainly enter that religious house through the intervention of St. Joseph, and *we* therefore should remember the mercies extended to her, and prepare to obtain also the protection of Holy Joseph for ourselves.

We love, moreover, to record that St. Joseph has not been forgotten in Burlington. When in the year 1852 Rev. *Joseph* Quevillon started on our hill the building of a church for the Canadians of Winooski and Burlington, he placed his people under the patronage of St. Joseph, and gave to the edifice the name of *the Church of St. Joseph.*

When a few years later, in 1854, the Sisters of Providence came to Burlington from Montreal to take charge of our orphans, they named the house the *St Joseph's Orphan Asylum*, and we can testify that in this humble building his protection was constantly invoked for the space of thirty years. The little orphans who, daily answering the Litany of St. Joseph by saying, pray for us, (and sometimes *pay* for us) never were in want of their daily bread, though they were very numerous, and had no resources but the alms of our Catholics.

If you go back from the old Orphan Asylum, towards old St. Joseph's Church, you will notice a very fine statue of St. Joseph placed high under a cupola over the school house of the French Church; for here in Vermont as well as in Galilee it is well that the young be protected by St. Joseph. During the month of March you will hear fervent prayers offered to St. Joseph by the children on this hill, in the school rooms; and in the Church by the whole congregation. Here, also, you will see banners, statues, societies of St. Joseph. St. Joseph is the patron of the dying, and here on the hill of St. Joseph we have him watching over the dead also; for we have the *Cemetery of Mount St. Joseph for the Cathedral*, and the *Cemetery of St. Joseph for the French Canadian* congregations.

Now if you look from the hill towards the lake, you will notice in the distance the new Orphan Asylum, and if you chance to pass near by this orphanage you will read, in conspicuous letters, over the door, the dear name of our holy Patriarch, *St. Joseph*. But as we write these lines the congregation of old St. Joseph's Church are erecting a *new St. Joseph's Church edifice*, which can not but be seen by any one who approaches Burlington, be it from the west, by water, or from the south and east, by land. The great dimensions of this building, and the pri-

vations which the people cheerfully undergo to complete it, show to evidence how sincerely devoted all our people are to St. Joseph. On the *Hill of St. Joseph* devotion is not confined to exterior marks of veneration; devotion here exists in the heart, and it is gratifying to remember how many young persons there are, who have left the Hill of St. Joseph to consecrate themselves to God in religious houses; some of them being now far away from home and country.

In the cemetery of Mount St. Joseph are buried the remains of our venerable Rev. William H. Hoyt, close to the remains of his wife and of two of their children. Adjoining these graves are those of Captain N. Tucker, Mrs. Deming, Gen. De Witt Clarke and wife, Mrs. Lydia Meech and Gustavus Austin and wife. By his examples and words Rev. Father Hoyt had more or less directly contributed to the conversion of those *dear dead*, as he named them.

Of this spot it was that he wrote to his daughter: "I long to go north and see Burlington once more in its summer attire, which I have not seen since six years ago. The *dear Cemetery*, too, I long to visit when it will be clothed with its summer beauties, more fitting to the memory of our dear ones dead, than the snow and cold wintry winds which have prevailed there during all my visits."

The two cemeteries on the hill of St. Joseph are as dear to thousands of our Catholics as they were to Father Hoyt, for there lieth the dust, the *sacred dust*, of thousands who were dear to us, and whom God has glorified because they loved and served Him on earth.

But of all the spots on *the hill of St. Joseph* there is not one which excites so much interest as the new *College of St. Joseph*. God grant that it may continue and prosper, and that all those who will be educated there may be like St. Joseph, just in the presence of God and filled with a spirit of Apostolic zeal for the propagation of his Kingdom on earth!

CONCLUSION.

Two thoughts have continually recurred to our mind whilst writing our Catholic Memoirs. The lives of Rev. Father Hoyt, Fanny Allen, the Rev. Fathers Barber, and especially that of Sister Mary Augustin, remind us of the lives of the early martyrs. In the early days of Christianity to renounce the worship of idols and to become a disciple of Christ was to expose oneself to certain death; but those courageous men and women knew that Jesus Christ is God, that He established only one Church, and that they were obliged to enter it under risk of losing their immortal soul. Now, the religion established by the Son of God is the same to-day as it was in the days of the early christians, and men are as much bound to embrace it now as they were who lived in the days of the Apostles. Oh how sad it is to see so many men who voluntarily blind themselves, will not open their eyes to see the truth, or will make no effort to find it!

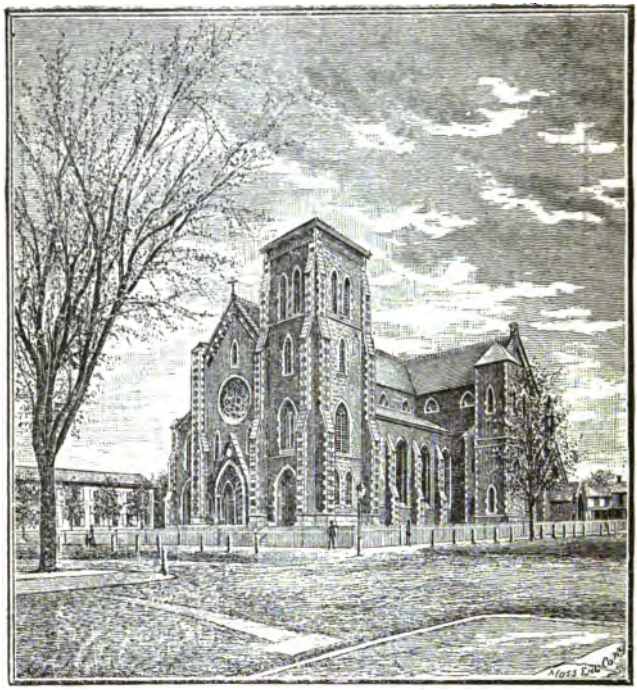
And amongst Catholics how many there are who resist God's grace calling them to a more perfect life! Let these recall to mind the examples of the admirable men and women whose lives we have sketched. Oh, what great things these did do to please God, and how little it is that we do! and yet their God is our God, their crucified Saviour is our crucified Saviour!

There are outside of the Catholic Church sincere persons who desire to be more intimately united to God on earth than they are, in following the doctrines and practices of protestant churches. They have read in the gospel the sweet invitation of their God, "Come to me all ye who suffer .... I will not leave you orphans." That presence, that fruition of Jesus Chris is to be found only in the holy sacrament of the Catholic Church. Here only is the manna of the traveller in the desert; here only is the bread of life, the bread which, if we eat, we shall abide with Christ, and Christ in us—(John vi.) We know of a chapel in which there was lately a protestant minister on his knees whilst the priest was giving communion to some Catholics. He said some time after to a clergyman, "I wanted to go and receive with them. Would they have given it to me?" The priest might have answered him—"This is exclusively the bread of children: believe and be baptized, *prove* yourself by going to confession, and then you shall be entitled to come and receive the bread of life."

As soon as Fanny Allen, Virgil Barber, and his wife, had known the *gift of God*, and received communion, they began to aspire to a perfect life, and forsook every thing in order to lead a life of purity, poverty and obedience. It was in daily receiving communion that Father Hoyt, during the life of his wife, found grace to fulfil every duty of his state. To holy communion he had recourse in days of joy and days of affliction, as a means also to obtain grace for the living and eternal rest for the souls of the departed, and in his old age he found strength in the Holy Eucharist to persevere in the severe life of a student, amongst young seminarians, resolved also to spend the balance of his days in preparing souls for communion in the confessional, and spending his days and parts of his nights at the foot of the altar. The sacred altars of the Catholic Church are the only places where the weary soul can find its rest.

"How lovely are thy tabernacles O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God! For the sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself where she may lay her young ones. Thy altars, O Lord of hosts. My King and my God." (Ps. 83.)

God grant that all Catholics, by their love of the Holy Eucharist, may bring within the fold many of the sheep which are not of the flock of Jesus Christ. May all men so venerate on earth the mysteries of the body and blood of Christ, as to experience in heaven the glory of his redemption!



CATHEDRAL

OF THE

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

CATHEDRAL

OF THE

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

BURLINGTON, VT.

A NOTICE OF ITS INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

For the benefit of those who attend the Cathedral in Burlington, and of those who come to visit it, the following notices of its interior decorations have been written, with the hope that they will prove both instructive and edifying. Although these decorations are not yet complete, they show that the prevailing idea has been to make it the *House of God* and the *Gate of Heaven*, a source of glory to God and of blessings to man.

THE CEILING.

When you shall have entered the building by the front door, your attention will at once be drawn to the high ceiling. It is made entirely of wood, worked up in arches and arabesques highly illuminated. The effect is very beautiful, especially at night, when the church is lighted up. It will remind you, dear reader, of God who made the *Heavens* and the earth, and has prepared for those who love Him a mansion more *lovely* than all the tabernacles of earth.

The corner stone of the Cathedral was blessed on September 15th, 1863. The edifice was consecrated December 8th, 1867.

THE COLUMNS.

These are of Vermont marble. It has been thought right to place in the house of God, as an homage to his Majesty, some stones of those precious deposits with which He has enriched our State. The columns were each of them given by the priest whose name is inscribed on it; and are, as you perceive, a striking emblem of their own vocation.

THE CHANCEL.

The part where the altar is built is the holiest of the building, corresponding to, but being more holy than, the *Holy of Holies of old.* It is separated by a railing from the body of the church. You should not enter it.

The ceiling of the Chancel has been more richly decorated by gilt stars, monograms of the holy names of Jesus and Mary, the Cross, the Crown, &c. According to Catholic usage, the great or Chancel Altar is consecrated to God under the name of the Patron Saint of the Church, and every thing in this part of the Cathedral relates to Mary, immaculate in her conception, the Patroness of the Diocese of Burlington.

Over the chancel *Arch* you have the Lily with the Crown and Stars, symbols of her purity and glory; on the scroll to each side, *Hail full of Grace,* (the ground of her dignity,)—*Blessed is the fruit of thy womb:* will remind you of Him who died on Calvary and is offered on the *altars* of the church, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

FOUR CHANCEL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

The first of this series is at the left or Gospel side; hence you will see it best from the right, or Epistle side.

Mary, as yet a child, accompanied by her parents Joachim and Anna, presents and consecrates herself to God in His temple, at the hands of the High Priest. That consecration was early, entire and perpetual.

The second in order is the Annunciation, (see Luke 1). You have it the first to the right, Mary on her knees receiving the message of Gabriel who was sent from God.

Mary, with St. John at the foot of the cross, is the third window of this series. It was then that the sword of sorrow pierced her heart. The words of her dying Son are written in the glass—*Behold thy Son, Behold thy mother.*

The fourth chancel window represents the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, or her being taken up in body and soul to heaven by angels.

THE HIGH ALTAR

Is the most important object in the Church, the edifice itself having been built to receive it. *This* altar was consecrated on the 8th day of December, 1867. In the top slab there have been deposited Relics of the Apostles, and many martyrs, virgins and confessors. It is made also of Vermont marble, and is beautiful though in an unfinished state. The Bronze Medallion in front represents the infant Jesus in the Crib, Mary and Joseph adoring, &c. The *Tabernacle*, with the *Exposition* on the Altar, are much admired as a work of art; but are much more precious in the eyes of Catholics on account of the Blessed Sacrament which they are destined to contain.

SIDE ALTAR TO THE LEFT.

Under the Arch, fronting the door of the East Aisle, there is a Mortuary Altar. There Masses are offered for the repose of the departed, for it is a *Holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.* When you will come here to pray to God to give them *eternal rest*, you will no doubt notice the stained glass window above it in the east wall. It represents

THE DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH.

St. Joseph, the spouse of Mary, and foster father of Jesus Christ, called a *just* man in the Gospel, died at Nazareth, in his own small house, sanctified by the presence of the Son of God. After a holy though hidden life, he died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. Angels hovering over his bed hold the scroll on which there is written *Blessed are they who die in the Lord.* The protection of St. Joseph is implored in order to obtain a happy death. In the trifoil part of this window you have the Blessed Virgin praying and obtaining relief for the suffering souls of Purgatory. The group of statues representing the holy family, placed behind the mortuary altar, was placed there as a memorial of the tableau of the Hotel-Dieu mentioned in the sketch of Fanny Allen's life.

ALTAR OF ST. ANNE AND WINDOW OF THE LAST SUPPER.

The window has no need of being explained. Here you have Christ, *who having loved His who were in the world, loved them unto the end*, and leaving them the greatest pledge of His love, by the changing the bread into His body. You will find ample food for

meditation by examining the expressions of the noble figures of Christ, and the Apostles; the traitor, at the lower part of the table, with the purse which contains his *treasure;* and also remark the words, *Take ye and eat, this is my body.*

The window of the last supper has been placed quite appropriately in this part of the chancel, for this is the place of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday. There is an altar of marble erected under that window in honor of St. Anne. St. Anne's name is very dear to Catholics in this part of the world, where we have experienced so often the effects of her compassion and power. The statue of the *good saint* above the altar is the gift of one of the ladies of the congregation.

THE REREDOS OF THE GREAT ALTAR.

It is customary to have behind the great altar a frame or screen containing an oil painting representing the patron saint of the Church, or a scene from his life. The reredos of the Cathedral is quite elaborate and is in itself an abridgement of the life of the Mother of God. In the lower part of the frame which rises to the ceiling, we have the four emblemating figures on canvas, representing the *purity*, the *faith*, the *charity*, and the *humility*, of the holy Virgin. Three medallions above these figures represent (also on canvas) the Annunciation, the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, and the same Immaculate Virgin, crushing the heads of the serpent. (Genes. III).

In the upper part of the reredos we see in a richly ornamented niche a statue of the Immaculate Conception, of exquisite workmanship. In order that you may well understand the beautiful idea of the artist, recall to mind the admirable prayer which we love to recite. It begins with the words, *Hail! holy queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope.* Six statues of angels of smaller size, projecting from the frame work, surround the image of the Immaculate Mother. Two of these placed immediately under the statue, seem to invite you to say with them: *Salve regina, Hail! Holy Queen.* The four others projecting from each side of the niche continue the invocations, *Mother of mercy, our life and sweetness, and our hope.* Mary is the *queen of angels,* and those holy spirits venerate her who is full of grace, and implore her intercession for men.

The statue in the niche was blessed, in the name of Pious IX., December 8th, 1867. 300 days indulgence may be gained once a day by praying before this picture for the conversion of sinners.

Nothing need be said about the throne of the Bishop, except that its sight should cause you to return thanks to God; that throne being occupied by one who was placed by God to rule the church of God, which he hath purchased with His own blood. (Act. xx. 28).

The very large and beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart of our Lord, lately put near the altar of St. Anne, is a gift of a friend of the congregation who desires to see the devotion of the Sacred Heart of our Saviour increase amongst us. The index of the right hand pointing to the heart reminds us of the words, "Behold this heart which have loved men so much." "My son give me thy heart."

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

The stained glass windows of the Cathedral of Burlington are very remarkable, not only by their excellence as works of art, but chiefly because they were so selected and arranged as to form a continuous and complete course of religious instruction.

WINDOWS OF THE EAST AISLE.

Look to the Right when you enter by the Front Door.

These Windows represent the Creed or Symbol of Faith

I. WINDOW.—*First from the Tower Door.*

This window represents the Six Days of Creation, and the *rest* on the Seventh Day, in as many pictures.

I believe in God, Creator of heaven and earth.

II. WINDOW.

All the articles of the Creed relating to our Lord Jesus Christ are represented by an equal number of pictures in this window.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, who was conceived, &c.

III. WINDOW.

This window represents the *Holy* Church.

Foretold by the *holy* Prophets; (see the two upper pictures)
Planted by the *holy* Apostles;
Watered by the blood of the *holy* Martyrs;
Instructed by the *holy* Doctors;
Announced by the *holy* Confessors;
Edified by the *holy* virgins and women.

I believe the holy Catholic and Apostolic Church (Nic. Creed).

IV. WINDOW.

In this window the church *Apostolic* is represented in four pictures, viz: the Commission to St. Peter, the Mission of the Apostles, the Ordination of the Seven Deacons, and the preaching of baptism and penance.

The communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting.—Amen.

The church *Catholic* or universal, is represented by the four figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, America.

The Church *Militant,* is represented firmly seated on the rock, holding the keys in one hand and the cross in the other.

The Church *suffering*—stretches out her hands to the Church *Militant,* from the midst of the purging flames.

The Resurrection of the Body is represented in one pannel.

The lower figure is the Church *triumphant*—seated in glory, and holding palms and crowns for the victors.

WINDOWS IN THE WEST AISLE,

Representing the Ten Commandments.

Look to your Left when you enter by the Front Door.

I COMMANDMENT.

First window next to the door.

1. Upper Group.—A family adoring God.
2. An Angel presenting a scroll, with the words: "*I am the Lord thy God.*"
3. The Jews in the desert worshiping the golden calf. *Ex. xxxii.*

II COMMANDMENT.—*Second Window.*

1. Upper Group.—Angels and men adoring the sacred Name.
2. Angel, with a scroll,—"*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.*"
3. Lower picture.—The Blasphemer punished. *Lev. xxiv: 14.*

III COMMANDMENT.—*Third Window.*

1. Christians assisting at Mass on the Lord's day.
2. Angel—"*Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day.*"
3. Violator of the Sabbath punished. *Numb. xv.*

IV COMMANDMENT.—*Fourth Window.*

1. Young Tobias anointing the eyes of his blind father. *Tob. xi. 13.*
2. Angel—"*Honor thy father and thy mother.*"
3. Death of Absalom, the bad son. II *Kings, xviii, 14.*

V COMMANDMENT.—*Fifth Window.*

1. David sparing the life of Saul, his enemy. I *Kings, 26.*
2. Angel—"*Thou shalt not kill.*"
3. Cain kills his brother Abel, and is cursed. *Gen. iv.*

VI COMMANDMENT.—*Sixth Window.*

1. Prayer of Tobias and Sarah after their marriage. *Tob. viii.*
2. Angel—"*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*"
3. Lot. Destruction of Sodom on account of its crimes. *Gen. xix.*

VII COMMANDMENT.—*Seventh Window.*

1. Abraham delivers Lot, and restores to him his substance. *Gen. xiv.*
2. Angel—"*Thou shalt not steal.*"
3. Josue sentences Achan to death for stealing. *Jos. vii.*

VIII COMMANDMENT—*Eighth Window.*

1. Eleazer refuses to dissemble and suffers death in consequence. II *Mach. vi.*
2. Angel—"*Thou shalt not bear false witness.*"
3. Susanna falsely accused is saved by Daniel. *Dan. xiii.*

IX COMMANDMENT.—*Ninth Window.*

1. Joseph resists the solicitations of the wife of Potiphar. *Gen. xxxix.*
2. Angel—"*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.*"
3. David punished for his adultery. II *Kings, xii.*

X COMMANDMENT.—*Tenth Window.*

1 Matthew leaving his counter to follow Jesus. *Mat. ix.*
2. Angel—"*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.*"
3. Elias foretells his punishment to Naboth. III *Kings, 21.*

WINDOWS OF WEST TRANSEPT.

In these three windows one subject is represented of which the conception is admirable—Christ has expired on the Cross—His eternal Father accepts the sacrifice ; through Him the penitent receives pardon, and the sinner punishment—the merits of His sacrifice are applied to our souls through the sacraments of the church.

In the foliated pannels of the large window, angels hold up the instruments of the Passion, the Crown of Thorns, the Pillar, Lance, Hammer, Nails, &c. Below, God, surrounded with angels ; with out stretched arms, and beholding His Son, seems to accept the victim which has voluntarily died on the Cross for the redemption of men.

Angels look down at the scene on Calvary, wondering as it were, at the extent of God's love towards man ; two of them holding on a scroll the words of the expiring Saviour—*In Thy hands, Oh! Lord, I commend my spirit.*

On the Cross Jesus Christ has expired, and the lance has opened His side ; but the Robbers are yet living.

The dark ground, in the rear of the Cross, refers to the darkness which covered the earth. Mary to the right *stands* yet by the Cross, but in deep agony mingled with resignation ; John, the beloved disciple, and apostle of Love, stands to the left. As to the blinded figure, it represents the Synagogue which in its blindness would not receive Jesus Christ as the Messiah,—and whose standard has been broken ; its authority is gone.

In the figure opposite we have a beautiful emblem of the Church, —her *standard* is the *Cross* of Him who *delivered himself up* for her. Her garments are beautiful ; her features are youthful and noble ; she wears the Diadem of Authority, and her brow is encircled with the nimbus or halo of holiness. (See Eph. V. 25 *et seq*). To her was given the mission of sanctifying mankind, and she holds up in her left hand the cup of our Saviour's merits, as the only source of sanctification to men.

The skull and bones on the ground, close to the cross, remind us of *Death*, which entered the world by Adam's disobedience ; but Christ has destroyed it by His own death, and given us a pledge of a glorious resurrection.

The fiery serpent curled around the Cross, whose head has been crushed, reminds us that Christ by *Death* has *destroyed him who had the empire* of *Death, that is* to *say, the Devil.*

Other Demons in three pannels below seem astounded at their overthrow, yet determined to wage war against their conquerer ; and obdurate in their hatred.

Let us next examine the window to the right of this larger window. It represents the *penitent Robber on the Cross.* In the trifoil of this window the guardian angel looks down with complacency on this soul committed to his care, about to leave the body, in sentiments of resignation, hope and repentance. On the top of his cross another angel assists him in his agony. A young babe, reposing calmly in the arm of a third angel, represents the soul of the Robber carried into heaven, and received there by angels. As to the dying man, himself, after invoking the mercy of Christ, whose innocence and power he confessed, he continues beholding from his own cross, the Saviour who promised him a share in His kingdom.

On the other side of the higher window, you have the death of the *wicked Robber.* *His* angel in the trifoil covers his face in his hand for sorrow; for the *wicked Robber he blasphemed him,* notwithstanding the proofs he had witnessed of his power and dignity; hence a *Devil* stays by him on the cross, ready to *devour* his soul and inciting him to persevere impenitent. Yet he continues to look at Jesus, now dead, but with a marked expression of anguish, obduracy and despair. A few moments more his sinful soul shall have left his body. A demon will now seize that soul (represented by a baby) and notwithstanding its fruitless resistance, hand it to another wicked spirit who drags it into hell.

Here, then, we have our Lord Jesus Christ rewarding penitent, and punishing obdurate sinners, at the moment of their death.

In order to understand the whole of this tableau, you should now inspect the lower pannels of the three windows together, beginning from your left to the right, not forgetting that every thing here relates to Jesus Christ crucified. He died to sanctify men; but the merits of His death are to be applied to our souls, and the Church has received this office. She holds the cup of her Saviour's merits, and pours them on our souls to cleanse, strengthen and beautify them. This she does by administering her *Sacraments:* and these channels of santification convey grace to her children through all the different stages of their life on earth.

The infant is baptized (first pannel) and is purified from sin by the laver of Regeneration and Renovation of the Holy Ghost.

That infant has become a child; he is strengthened by confirmation, administered to him by a Bishop (second pannel). *They imposed their hands upon them* and *they received the Holy Ghost.*

As this child grows in age, his temptations become stronger, he is exposed to fall into sin. He receives Communion, (third pannel) which unites him to Jesus Christ, who becomes the food of his soul,

What will become of our soul after sin has been committed, if no means are to be found to remove it ? (fourth pannel). If *we confess our sins God is faithful who will remit them to us.* Confession, however, should be made with a penitent heart, and to the successors of those to whom Christ said—*whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them.*

Christ has not forgot the dying. Extreme Unction prepares the soul for eternity, (fifth pannel). *Bring in the Priests of the Church,* and *let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.* See Jas. v : 14 and 15.

The sacrament of Ordination (sixth pannel) conveys grace and power to the recipient; and the church is in this way provided with ministers to guide and sanctify her children.

Marriage (seventh pannel) *is a great Sacrament* in *Christ and in the Church.* Through the worthy reception of this rite, the merits of Jesus Christ being applied to their souls, the husband and wife receive grace to love one another, and bring up their children in the fear of God.

To lovers of art, we would say to visit these three windows toward evening—to all, we would say, when you examine the scene before you, remember that God loved *you ;* that Christ thought of *you* when he died ; that for you He established the Church, and appointed it to administer the life-giving Sacraments; finally, that He will reward or punish your soul as soon as it will leave your body, as He rewarded the penitent and punished the impenitent sinner.

EAST TRANSEPT WINDOWS.

The Last or General Judgment.

Jesus Christ will come from Heaven at the last day to judge all men. The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise. He will say to the just, come ye Blessed of my father, &c. ; I was hungry and ye gave me to eat, &c. He will say to the wicked, depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire.

Such are the scenes represented in the three windows of this Transept. The chief figure here is that of Christ, the judge, pronouncing the sentence. Every thing else in the tableau relates to Him.

In the foliated part of the large window, Almighty God (*the Ancient of Days*) is adored by angels, and is represented with emblems of His power and eternity. He has given the judgment to His Son, who came on earth to teach men and to die for them.

The *Son of Man* appears in glory and majesty, surrounded by angels; a cruciform halo encircles His head, and a bright aureola shines around His whole person. In his hands, we see the print of the nails. To his right an angel holds up the Cross, the emblem of Salvation, at whose sight *all the tribes of the earth shall mourn.* To His left another angel holds the scale (symbol of judgment), and a book on which there is written,—*They that have done good shall come forth unto the Resurrection of Life, but they that have done evil, unto the Resurrection of Judgment.* (*John 5 : 29*).

Seven angels with trumpets, turned towards all the parts of the Globe, call on the dead to rise and come to Judgment.

This group is represented as floating in the clouds.

Another group below represents the dead risen or rising, whilst in the back ground, buildings are seen burning, and tumbling to the ground, to remind us of the last conflagration.

Nothing can be more beautiful than this *resurrection* of the Dead, for they seem to be conscious of their fate. Hope, love, shame or despair are written in their actions and features. The elect turn towards Christ, their eyes in joy, and would fly to Him; the reprobate would fain sink back in the earth.

The Judgment itself is not represented, but you have the *sentence.* The smaller window, to the right of Christ, contains, written on a scroll, the words of Christ to the just—*Come, ye blessed of my Father, &c.*, and you see them go up in *body* and soul to meet Christ in the air; their body being now glorified, incorruptible, they *shall go to life everlasting* in the company of their guardian angels,—they seem already to realize the fullness of their reward.

The smaller window, to the left of Christ, shows written on a scroll the dreadful sentence—*Depart from me you cursed into everlasting fire*—its execution is also represented. Faithful angels with flaming swords banish the wicked from the face of Christ. Their costly dress, and high position does not save the reprobate; serpents are curled round their body, they are seized and led towards hell by Demons who *will lay on torments in their fury.* In the flames which escape from the abyss you see the figures of two other reprobates who lost Heaven and are already burning.

You should now examine the seven lower pannels of those three windows. To feed the hungry; give drink to the thirsty; clothe the naked; harbor the harborless; visit the sick and prisoners; and to bury the dead,—such are the works of mercy. They shall have a particular reward at the last day, *provided* they have not neglected to fulfil

the *other* Commandments. The seven pannels are emblems, or rather historical instances, of works of charity.

1st. St. Elizabeth of Hungary, feeding the poor. (See her life by Count de Montelembert).

2nd. Christ at the well, asking the woman of Samaria to give Him a drink.

3d. St. Martin, the young Roman Catechumen and soldier, giving the one half of his cloak of a cold morning to a poor man.

4th. A monk leads the wearied and stray traveller to his Convent.

5th. The good Samaritan dressing the wounds of the Jew, wounded by robbers.

6th. St. Vincent of Paul visiting the prisoners.

7th. Tobias (the Captive of Nineveh) burying the dead.

CLERESTORY WINDOWS.

Nineteen windows light up the ceiling of the nave. Being very high up and of small size, they have been filled with stained glass containing simply an emblem or memorial,—the series commences near the organ gallery at the right when you go in through the front door Hence, in order to see them, you should go to the opposite side, or to the west aisle.

They all refer to circumstances of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, or the establishment and destiny of the Church. Under each window you see a text written on the wall; read it before you look at the emblem, and you will at once understand what it represents. By example—the first emblem is the Cup of Agony, and the text under reads,—*Father, if thou will, remove this cup from me.*

The casting of lots upon the seamless Coat of Christ is the last emblem relating to His passion. (West Transept).

The Lamb with the standard (west side of the nave) reminds us of His victory and power.

The Keys and Tiara, the gospel and the Dove (typifying the Holy Ghost) relate to the promises made to St. Peter and the other Apostles.

The last emblem, the bark of Peter, relates to the indefectibility of the Church.

WINDOW OF THE SACRED HEART.

Placed over the Front Side Door.

It represents the heart of our Saviour, with the Cross, the Crown of Thorns, and Flames of Fire, as emblems of his love towards men.

Blessed Margaret Mary is also represented, adoring the Sacred Heart.

(This window, given by the congregation, is a memorial of the Mission of 1870).

THE WINDOW ABOVE THE ORGAN,

Represents St. Cecilia the patroness of Sacred Song, singing the praise of the Lord. This is the gift of the Young Men's Catholic Union of the City of Burlington.

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